A COLLECTION OF Miſcellany Letters,

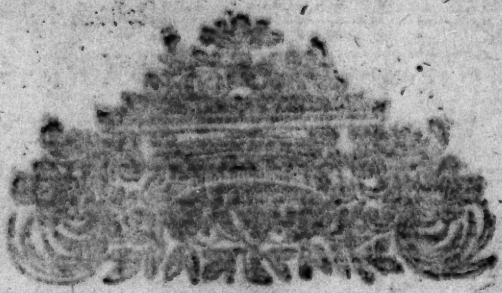
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MIST's Weekly Journal.

The Second VOLUME.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

A
COLLECTION



To my Courteous

READERS.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

THE first Volume of these Letters having been deservedly offered up to my worthy Correspondents, I know none that have a better Title to this, than my courteous Readers; for your sake, and by your Encouragement, these Papers were written; for your sakes they are now collected together; and, I hope, that these Papers which were kindly received by you singly, will not fail to meet with a favourable Approbation now they appear in a Body. By the Method I have pursued in

compiling this Miſcellany, I think my ſelf ſecure of pleaſing you, having ſelected thoſe only which you had diſtinguiſhed with more particular Marks of Eſteem. As theſe little Ones were brought into the World for your Gratification, and were bred up only becauſe you took a Fancy to them, give me Leave to ſay, I imagine you are bound, in Point of Honour, now they are come to full Growth, to maintain them.

Favours conferred call aloud for Acknowledgments, the frequency of them doubles the Cry. I have large Demands of Gratitude from you; ſo large, that unleſs you accept of a Compoſition, I ſhall never get out of your Debt: There is due to your Side a large Account of weekly Kindneſs, continued without ſcarce any Interruption, for near ſix Years. I have nothing to balance this vaſt Sum with, but an honeſt Declaration, that I have neither ſpared Pains nor Expence, to make the moſt ſuitable Returns that lay within the Compaſs of my Power. You need not be told, how hardly the Attempts I have made

made to pleaſure you, have galled my little Fortune, and affected my Perſon; beſides this, I have nothing left to ſatisfy you, but by preſenting you with this Collection, to repeat (as it were) thoſe Services which have been moſt acceptable to you.

If you are not contented with theſe Terms of Accommodation, be adviſed, for once, by me; continue, nay enlarge your Kindneſs to me, acting like politick Creditors, who, when they find an Inſolvent honeſt and induſtrious, inſtead of pillaging and tormenting the poor Creature, pour in upon him large Quantities of Merchandize, that by Forbearance and Credit, he may be enabled to extricate himſelf out of Difficulties.

I am apprehenſive, that ſome of my gentle Readers, of low Life, may ſuſpect they are excluded the Compliment of this Dedication, by my addreſſing to *Gentlemen and Ladies* in particular; as I have been always cautious of giving Offence, 'tis with me a Maxim, to think no Pains too great to obviate the leaſt Objection may be ſtarted againſt any

Part of my Conduct. In Conſequence of this fixed Rule, I muſt inform ſuch jealous Perſons, that the Style of *Gentlemen and Ladies* includes all my Readers, of every Rank, if the Definition of a *Gentleman*, made by a late Author, be exactly true: *A Gentleman* (ſays this ingenious Writer) *is a Perſon who has no Buſineſs to do.* The *Author of the Whole Duty of Man*, Dr. *Hicks*, Mr. *Addiſon*, with ſeveral other pious, learned and polite Writers, differ in Opinion with my Author; yet he has the Comfort to obſerve the Practice of moſt of our Gentry to confirm his Definition againſt their thin airy Speculations. Now the glorious Stock-jobbers of the laſt Year having utterly ruined Trade, our Artificers and Merchants have nothing to do; ſo that, in direct Conſequence of his Definition, we are become a Nation of Gentry; and the Directors, and their Directors, have this to retort upon malicious Things who reproach them with deſtroying Tradeſmen and reducing Labourers, that they have made them Gentlemen.

I muſt

DEDICATION.

I must [redacted] om
th[redacted] eir.
Ge[redacted] ıse
th[redacted] om
I have a tender Concern, I particularly recommend them, as an especial Remedy for the Vapours, not inferior to *Steel*. I shall detain you no longer from the perusal of this Volume, than while I subscribe my self,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Your most obliged

King's-Bench Prison, Humble Servant,
Nov. 10. 1721.

N. Mist.

PREFACE.

THERE is nothing so afflicting to a generous Mind as being unable to perform Promises. Among all the Variety of Misfortunes that have poured down so heavily upon me this last Year, it was none of the least, that I was prevented from keeping my Engagements with my generous Subscribers, in the Publication of these Volumes of Miscellany Letters. As I would not willingly lie under unjust Imputations from any Sett of Men, even the most profligate and abandoned; so in a more especial Manner I should be concerned that my Friends should entertain hard Thoughts of me. I hope therefore they will bear with me while I offer a Word or two in excuse for my self, and endure patiently the Trouble I impose upon them, purely out of Respect.

Upon a Complaint in the House of Lords by that Right Reverend [redacted] late Dr. Richard Willis, Bishop of Glocester, now of Salisbury, I was ordered to be prosecuted by his Majesty's Attorney-General. What my Crime was, will appear fullest from

from the Information filed against me by Sir Robert Raymond in the Court of King's-Bench; *that I did insult over the Miseries of the Protestant* (i. e. *the Calvinist*) *Subjects of the Elector* Palatine, and vilify and scandalize the true and reformed Religion professed by them.

This Information was grounded upon some Passages cited from several Journals, of which I was by a Jury found to be Printer and Publisher. Upon a Verdict given, after several expensive Delays, I was sentenced to stand in the Pillory twice, pay a Fine of fifty Pounds to his Majesty, and after Payment of the said Fine, suffer three Months Imprisonment, and give in Security for my good Behaviour for seven Years.

The Concerns and Distractions of my Trial and subsequent Sufferings, besides the attendant Expences, disconcerted all my Business, threw me out of my Concerns with several Booksellers, and gave an Opportunity to another Paver to creep into the Houses of my Customers, and paved the way to my most heavy Misfortune.

Among my Correspondents there was one Gentleman, a Stranger to me, who had writ several unexceptionable Letters, upon which Account I directed my People to insert all Pieces that came from that Hand; accordingly the ever-memorable Letter of the 27th of May, *was, without any particular Orders, printed in the Journal of that Day.*

I read it at the King's-Bench *Prison, and thought no further of it, and was exceedingly surprized*

prized towards Night, to hear that on Complaint of Mr. Lechmere, now Lord Lechmere, the Honourable House of Commons had voted it a falſe, ſcandalous, malicious, infamous, traiterous Libel; had addreſſed his Majeſty upon the Account of it; ordered me cloſe Priſoner to Newgate, and deferred the South-Sea Directors a whole Day, to take the Weekly Journal into Conſideration.

In ſhort, every Body that came near me entertained me with the comfortable Proſpect of Tyburn; my Creditors took the Alarm and ſhowered down Writs upon me; I blame them not, for it was time for them to look for their Money when they thought a Man was going to be hanged.

I ſhall not trouble you with a further Detail of the Proceedings of the Commons againſt me; but refer you to the Hiſtorical Regiſter, publiſhed quarterly by the Sun-Fire Office, wherein the Paper that was my Crime, and the Reſolutions of the Houſe, are to be ſeen at large.

Not being able to give the Commons the ſatisfactory Anſwers they demanded, I was committed cloſe Priſoner to Newgate; all Commerce with my Friends, or even my innocent Books, being interdicted me. This ſtrict Confinement, during the hotteſt Seaſon of the Year, created ſeveral Diſorders in my Body, which manifeſted themſelves ſoon after my Enlargement, endangered my Life, prevented my Defence againſt the Miſdemeanor I was charged with, (for the High Treaſon had dwindled into a Miſdemeanor,) and occaſioned

sioned a further Delay in the Publication of these Volumes.

I have talked so sparingly of these Matters, that no Man certainly will think I intend to cast Aspersions any where; or that I am at exciting Compassion in the Reader for my Sufferings; but that what has been said is a necessary Vindication of my Honour, for not answering my Proposals; though I have all Reason to wish a speedy Sale to these Papers, my Troubles having, one way or other, been above a thousand Pounds out of my way.

I have one further Request to make the candid Reader, that he would be pleased to pardon the many Errors of the Press. It is impossible that Works of this Nature should receive the last Inspection from their Authors, without which they cannot be absolutely correct; but, believe me, they had appeared in the World with fewer Faults, but for the Hurry and Change of Men in my Printing-House, and my own Absence.

The Reader will pardon me if I observe to him, that the Dialogue between Penkethman *and* Stanhope, *with the Notes upon it, will appear to any Person acquainted with* R——d B——ey, *to be a fine Piece of Satire. The Dialogue between* Minos, Æacus, &c. *is no unhappy Imitation of* Lucian; *and the last Will and Testament of* Cato *is a pretty Piece of a new sort of Humour. I don't plume my self a little in preserving the precious Memories of the late* Robin Knight, *and the two* Craggs's. *Posterity will*

hear

hear of them with Amazement; but it will be below the Dignity of a History to enter into those little Circumstances of their Lives, which will well enough become a Letter.

I here take Leave of my courteous Readers, assuring them, that I shall always consult their Entertainment and Advantage; and that

I am,

King's-Bench Prison, Nov. 10. 1721.

Their most obliged,

Humble Servant,

N. MIST.

THE

THE CONTENTS OF The Second VOLUME.

LETTER I,

CElebrates *the Vertues of the* Weekly-Journal, *and of a most noble Duke,* Page 1.

II. Interest *should submit to* Duty, p. 7.

III. *True Happiness does not consist in large Possessions; In this Letter the main Argument of the two former is further prosecuted,* p. 10.

IV. *Of the general Sorrow of the Inhabitants of* Blandford, *for the Death of a fair Lady's favourite Dog,* p. 16.

V. *From a small Poet, offering two little Bits of Work to Sale,* p. 17.

VI. *Epistle from a Gentleman in* Lapland, *to his Mistress in* England, p. 20.

VII. *Is Allegorical; the Reader will easily find the Clue to untwist it by,* p. 22.

VIII. *The standing Pool and Fishes, a pretty Fable,* p. 25.

IX. *Of the Alterations the Fall of Stocks have made in the Countenances of the People, particularly in those of the*

the new Gentry; to which is annexed the Fable of the Fishermen, from Theocritus, *very pertinent to this Occasion,* p. 27.

X. *A poetical Vision of a poor Garretteer, who dreamed he had found Dame Fortune,* p. 30.

XI. *From an unfortunate Gentleman, whose Mistress's Affections rose, fell, and extinguished with* South-Sea *Stock,* p. 33.

XII. *Fortitude the Basis of Virtue; wrong Notions of Courage exploded,* p. 37.

XIII. *Nobility stained by several things, as Traffick, Stocks,* &c. p. 39.

XIV. *Of an Animal called a* Coxcomb. N. B. *There is not a Street, Lane, Court, Yard or Alley where one of that Species is not to be found,* p. 42.

XV. *Of the transcendent Excellency of passive Courage.* p. 44.

XVI. *Remarks on the 7th Letter,* p. 49.

XVII. *Lines from a Love-inspired Bard,* p. 51.

XVIII. *The* Dream; *a small Poem,* p. 53.

XIX. *The 7th Letter vindicated.* *ibid.*

XX. *The Absurdity of some Ladies Conduct, who treat a Man with the utmost Reserve after an Overture of Marriage, though they had admitted him to all the Liberties an innocent Commerce between the Sexes will allow: To this is annexed a* Copy *of Verses to a fair Lady of that strange Stamp,*

XXI. *Is a Letter which may be read in a short time,* p. 60.

XXII. *The villainous Design of the* Independent Whig *laid open: Reasons why not hitherto answered, and why now answered; the Method in which he shall be answered,* p. 62.

XXIII. Homer's *Character attempted in Blank Verse,* p. 64.

XXIV. *The Duty of* Fasting *vindicated against the low, profane Buffoonery of the* Independent Whig, p. 67.

XXV. Woman *considered, in regard to Dominion, before and after* Marriage: *Little Faults, and even Affectation, pardonable in a Maid; these Privileges do not extend to old Maids,* p. 71.

XXVI.

XXVI. *The abominably impious Reflections upon* Contrition, *by the* Independent Whig, *cenſured*, p. 75.
XXVII. B. M.'s *ſcurrilous Reflections upon Mr.* Pope *in the 23d Letter, reprehended*, p. 78.
XXVIII. Horace's *Character attempted in an* Ode, p. 79.
XXIX. *The Feſtivals of our excellent* Church *defended againſt the weak, but confident Aſperſions of the* Independent Whig, p. 81.
XXX. *Letter from a Clergyman, whoſe Misfortune it is to be ſettled in a litigious, wrangling Pariſh*, p. 84.
XXXI. *The Objection of the* Independent Whigs, *that the* Myſteries *of our* Religion *are contrary to* Reaſon, *obviated*, p. 89.
XXXIII. B. M.'s *Excuſe for his Scurrility in the 23d Letter*, p. 93.
XXXIV. *A Proſpect of the ſeveral* Low-Churches *in* England, *in Oppoſition to the View of the ſeveral* High-Churches, *by the* Independent Whig, p. 94.
XXXV. *The* Independency *of the* Church *upon the* State *aſſerted, againſt the Cavils of the* Independent Whig, p. 98.
XXXVI. *From the* Projector *of the* Brew-houſe Bubble, *giving an Account of his Entertainment as a Workman to a* Grubſtreet *Preſs; with the Fable of the Dog and the Shadow, his firſt poetical Bit of Work*, p. 102.
XXXVII. *The Caſe of the late* South-Sea *Directors ſtated fully, truly, and every way excellently*, p. 107.
XXXVIII. *The neceſſary Cautions to be uſed in the Interpretation of Scripture, in Oppoſition to the dogmatical Aſſertions of the* Independent Whig, p. 113.
XXXVIII. *From an ingenious antiquated Spinſter, whoſe Lover, a handſom falſe* Iriſhman *forſook her upon the Fall of Stocks*, p. 116.
XXXIX. *The decent* Ceremonies *of our* holy Church *vindicated from the abſurd* Cavils *of the* Independent Whig, p. 121.
XL. *The Oppoſition made in theſe Papers to the* Independent Whig *commended; the Atheiſtical Authors of theſe*

those Libels characterized; the Weakness and Darkness of human Reason insisted upon, p. 124.
XLI. *A Passage out of the* Amphytrion *of Mr.* Dryden, *opposed to a Parallel one of* Moliere, p. 128.
XLII. *The History of the Conspiracy of* Gowrie *against King* James *the First, of* Scotland *the Sixth.*
XLIII. *The Fable of the Oak and Myrtle,* p. 135.
XLIV. *A humorous Epistle to Mr.* Mist, *upon his receiving Sentence at the* King's-Bench *Bar,* p. 137.
XLV. *The Character of* Ovid *attempted.* ibid
XLVI. *To Mr.* Mist *on his Advancement to a high Post,* p. 141.
XLVII. *A* Latin *Ode, addressed to the Author of a Poem entituled,* The Plague of *Marseilles.* ibid
XLVIII. *The Case of the* Romans *under the* Gallish *Invasion, and that of the* English *under the* South-Sea Destruction, *compared,* p. 146.
XLIX. *The proud private Oppressor should not escape Justice, while publick Traytors are pursued with full Cry,* p. 150.
A Paraphrase upon Part of the 109th Psalm, humbly dedicated to E. C——— by, p. 151.
L. *An Abstract of a Pamphlet entitled,* Francis *Lord* Bacon: Or, The Case of private and national Bribery, *impartially considered,* p. 153.
LI. *The Causes of Suicide enquired into; the different Motives that wrought upon* Cato Uticensis, M. Brutus, *and a late* cunning Shaver, *to commit this horrid Crime,* p. 156.
LII. *The Topick of the foregoing Letter discussed after a different Manner,* p. 156.
LIII. *Remarks upon the Letters in the* London Journal, p. 160.
LIV. *Upon the Projectors of Bubbles, &c.* p. 163.
LV. *Conjectures upon a remarkable Saying of a Duke of* Norfolk: *The fatal Consequences of Princes screening their Favourites from Prosecutions; this illustrated by Examples from* English *History,* p. 166.
A Fable of the Lion and other Beasts, p. 169.

LVI.

LVI. *A Letter from* Ariſtarchus *to* Cato *of the* London Journal, *wherein are drawn the Characters of the* Independent Whig, Terræ-Filius, Toland *the* Nazarene, *the* Free-Thinker, *and* Cato; *and ſeveral atheiſtical Poſitions of the Great* Cato *cenſured*, p. 172.

LVII. *The great Miſchief accruing to Church and State from the Aſſaults of illiterate Pamphleteers; Reaſons for writing againſt* Cato; *an important Charge drawn up againſt him; his Preface examined, the Vanity and Abſurdity of it ſhewn; his Ignorance of human Nature diſcovered; his Perſon humorouſly deſcribed; what provoked* Cato *to write; who are his Admirers*, p. 180.

LVIII. *The greateſt Villainies perpetrated under the ſpecious Shew of conferring Benefits: The tragical Story of* Conſtantine *and* Amelia, p. 189.

LIX. Ariſtarchus *defended from the Reproaches of a poor, ignorant Scribler*, p. 199.

The Petition of Cuthbert Humble, *Eſq; to* Ariſtarchus, p. 206.

LX. *A humorous Dialogue between* William Pinkethman, *Player, and* Hugh St—nh—pe, *Poet; with critical Remarks by* R——d B——cy, *late D. D.* p. 207.

LXI. *Remarks on a vain, confident, irrational Paper in the* London Journal, *deſigned for an Anſwer to* Ariſtarchus's *Objections againſt* Cato, p. 210.

An excellent Prologue and Epilogue ſpoken on the Dublin *Theatre, in Behalf of the diſtreſſed Weavers of that City*, p. 218.

LXII. *The late Writers of weekly Papers merely Plagiaries: A cunning, modeſt Letter of* Cato's *cenſured.*

LXIII. *The Character of Secretary* Walſingham, *from* Cambden; *with that of a certain great Man, whom common Fame ſaid would be called up to the Houſe of Peers by the Title of Viſcount* Walſingham, p. 227.

LXIV. *A remarkable Story of* M. Craſſus, p. 230.

LXV. *Moderation explained; the Character of a moderate Man, according to the common Acceptation*, p. 231.

LXVI. *The Nature of Pride; its Folly shewn, by a particular Enquiry into the most plausible Pretences made use of in its Support,* p. 236.

LXVII. *King* Charles *II. vindicated from the base and villainous Aspersions of* Cato, p. 244.

LXVIII. *An Account of a dangerous Indisposition into which an old Sinner was, by the Consent of his Neighbours, fallen into,* p. 247.

LXIX. *A strange Story of* W. Tong, *a Dissenting Teacher, which he has publickly deny'd to be true,* p. 248.

LXX. *A Copy of Verses from a Gentleman to his Mistress, with an Account of her perplexing Circumstances this Piece of Ingenuity threw him into,* p. 250.

LXXI. *From a School-Boy of St.* Paul's, *with the Translations of two Epigrams of* Martial, *and an Ode of* Horace, p. 252.

LXXII. *Of the Excellency and Usefulness of Coffee-Houses and News-Letters, especially Mr.* Mist's, p. 254.

LXXIII. *The Complaint of a hearty old* Welchman, *against an upstart* South-Sea *Gentleman,* p. 259.

LXXIV. *Remarks on a notorious Falshood in the History of* New England, *by* Daniel Neale, *a Dissenting Teacher,* p. 263.

LXXV. *A Relation of what past at the Death of King* Charles *II.* p. 266.

LXXVI. *Pernicious Principles discovered to be advanced under the Cloak of Liberty, and refuted; our Constitution defended,* p. 267.

LXXVII. *The almost epidemical Lewdness of the Age complained of; this Letter occasioned by the Trial of Mr.* Heathcote, *for debauching Mrs.* Susanna Holworthy, *his Wife's Sister,* p. 273.

LXXVIII. *A beautiful Passage cited out of* Blackmore's *Creation; the Poem commended,* p. 276.

LXXIX. *Certain destructive political Notions refuted,* p. 278.

LXXX. Suetonius's *Character of* Tiberius, p. 283.

LXXXI. *On King* George's *happy Accession to the Crown, with his Majesty's Character drawn by* John Toland, p. 289.

LXXXII.

The CONTENTS.

LXXXII. *The Character of* [illegible] ticus, *vindicated from the supercilious Criticisms of the* London Journal, p. 2[illegible]

LXXXIII. *A Dialogue of the dead, in Imitation of* Lucian, p. 3[illegible]

LXXXIV. *Critical Remarks on the excellent old Ballad of* Moore *of* Moore-hall, *and the Dragon of* Wantley, p. 3[illegible]

LXXXV. *A short Account of the Life of* Robert Knight, *late Cashier of the* South-Sea *Company*, p. 3[illegible]

LXXXVI. *The last Will and Testament of* Cato *of the* London-Journal, p. 320.

LXXXVII. *An Account of a whimsical Sett of Enthusiasts at* Lambeth, p. 32[illegible]

LXXXVIII. *Some Mistakes in the preceding Letter rectified*, p. 327.

LXXXIX. *Memoirs of the Lives of the* Craggs, p. 329.

27 AP 75
BOSTON

Miscellany Letters.

Vol. II.

LETTER I.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica Virtus. Juv.

I See no Reason, Mr. Miſt, why the whole Tribe of *Tatlers, Spectators, Examiners, Entertainers, Freethinkers*, &c. ſhould be all dignified and diſtinguiſhed with peculiar Motto's adapted to the reſpective Subjects they treat of; and your no leſs uſeful and inſtructive Journal be the only Paper of this kind out of Faſhion. To endeavour therefore the Revival or rather Continuance of theſe introductory Decorations, ſo agreeable to the Humour of the Age, and that will appear with a much more benign

nign and beautiful Aſpect, than that odd Device and dark Flouriſh that now ſtands in the Front of your Journal, is, I hope, a very pardonable Attempt; and if it prove a proſperous one too, it may poſſibly increaſe the Number of your learned Correſpondents, and tempt them to communicate more of their beſt Thoughts to the Publick.

Sir, though I am no Conjurer, Fortune-teller, or *French* Prophet, I can't forbear predicting, that I ſhall one Day ſee you ſtrutting in another-gueſs Habit; and inſtead of being a notorious Frequenter of Taverns, Coffee-houſes, Ale-houſes, *&c.* I am apt to fancy you'll pay moſt of your Viſits hereafter to Libraries, Studies and Cloſets; where, free from the raſcally Company of *Flying-Poſt*, and the reſt of that Gang (among whom 'tis your hard Lot to be often found) you'll ſit down honourably by the Side of 'Squire *Bickerſtaff*, and enjoy the peaceful Society of the Leathern-Coat Tribe. Don't think this Prediction proceeds from any Principle of Vanity in me, ſince, I aſſure you, I have never yet had the Honour to appear in any of your Journals, and never may again: But this prophetical Humour ſeized me, as I was conſidering the general Uſefulneſs of your Paper, and the kind Opportunity hereby given to the Learned and Ingenious, to imploy and improve their Talents, to correct the Licentiouſneſs of the Times, and offer what is pleaſing or profitable; and laſtly, your own commendable Reſolution not to offend the moſt chaſte or pious Ear, nor even to publiſh any thing to the World, that may in the leaſt tend to leſſen your Reader's Regard to Vertue and good Manners. Upon theſe Grounds I raiſed my Prediction, which is calculated for the Year 1722; when you'll perceive by the Event, whether I am a true Prophet or no. In the mean while, whatever becomes of this Prediction, I'll venture to be poſitive in another, namely, that no Time ſhall wear out the Remembrance of that glorious Subject I am going

ing

ing upon, so long as there are *English* Annals, and *English* Memories to keep it alive.

There is a noble Peer of this Realm, whose personal Merit adds a mighty Lustre to his hereditary and acquired Accomplishments; nay, who stands far more eminently distinguish'd by his many remarkable Acts of Charity and Hospitality, than by all that immense Treasure, and those high Titles of Honour, which the Favour of an indulgent Prince and propitious Providence has so signally heaped upon him. *To the eternal Praise and Glory of this illustrious Person be it said*, that as there was scarce ever any Subject in the World stored and blessed with a more plentiful Fortune; so none has less Occasion to be reminded of St. *Paul's* Injunction to *Timothy*, *Charge them that are rich in this World, that they be rich in good Works, ready to distribute, glad to communicate.* The kind Hand of Providence seems to have singled him out for a most exemplary Pattern of Piety and Liberality to Present and After-Ages: And the Wealth and Riches which had perhaps been miserly and sordidly amassed together by others, and lain many Years, either buried under Ground, or imprisoned in Iron-Coffers, is now, by the Will of Heaven, drawn out into the Light, and put into the Hand of one who knows both how to use, and how to impart; who sets no Bounds to his diffusive Generosity, but, like the Sun in the Firmament, sheds abroad his enlivening Rays about the World, ever consuming, and never consumed. This, Mr. *M——ff*, is a Pattern worthy of Imitation, and highly fit to be recommended at this time to the new Sons of Fortune, in and about your opulent City; who, as they have been favoured by Providence with an Opportunity of growing rich, may learn the Art of keeping and placing out their Riches to the best Advantage, from the Example of this noble Person, as well as from the Wisdom of *Solomon*, who lays down these Divine and Never-failing Maxims, *Cast*

thy Bread upon the Waters, for thou shalt find it after many Days. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is due, but it tendeth to Poverty. The liberal Soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself. And believe me, this is a surer way of preserving what is lawfully gotten, than all the Wit and Policy of Man can contrive. Believe it, what is bestowed in pious and charitable Uses, will protect and increase the Heap out of which it was taken, infinitely better than all the Securities this World affords. For 'tis this noble Spirit of Generosity, this God-like and compassionate Temper that clips the growing Wings of Riches, that otherwise would be ever flying away either from us or our Posterity. 'Tis this that sanctifies our worldly Goods, and makes them real Blessings and Comforts to us, that tends to sweeten and improve the Enjoyments of this Life, and goes a great way towards securing the Happiness of the next. In a word, 'tis this most amiable Virtue of Piety and Hospitality (for which the *English* Name was once so famous) that instead of raising Envy and Ill-will, provokes Emulation in others of like Capacity, commands the Love and Gratitude of those that smile under the Influences of it, excites the Esteem and Admiration of All, is most pleasing to God, and refreshing to Man. And certainly, if we have any the least Spark of this lovely Grace in us, we shall never be tempted to grudge the noble Person I am speaking of, any Part of his ample Possessions; which, to the Worldly-wise, perhaps, may seem to be in danger of being exhausted in time, by too liberal Contributions: But these little consider, that what is given away ought still more peculiarly to be reckoned his own, and that the best way to keep our Wealth in a safe and thriving Condition, is frequent Evacuation. 'Twas the Saying of an Heathen Poet, *Solas quas dederis semper habebis opes.* And 'tis true of God's Gifts of every

every kind, what our Saviour affirms only of one, *To him that hath* (i. e. he that makes a right Use of what he hath) *shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.* I shall have done at present with my Comment on the Character of this great and glorious Benefactor, when I have further observed, that the very Method he takes in bestowing his Gifts, is often as obliging as the Gifts themselves. He loves to surprize Men with his Favours, to deal out unexpected Largesses, to steal Opportunities of doing Good, and, like the *great Fountain of all Goodness*, whenever any fit Objects come in his way, is always more ready to give, than they to ask. Suffer me to give you a short Specimen of this in two or three Instances, though possibly you may have heard of 'em before.

At *Tiverton* in *Devon* they have begun a fine new Church upon the Strength of Contributions; and, (as I am inform'd) upon the Application only of two private Persons, the Duke (for, by this time, I suppose the Title and Name may be easily guessed at) his Grace was pleased to order 'em immediately two hundred Pounds. Another Instance of his wonderful Generosity was to a Gentleman of the *Parnassian* Tribe, who has a Soul too great for his Fortune, and a Fortune too little for his Merit. This Gentleman was observing to the Duke, that he never remembred to have read stronger Lines than those he was repeating: *No*, says the Duke! *give me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and, I believe, I can write stronger my self.* With [illegible] penn'd down such [illegible] convinced the Gentleman [illegible] rable Talent. For [illegible] in a figurative way, the full Sense and Strength of 'em appeared at first Sight. [illegible] *P. or Order 500 l. upon Sight.* And who, [illegible] will not pronounce this invincible Poetry? Such Poetry as was never seen, even in the *Augustan* Age. Happy time! when Poets themselves commence Patrons. Another In-

ſtance of the Duke's ſingular Goodneſs was this; a Clergyman, for whom the Duke had a particular Eſteem, as he was taking a View of his Grace's Library, was offered by the Duke any one Book there that he ſhould make Choice of. The Clergyman, to be ſure, in Modeſty would not chuſe the very beſt; but one he pick'd out, and, before he carried it off, the Duke took care to convey into it a conſiderable Bill, which the Clergyman, in turning over the Book at home, happened to diſcover, and, in great Surprize and Concern brought again to his Grace; who preſently called for Paper, and wrote another Bill with double the Sum, and then gave it to the Clergyman, with this kind Expreſſion, *Take that for your Honeſty.* And now, Mr *Miſt*, do you think it at all convenient, or even poſſible, that ſuch a ſhining Example as this ſhould lie concealed? I hope the Mails will not come in next Poſt, or that there is great Barrenneſs of foreign News, that ſo you may find Room in your Journal for this long Epiſtle, and help to do Juſtice to this eminent Character; whereby, I dare ſay, you'll much oblige the World, and particularly

Your humble Servant,
PHILOXENUS.

LETTER II.

Mr. Mist,

SO long as the Generality of Men conclude, that their Duty lies only in acting such things as promote, or at least suit with their fancied, present, temporal Interest, I shall not wonder to see Injustice and Wickedness so triumphant in the World.

But sure, as Men are reasonable Creatures, and those especially to whom my present Discourse is chiefly directed, have been civilized, and associated together, according to the Rules of Reason and Revelation; it may not be impossible to recover them from their Error, and to convince them that their Duty lies sometimes in doing such Things as directly cross this fancied present Interest, which too often is no other than what a great and wise Man thank'd God that, at the former Part of his Life, he had not Means or Opportunity to enjoy. 'Tis affirmed by most, that the World would be very happy, if Justice could once take Place, and keep Possession of its rightful Seat: But then, perhaps, there is Danger in attempting any thing in favour thereof; and they must probably part with some present Possession without a Certainty of regaining it again; or (as they falsely conclude) a greater instead thereof; and therefore they rather chuse, not only to neglect their Duty, but to contribute to the actual Support of what they think to be evil, wish were destroyed, and verily believe can have no other Tendency than to the Ruine and Destruction of their greatest Happiness.

Would these cautious Men be once perswaded to the serious Consideration of this, it would certainly be the greatest Motive to practising their

Duty, of any I could produce. For, their very Affirmation proves themſelves to be what they condemn, *viz.* unjuſt, *&c.* This, Reaſon would tell them they ought not to be, becauſe they would not willingly have others be ſo to them. The natural End of Society condemns it, and Religion abundantly confirms the Sentence. *Be not Partaker of other Mens Sins.* And after this, *If thou ſeeſt a Thief and conſenteſt with him,* (except you conſider) God will ſet in Order before your Eyes the things that you have done, and then pronounce, *Go you Curſed,* &c. But

Now, That there is not a Certainty of gaining a greater Poſſeſſion than what they may loſe (if not the ſame) let them firſt conſider what God has ſaid to the contrary.

To love Mercy, to do Juſtice, and to walk humbly with God, is the whole Duty of Man; and for Obedience herein he ſhall receive in this Life, Houſes, Brethren, *&c.* and, in the World to come, Life everlaſting, together with an eternal Crown for Reward. And 2dly,

What a Heathen, when asked by a powerful Man, if he did not fear to loſe his Head, could bravely anſwer.

——*Nil non Mortale tenemus, &c.*

——*All that we hold will die,*
But our brave Thoughts and Ingenuity;
E'en I that want my Country Houſe, and Friend,
From whom is raviſh'd all that Fate can rend,
Poſſeſs yet my own Genius, and enjoy
That which is more than Cæſar *can deſtroy.*
Each Groom may kill me, but whene'er I die,
My Fame ſhall live to mate Eternity.

I ſhall conclude at preſent with the following excellent Obſervation, and an Expreſſion of the Royal Bleſſed Martyr King *Charles* the Firſt, only varied a little according to the Subject of my preſent Epiſtle, 'Brave Men never die; Worth begets in weak and baſe Minds, Envy, in the Magnanimous, Emulation, in Poſterity, Renown.

'A Renown that is as the Beams about the Sun, 'or the Glory about an holy Picture, that ſhew it 'to be a Saint, though it be no eſſential Part; it 'riſeth from the Body of that Virtue, which cannot chuſe but ſhine through all the Clouds of 'Error and Diſtraction.

'And, tho' ſometimes the Miſts and Vapours 'of the lower Earth impede the Light it gives, yet 'there will be apparent Rays that ſhew there is 'Deſert unſeen, which yield thoſe Gleams of 'Brightneſs to the whole Horizon, that it moves 'and ſhines in.

'Which ſurvive to a glorious kind of Immortality, when the good Man is dead and gone; a 'good Name being the embalming of the virtuous 'to an Eternity of Love and Gratitude among 'Poſterity.

Mr. *Miſt*, you know the Reaſon of my writing to you, if you will comply with my Deſire, 'twill be a great Addition to the Favours you have formerly beſtowed on,

Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

LOYALTY.

LETTER III.

Non Domus & Fundus, non Æris acervus & Auri,
Ægroto Domini deduxit Corpore Febres;
Non Animo curas.——— Hor.

SIR,

AS nothing can be more exactly calculated, nor have a more direct Tendency to advance the common Intereſt of Mankind, than both the Epiſtles of *Philoxenus* and *Loyalty*, as inſerted in your laſt; ſo one might expect, that ſo ſhining an Example, as is there propoſed, ſhould be able to provoke all, who have Souls capable of being touched with any Senſe of Generoſity, to an Emulation of ſuch tranſcendent Virtue; when too 'tis proved, that both Reaſon and Revelation perſwade it, as the moſt effectual Method to ſecure to our Poſterity, with Intereſt, thoſe Gifts of Fortune we are now poſſeſſed of; and that conſequently our preſent as well as future Intereſt is dependent upon the good Management of thoſe Favours with which Fortune has bleſſed us; and of which (if we make a right Eſtimate) we are no more than Stewards. What Mr. *Loyalty* inculcates is but too notorious; and many well-meaning People are debauched in their Principles, corrupted in their Manners, and carried down the Stream by the ſtrong Tide of prevailing Cuſtom; and, indeed, Cuſtoms of long Continuance (however abominable in themſelves when duly conſidered) blind our Underſtandings; and, as if a general Practice gave a Sanction to Things, tho' unauthentick and evil in their Nature, our Aſſent is eaſily engaged, they are reckoned as petty Vices, and venial Crimes, and made eaſy by the unwarrantable Authority of a general Practice; and

and truly the Depravity of human Nature can in no Inſtance be more clearly ſhewn than in this, evil Cuſtoms and Communications not only altering and making things eaſy, which were before eſteem'd criminal, but by becoming habitual and deeply fix'd in our Minds, we are often ſo intirely converted, as to ſtudy Arguments for their Defence; and where this Misfortune has happened to Men of Learning and Parts, they have ſo covered their weak Reaſons with a probable Sophiſtry, that many weak and unſtable Minds have been brought into the ſame Snare; which ought to be a Caution to us, not to give a Looſe to our Thoughts, or dally with Things of evil Nature. Practices of long Standing and a general Vogue, like chronical Diſtempers, and depraved Habits, are hardly altered or eradicated by Remedies never ſo properly applied: But reaſonable Men ſhould think cloſely, and not follow the Multitude to do evil. It is a Maxim in Morality, that, *Bonum oritur ex integris*; and in Chriſtianity, *That we muſt not do Evil, that Good may come*: And we ſhould do well to examine the Lawfulneſs of every Circumſtance leading to the End propounded. But to dwell no longer upon theſe Animadverſions, I'll purſue my own Theme; and if, joined with the two fore-mentioned, and ſeveral of the late Letters of like Tendency, they add any Weight to correct Licentiouſneſs, and reform ill Practices, I have ſo far my Aim. If it be objected by any, that your Paper would be more agreeable, if not ſo frequently ſtored with theſe dull Diſſertations, I anſwer, that one Diſh cannot pleaſe every Palate; and theſe will undoubtedly meet with ſome as ſedate as they are gay; the Scene muſt be changeable; they too ſhall be ſerved in their Turn; and ſure to have Profit and Delight alternately take Place, muſt be pleaſing, according to that political Maxim,

Omne tulit Punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci.

That

That moſt of the Evils that infeſt Mankind proceed from a miſtaken Notion of Happineſs, is a Truth as obvious as its Effects are deplorable. From whence but this comes Covetouſneſs, Uncharitableneſs, and that immoderate Thirſt after Riches, with all its direful Concomitants? How comes Juſtice to be ſo frequently perverted, and thoſe noble Virtues of Benificence and Hoſpitality (for which the *Engliſh* Name was once ſo famous) to be loſt and out of Uſe? Certain it is, that Ambition's not more deſtructive to a State, than this to the Minds and Manners of the whole Politick Body. Were it poſſible to undeceive Men in this Opinion, and bring them to believe what is more truly their *Summum Bonum*; this, as it would moderate their too eager Purſuits after, and leſſen that unbounded Veneration for Riches, ſo it muſt conſequently revive in the World thoſe many Virtues, the Decay of which can properly and truly be attributed to nothing but that ill-grounded Principle. Let any one take a Survey of the World, eſpecially the gayer Part of it, and they muſt, with one of your late Correſpondents, readily pronounce, that, if the Actions of Mankind are moved by the proper Springs and Motives of ſound Reaſon (which ſuppoſes them to purſue what is moſt deſirable and profitable) Happineſs muſt chiefly conſiſt in Shew and Flutter.

But my firſt Propoſition is but too true; and 'tis this is undoubtedly *Irritamenta Malorum*, the very Root and Source of moſt, if not all, the Miſeries that attend us; which, had I time particularly to enumerate, and trace back to their original Motives, might be eaſily demonſtrated. Could this Calamity be removed, ſo degenerate as we now are, I ſhould not doubt but ſome few Ages hence might vie with thoſe purer Times of primitive Chriſtianity; if our Men could be brought to make a more moderate Eſtimate of temporal Enjoyments, and not to think any Engagements preferable to that

Unum

Unum Neceſſarium, they would not then, however it might favour their preſent Intereſt, run counter to the wholeſome Laws of Reaſon and Religion. 'Tis certain, this is not more a Duty of the Divine Law, than a natural Dictate of impartial Reaſon; for, how many Men, famous for Learning and Philoſophy, have been enabled, from the meer Light of Nature, to write excellently, and practiſe manfully; to abandon the fancied Pleaſures and noiſy Oſtentation of Courts and Cities, for the quiet Retreat of Solitude, where they calmly and uninterrupted enjoy thoſe ſolid and real Satisfactions which are no where to be found but in a Mind ſo fortified by Reaſon. This is a Doctrine may not reliſh with every one, or eaſily gain Credit, moſt People being infected with that Diſtemper, and meaſure Happineſs by the Depth of the Purſe, and Extent of the Land, little conſidering what Cares ſuch have to ſowre their Enjoyments: For, between the Cares of Increaſing, the Fears of Loſing, and, I might add, the Fatigue of Enjoying, there's found but little real Satisfaction. Certain it is, that no State or Condition of Life is ſubject to more Inconveniences, or liable to ſo many Temptations; they have a Variety of Temptations to encounter, and have no other Guard, no other Weapon but their Virtue. Thoſe in mean Circumſtances are often defended from a Sin by their very Impotency, it proving above their Sphere, and intirely out of their Reach, and their Wills often offend when their Hands are innocent; theſe are checked from without, the former from within, having nothing to diſpute with their immoderate Deſires, but their Reaſon, which, amidſt ſo numerous a Train of Temptations, is in great Danger of being ſubdued; ſo that nothing can be more erroneous, than to value Things and Men by their temporal Proſperities and tranſient Glories, it being, as I ſaid before, very certain, (from Reaſon and common Experience) that none are ſo liable to Lapſes, Diſcontents and Temptations.

It

It was an excellent Wiſh of *Agur*'s, and, I think, ſhews him to have been a Man of great Reaſon and Experience, when he cries out, *Give me neither Riches nor Poverty*, they being both Extremes of Life replete with Troubles. *Lubrica ſunt Fortunæ Dona.* We can poſſeſs our Goods no longer than Fortune pleaſes, who often gives with one Hand, and takes away with the other, that like an *April* Day, now ſmiles, now frowns. And beſides thoſe common Contingencies, by which Men are often deprived of theſe Gifts of Fortune, great and rich Men in any Troubles of State, or civil Diſcontents, are ſure to ſuffer moſt, and the Tempeſt rends the lofty Oak, while humble Shrubs remain untouched.

I cannot expect, neither is it my Aim, to make any in Love with Poverty, only to perſwade them to take a moderate, honeſt Care, and content themſelves in that Condition Providence has placed them; that they would firſt ſeek the Kingdom of God and his Righteouſneſs, and depend upon the Promiſe of him that cannot lie, that all other Things ſhall be added unto them. In ſome Perſons a Miſuſe of theſe Gifts of Fortune is owing to that light Eſteem they make of Providence; for many, whom God has been pleaſed to proſper, and add an uncommon Increaſe to their Subſtance, attribute all to their own good Conduct, and prudent Management; they think groſsly, and imagine, becauſe they can, in ſome Meaſure, account for this Affluence, and prove it to be the Cauſe of ſome ſenſible Efficient, that it is truly and properly their own acquiring; but let ſuch conſider, that theſe are but ſecond Cauſes, and, that there's a main original Spring, which our ſhort Views cannot diſcover, upon which all theſe are dependent, and in Order follow; and That that diſorder'd, puts every thing elſe out of Place. And, indeed, this Men generally acknowledge; for tho' they would themſelves have all the Honour of getting Riches,

Provi-

Providence and ill Fortune is ſure to be blamed for the Loſs of them, tho' it's owing to our own ill Management or Extravagance.

To prove farther, that it is not ſuch a Condition, or ſuch a Circumſtance, could make us happier than we are, in the ſeveral Stations we are placed in by Providence; and that it is not the outward Condition, but inward Man, that creates all our Diſcontents and Miſeries; I need only quote Part of the 2d Epiſtle of the firſt Book of *Horace*, as it's rendered in *Engliſh* by the ingenious Sir *William Temple*.

NOR Houſe, nor Land, nor Heaps of Plate, or Gold,
Can cure a Fever's Heat, or Ague's Cold;
Much leſs a Mind with Grief or Care oppreſs'd.
No Man's Poſſeſſions e'er can make him bleſs'd,
That is not well himſelf, and ſound at Heart;
Nature will ever be too ſtrong for Art.
Whoever feeds vain Hopes, or fond Deſires,
Diſtracting Fears, wild Love, or jealous Fires,
Is pleas'd with all his Fortunes, like ſore Eyes,
With curious Pictures; gouty Legs and Thighs,
With dancing; or half dead and aking Ears,
With Muſick; while the Noiſe he hardly hears;
For if the Cask remains unſound or ſowre,
Be the Wine ne'er ſo rich you pour,
'Twill take the Veſſel's Taſte, and loſe its own,
And all you fill were better let alone.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c
CAMILLUS.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Mr. *Miſt*, *Blandford* in *Dorſetſhire*.

YOU who are a Philoſopher, and know to what abject Cauſes the greateſt Confuſions have ſometimes been owing, will not be ſurprized, when I tell you that we are all here under the utmoſt Concern imaginable, for the Loſs of the fair *Thorina*'s little Dog Charmer; and whoſoever (that was a Stranger to this Accident) ſhould obſerve the melancholly diſmal Phizzes on this Occaſion, would immediately conclude, that ſome prodigious Misfortune had univerſally attended us; but can any one blame us for being ſenſible? for

What Heart ſo ſtupid, or ſo full of Flint,
But muſt, when fair Thorina *weeps, relent?*
Thorina *that ſubdues the haughtieſt Swains,*
And can, on whom ſhe will, impoſe her Chains;
Can, with contrary Paſſions ſtrike the Senſe,
And equal Heighths of Joy or Grief diſpenſe.

In ſhort, Mr. *Miſt*, we are wholly engaged on this Occaſion, and he that dares betray a criminal Smile on this publick Diſaſter, is looked upon as a Traytor to Beauty, and to *Thorina*'s Charms. Only the envious *Strephon* triumphs over the publick Sorrow, as having loſt a dangerous Rival, that uſurped a Place himſelf alone hoped to poſſeſs, and flattering himſelf, naturally enough, with this Imagination, that ſince one *P--y*'s dead, another may chance to ſucceed.

Yours,

Phil. B———r.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Dear Brother of the Quill,

HOraſmuch as Bankruptcy has been the peculiar Prerogative of our Sons of *Parnaſſus*, tranſmitted in a regular Succeſſion from that celebrated *Grecian* Harper of ragged Memory: We, the rhapſodious Rout, are inexpreſſibly alarmed by the volatile Rumour, iſſuing from the brazen Trumpet of Fame, of a terrible Invaſion by a phlegmatick Phalanx of *Ignoramus*'s, deſperately puſhed on by the ſudden Decreaſe of the Stocks. Daſtards! whoſe tardy groveling Souls never dreamt of *Parnaſſus*, nor the lucid Waters of *Helicon*. O racking Thought! Shall Penury, hitherto inviolably attached to the *Muſes*, ſcandalouſly entertain the loathed Embraces of the Illiterate? But,

——*ſuperanda omnis Fortuna ferendo eſt.*

According to the Maxim of that illuſtrious Bard, we buoy our ſelves up in Hopes of Redreſs. Our Compoſitions, indeed, are ſcarce ſaleable, and the darling Iſſue of our prolifick Brains is at as low Rates as the Stocks.

Wherefore (as is generally practiſed in the Way of Traffick, as to thoſe Wares that ſtagnate in the Owners Hands) our Petition is, that the following Commodities may be inſerted with *Cordial Horſe-balls*, or ſome other of your worthy Advertiſements.

Impri-

Imprimis. Ode ſequens in miſerandam mortem *Catelli.*
Loweſt Price 3 d.

Mater defuncti loquitur.

OCcidit! *Manes celebra tuorum,*
Sirius, *torrens radiis agellos,*
Fata fraterni Lacheſin *reprendens,*
Plange Catelli.

Lugeant chartæ Domina Catellus
Sæpe quas vulſit, doleant peremptum,
Et ſibi parvo repetita greſſu
Strata ſocique.

Vos Nives ſolæ ſtreperis triumphis,
Impiis plauſus geminate Parcis,
Candidum vellus moriente jacta
Bruma Catello.

Item. The Spider for the Ladies. *Price 6 d.*

IN ſofteſt Accents gently ſing,
Leſt vocal Spirit's Sound
Unhinging diſembowell'd String,
The filmy Web confound.

2.

In vain your I'vry Fingers ply
The Diſtaff and the Loom;
Phyllis, the Flaxen Task lay by,
And view th' attractive Womb.

3. The

3.

The Nymph inſpects the rival Line,
The tender Fabrick ſcorns;
Malice and Envy dire combine,
Diſdain Revenge ſuborns.

4.

The wary Spinſtreſs quick does crawl,
Into a Chink ſhe hies;
Her Hut, ſecure from Envy's Thrall,
The Nymph's Diſdain defies.

5.

If humming Drone, or gilded Waſp,
Or Bee's diſtented Thigh,
Or if the cloſe-work'd Toil does claſp
The vain reluctant Fly;

6.

Dauntleſs ſhe aids the trembling Thread,
Deſerts her woven Cave;
Entombing artfully the Dead,
Diſgorges 'em a Grave.

7.

So ſurfeited with nauſeous Cares,
In ſolitary Cell,
The Hermit for his End prepares,
And living ſounds his Knell.

According to the Sale of theſe, you will hear farther from Yours,

PHILO-MUSÆUS.

LETTER VI.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Find you are got into a Way of late of ſeaſoning your Politicks with Love, and other Matters of Gallantry; I ſhall make no other Apology for troubling you with the following Copy of Verſes.

An Epiſtle from a Gentleman in *Lapland*, to his Miſtreſs in *England*.

While for her Strephon *faithful* Cælia *ſighs*
Beneath the Britiſh *Suns, and ſofter Skies:*
And, tho' ſhe feels the milder genial Ray,
Repines at Albion's *more indulgent Day:*
Think not, dear Nymph, theſe dreary Climes remove
My wonted Vows, or quench the Fires of Love;
By thine awak'd, my correſpondent Care
Pays Sigh for Sigh, and tells out Tear for Tear.
Tho' the coarſe Heav'n, and melancholy Clime,
Benumb the ſhackl'd Feet of ev'ry Rhime;
Tho' Phœbus, *God of Wit and Heat retires,*
Withdraws his own, and damps the Poet's Fires;
Yet no Degrees my ardent Love controul,
Which burns ev'n here, and glows beneath the Pole.
The Artick Circle *ſhall to* Strephon *prove*
Only th' Æquator *to his boundleſs Love:*

The

The Vows I make, tho' now congeal'd in Air,
When the warm Spring brings back the youthful Year,
Diſſolv'd to Sound, the Salvages ſhall hear.

Sometimes to ſooth the raging Pains of Love,
From Map to Map, with endleſs Care I rove;
O'er Realms unknown, and various Lands I fly,
O'er Worlds and Seas now travel with my Eye:
From Pole *to* Pole *I range this ſpacious All,*
Then ſingle Albion's *Iſland from the Ball.*
Albion *to ev'ry Region I prefer,*
She the World's nobleſt Pride, and You of Her.

Whene'er your Image ſtrikes upon my Soul,
It thaws the Clime, and melts the frozen Pole:
The fancy'd Lightnings of your heav'nly Eyes,
Unbind the Rigour of the Northern Skies;
Tho' the pale Sun ſheds here a ſickly Ray,
And rolls in diſtant Skies the feeble Day;
Tho' Icy Mountains riſe confus'dly bright,
And Chains of dazling Hills fatigue the Sight;
Tho' Rocks in hoary Piles around me ſtand,
Riſe white, and glitter o'er the ſhining Land:
Yet full of thee, o'er boundleſs Plains I go,
Bold and impaſſive to the driving Snow.
I ſee ſecure the Clime the Seas reſtrain,
And yoke the Ocean in a wintry Chain:
O'er the green Surge, my boundleſs View I caſt,
And ſafely walk along the dreary Waſt;

Led

Led by thoſe Eyes, my Stars, the Main explore,
And Billows never plough'd by Ships before.
While thoſe bright Images my Cares beguile,
The Hills grow warm, and the bleak Deſarts ſmile.
But if, to crown my Hopes with full Delight,
My Cælia's *Form might bleſs my raviſh'd Sight;*
I wou'd not envy thoſe rich Realms that lie
Beneath the Influence of a ſofter Sky;
I'd revel here, tho' circl'd round with Froſt,
And find a Paradiſe on Lapland's *dreary Coaſt.*

G. R.

LETTER VII.

Triſtius haud illis monſtrum, nec ſævior ulla
Peſtis & ira Deum Stygiis ſeſe extulit undis. Virg.

Dear *Miſt*,

SEEING Cuſtom has pointed you out as the Perſon to be applied to in any emergent Caſe, and imagining that your Skill in the medicinal Art may not be inferior to that in other Sciences, I have preſum'd to petition you in behalf of an unfortunate Relation, who lies in a very languiſhing and deplorable Condition, her Caſe eluding the Art of moſt able Phyſicians. I would have ſent her Water, but I underſtand that is exploded as Quackiſm by the Judicious, who deny that any true Judgment can from thence be formed; you know, that rightly to underſtand a Caſe, is one main Step towards a Cure, and therefore muſt give me Leave to premiſe

premiſe ſo much as may be conducive to give you a good Notion, and ſet you right as to the primary Cauſes of her Diſtemper. 'Tis now, Sir, near nine Months ſince my Couſin was eſpouſed to a Perſon of very eminent Quality, and a large Eſtate, only incumbred with ſome Debts, a good Part of which, upon the Contract, ſhe was to diſcharge; tho', by the way, I am afraid this Article of the Conveyance will be but ill performed. But to proceed; after this Change of her Condition, ſhe, in a very little time, to the Amazement of all that knew her, grew exceeding fat and corpulent, which gave Occaſion to many whoſe Intereſt it was to wiſh her Proſperity, to conclude her of a robuſt healthy Conſtitution. This was an irretriveable Misfortune, and a Miſtake of the moſt dreadful Conſequence. Oh! the Weakneſs of human Senſe! how uncertain and defective are the Directions of our clouded Judgments! and how was it poſſible we could ſo materially err, as to miſtake the Diſeaſe for a ſound uncorrupted State of Health! This was the critical Opportunity, the only time to have withſtood and cruſhed, in its Infancy, the firſt Aſſaults of this now maſterleſs Diſeaſe, according to that excellent Aphoriſm of *Perſius*,

——— *Venienti occurite morbo.*

Then, had we not been blind to our own Misfortunes, this Evil might have been prevented,

Et ſi fata Deum, ſi mens non læva fuiſſet,
Nunc ſtaret, ———

But ſure we were wretchedly blind, and ſtupidly ignorant, not to perceive when we had ſo freſh an Inſtance, a Caſe ſo exactly parallel ——— as that of her Siſter *Sis*, a Lady of the firſt Rank, in *France*. Indeed there were ſome that were not ſatisfied with a bare tranſient View, and conſidering the Region

of

of the *Abdomen* in particular, ſo incredibly tumified, imagined it a falſe Conception, and, indeed, in ſome Senſe, 'twas true; for, like the *Mons Parturiens* in *Phædrus*, when every one was in Expectation of ſome wonderful Production, *tantum muſculum enixa eſt*.

To be free with you, I was always of the Opinion that her Caſe was a Tympany, by that Drum-like Noiſe which was heard upon ſtriking the *Venter*; by which 'twas very apparent that the Swelling was owing to nothing but Wind included in its Cavity: But the Caſe is now altered, and the Swelling has every Day, for this Month paſt, ſenſibly decreaſed; her Fleſh is laxy and flabby, Eyes hollow, Cheeks fallen, Noſe pinched, and her Viſage very ghaſtly: This, by all the Symptoms, ſeems to be an *Atophia* or Conſumption; for, beſides an Hectick Fever, her Nerves are affected, ſhe's ſtrangely convulſed, and all her Members are languid and weak: I am the more confirmed in my Opinion of its being a Conſumption, becauſe the Diſtemper is ſo flattering; for, ſome Days ſhe ſeems chearful, and her Spirits riſe, and then again ſhe relapſes; therefore, dear ſweet Mr. *Miſt*, if you have any Reſtorative yet unknown, any *Arcanum* that will but preſerve her alive till her Spouſe's Return, pray reveal it: *Reſtorativum magnum*, and a famous Receipt that has done Wonders in this Caſe, and deſcended to me from my Great Grandmother's Aunt, has been tried in vain.

You are our *derniere Reſort*, therefore pray be ſpeedy, for ſhe begins to rattle in the Throat, and ſeems already expiring.

I am,

Yours, *&c.*

AFRICAN.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Mr. *Miſt*,

HAVING accidentally met with the incloſed Tale, I ſhew'd it to a Friend or two, who will needs have me ſend it you, thinking it bears a pretty deal of Reſemblance to ſome preſent Occurrences; for my own Part, I'll determine nothing about it, but leave it to every one to conſtrue it for himſelf; I deſire, however, to ſee it on *Saturday*, which will oblige,

Your old Friend
And Servant,
&c.

THere was (ſo ſays an ancient Tale)
I'th' Middle of a pleaſant Dale,
A ſpacious, but a ſtanding Pool,
Immenſly deep, and very foul:
The little Brooks on ev'ry Side
Which daily did into it glide,
Preſerv'd its muddy Waters ſweet,
And for the nobleſt Fiſhes meet.
Here did the lordly Fiſhes long
In Shoals innumerable throng.
Here were they wont to friſk and play,
And ſpend in Merriment the Day;
Grew plump and fat with Dainties fed,
Which were i'th' little Channels bred:
But (like Mankind) the fiſhy Race
'Midſt Plenty, quite abandon'd Grace,

And raſhly (proud to ſhew their Might)
Seiz'd on the little Fiſhes Right:
Damm'd up their Brooks, ſuppreſs'd their Springs,
And threatned more revengeful things.
But Oh! the dire Effects of Pride,
When Will (not Juſtice) is its Guide;
The frightned Brooks the Pool deſert,
And no refreſhing Baits impart:
No more their limpid Streams advance,
No purling Circles thither dance:
No freſh Supplies approach its Brink,
But, all ſurpriz'd with Horror, ſhrink,
And haſte to ſhun th' offenſive Stink.
Mean while within, diſtracting Fear
And ſickly drooping Looks appear.
Of all Supports depriv'd, too late
They ſee their Error, and their Fate.
And, to their endleſs Sorrows find,
Deſtruction (to their Friends deſign'd)
Falls on their own unworthy Kind.
So may all thoſe to others Ruine prone,
(Like them) be headlong hurry'd to their own.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Am a Perſon as much removed in Place from interfering with Stocks, as I am by Circumſtances. My Converſation is chiefly with my *dead* Friends in Leathern Coats, for two Reaſons; becauſe I'm not very gay in my own Temper, and becauſe I think they talk much better Senſe than the *living* Neighbourhood. However, 'tis impoſſible always to be deaf to what's ſaid; and, amongſt other things, I could not but hear of the prodigious Fortunes made by *South-Sea*. Money, it ſeems, rained down upon our ſtubborn *Iſraelites* as unexpected as *Manna*, and almoſt as unaccountably: Vaſt Sums were expended to buy Patrimonies for ſome who till then never heard of a Foot of Land in their Families: Others ſold Eſtates at ſuch a Rate as enabled them to pay their Debts, and yet did not leſſen what their Fathers left them: Such Numbers of new Coaches were ſet up of a ſudden, our Farmers fear'd they ſhould not have Horſes left ſufficient to plow the Land; and the very Prices of making our Clothes were alter'd, ſo mutinous the Journeymen Taylors grew upon People's good Fortune.

But now, as Mr. *Foreſight* ſays in *Love for Love*, What can theſe ſtrange Revolutions portend? They that, upon the Strength of Fifty Thouſand Pounds, began to forget the Faces of their old Acquaintance, are now almoſt reduced to their primitive Ventures. The Bankers that uſed to ſtalk proudly thro' their Shops, and careleſsly ſurvey their Men telling the Caſh, are now modeſtly aſham'd to ſhew their Faces. The Tradeſmen, that, for theſe eight Months, have been above talking of any thing but *Præmiums*, *Diſcount*, and *Paying the Difference*, are now content to think of the

Neceſſity of *Importation*, look out for *new Faſhions*, and begin to think where they ſhall venture to give Credit. In ſhort, I am told, Features about the Exchange are ſo alter'd, that *Stockjobbers*, like *Cain*, have the Curſe of *Fallen Stocks* mark'd on their Foreheads, to diſtinguiſh them from induſtrious well-meaning Dealers. Such Confuſion, Deſpair, and Amazement attend the Downfal of *South-Sea*, that they look on one another as the *Trojans* did, when the Power of *Greece* firſt ſat down before their City.

I can but think what conſiderable Alterations the Diminution of *Capital* muſt neceſſarily make in the Plans of thoſe happy People, who were grown infinitely rich in imaginary Wealth: How many Daughters Fortunes muſt be leſſen'd in Protion, and their great Matches diſappointed? How many over-grown Sons and Heirs, that muſt ſit down with a City Converſation, whoſe Hopes were centur'd in the Figure they ſhould make in the next Houſe of Commons?

Reaſon, Mr. *Miſt*, has been a great while at a very low Ebb in the World; but the prodigious Riſe of Stocks has, this Year, raiſed its *Weather-Glaſs* to an Exaltation of *Lunacy*. The Generality of *Europe* ſeem to have drank of *Circe*'s Cup, and diveſted themſelves of common Senſe; they have given Way ſo much to the Infatuation of *Chimæra*, that they have appeared like the happy *Athenian* Madman, who fancied every Ship that came into Port, his own. Their Politicks have been lull'd aſleep to the Neglect of Traffick, as if *Paper*, tranſferred at a fantaſtical Price, could ſupply the Wants of a Commonwealth, and ſtand in the Place of *Commerce* and *Importation*. We ought to remember the Story of *Midas*, who, while he turned every thing into Gold by his Touch, by the Unhappineſs of that Power, wanted Victuals for his Subſiſtence.

I can-

I cannot dismiss this Subject, without thinking of a little Poem of *Theocritus*, which I shall endeavour to turn into a short *Fable*, and recommend its Moral to the Consideration of the *Stockjobbers*.

Two Fishermen that went Partners in the Profits of their Occupation, having comfortably supped, and industriously hung up their Tackle to dry, addressed themselves to Sleep together on the Shore. Early in the Morning one of them waked the other, to communicate his Dream. He thought, as he was Angling, he felt a prodigious Weight at his Hook, and found he had caught a Fish of such an uncommon Size, that he despair'd of getting it up without breaking his Line. When it came to Land, to his great Surprize, he found it to be all of solid Gold; so that in the Heighth of his Transport he vow'd solemnly to quit his Profession of a Fisherman, and, for the future, like a Gentleman, indulge himself in Ease and Idleness. When he wak'd, he perceiv'd his good Luck was all but a Dream, that he had no Prospect of supporting his Family without his old Occupation, and was in Perplexity how he could dispense with his Vow to the contrary. His Partner told him, that as there was no Golden Fish in the Case, so he need entertain no Scruples of Conscience, but help pull down their Nets; and that it was plain, neither States nor private Men could subsist on imaginary Gain, without Industry and Commerce, not even with the Advantages of *South-Seas* and *Missisippi's*.

I am, Sir,
Yours, *&c.*
PHILALETHES.

LETTER X.

Aucupor in Lecto mendaces——— Somnos,
Dum careo veris, Gaudia falsa juvant. Ovid. Ep.

Mr. *Miſt*,

THE doleful Fall of the Stocks has induced me to preſent you with the following Dream I had ſome time ago; which I conceive may be of Uſe to thoſe, who (dreaming they) had gained Mountains of Gold, have now (unfortunately waking) found it was like mine.

A DREAM.

RETIR'D from Noiſe, and buzzing Nonſenſe,
Into the lofty Garret long ſince,
The Place where I, with Cares oppreſt,
So oft have taken grateful Reſt;
I laid me down, but cannot tell ye,
Whether 'twas on my Back or Belly;
But on my Back moſt likely ſeems,
For lying ſo, they ſay, one dreams;
Then thus kind Morpheus *had poſſeſs'd*
My Body, but my Mind releas'd:
Methought, as rambling up and down,
With various Thoughts toſs'd in my Crown,
I met the changling Goddeſs Fortune,
And, having caught her, did importune,

That,

That, leaving other Mortals, she
For once wou'd come along with me;
So knowing that I had her fast,
She was inclin'd to yield at last.
We scarce had march'd a Step or two,
But was presented to my View,
All in the Mire, a Golden Treasure;
Then I cry'd out with utmost Pleasure,
Fortune, I thank thee, you may go,
With that jump'd down into the Slough,
And pick'd up Gold and Silver such Store,
My Pockets cou'd not have held much more;
And then came out with Clothes as clean too,
As 'fore the Dirt I enter'd into.
" Thus, let the Means be ne'er so base,
" By which vile Men their Wealth increase,
" The World no Spots in rich Men seer.
But now observe what Alterations
This dirty Gold makes in Mens Fashions:
If any chanced now to meet me,
And pulled off his Hat to greet me,
With Hands in Pocket, I cry'd, how d'ye,
(If I were with ye, I'd a shew'd ye)
Not out of Churlishness but Fear,
Lest Pickpockets there shou'd be near.
So I conclude, the complaisant,
The cringing, bowing, fine Gallant,

When he's ſo lib'ral of his Bows,
Vacuity i'th' Pocket ſhews.
And he that will not move his Hat,
His Pocket's full, conclude from that.
But, to my Dream; not being us'd
To ſo much Riches, thus I mus'd:
Perhaps, now all this while I dream,
And all this Wealth is but a Sham;
If ſo, kind Morpheus *continue*
This Dream (if you have Pity in you.)
My Fear, leſt I ſhou'd wake, awoke me,
And ſo my Golden Dream forſook me.
Not Lucian's *Cobler was provok'd ſo,*
Whom crowing Cock from's Riches woke ſo;
But, like the Fox, I'll now deſpiſe
The Grapes I cannot make my Prize,
And thus proceed to moralize.

MORAL.

All this vain World will nought appear to be,
But Dream, if 'tis compar'd t' Eternity:
And, as in Dreams, no more we carry out,
Than what into this World, this Dream! we brought.

Yours,

ENDYMION, *i.e.* J.E.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Væ miſero mihi, quanta de ſpe decidi! Terent.

SIR,

HOwever idle Fancies may ſuggeſt, that the preſent melancholy Proſpect of the Recurſion of the *South-Sea* Tide, is a Subject for Mirth and Buffoonry; thoſe of better Judgments, who accuſtom themſelves to think ſeriouſly, can't but believe it an Affair of the moſt deplorable Aſpect: And what can give us a more expreſſive and exquiſite Idea of the Fickleneſs of Fortune, and the Inconſtancy of temporal Proſperities, than to behold ſo many Veſſels which lately with ſuch magnificent State bore up the Stream of the ſwelling Tide, now lie wrecked upon the forſaken Sands.

Oh thoughtleſs Mortals! always blind to Fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.

As it's certain, that nothing ſo elevates us even beyond our ſelves; that tranſports, with ſuch vain Hopes, and flattering Deluſions, nor more effectually corrupts our Minds, and creates in us Diſdain and Arrogancy, than a too ſudden Increaſe of Riches; ſo to fall almoſt in a Moment into the other Extream, to loſe at one Caſt a bulky Fortune, and ſink immediately from Affluence and Plenty, into a low Ebb of Indigence and Want, is a Caſe on the other Hand that has as natural a Tendency to create Melancholly and Deſpair. This, and worſe, is my Misfortune; for, to all this is added the Loſs of a Miſtreſs, of ſuch a Miſtreſs, whoſe commanding Beauty, and attractive Charms, had more deeply engaged my Soul; and whoſe

Loſs more ſenſibly afflicts it, than all that Loſs of Thouſands. And what remains to make me more compleatly miſerable? Ah perfidious *Belinda*! I have, but too late, diſcover'd this ſordid, ungenerous Mind, mask'd under the ſweeteſt, moſt enchanting Diſguiſe that ever the Sun beheld. Oh *Syren!* who could look upon that beauteous Face, and think of Danger? If I have Reaſon to blame (to ſay no worſe) the Fall of Stock upon the alone Principle of the diminiſhing my Fortune, I have much more Reaſon to complain, in that it has loſt me what is infinitely more valuable, and ſunk with its own Price, my *Belinda*'s Affections. Now her baſe Principle of Intereſt is apparently diſcovered, and you can't but think it ſtrange, when I tell you, that her Carriage was always ſuited to the Price of Stock, and that it was that alone influenced her Smiles and Frowns. This, perhaps, by a leſs abſolute Lover had been ſooner diſcovered; and to me the Analogy and proportionate Riſe and Fall of her Affections with the Stock, had been conſpicuouſly evident, had not thoſe tranſcendent Beams of Beauty dazzled my Sight, and weakened the wonted Power of my Opticks: 'Tis true, I could not but be ſenſible of frequent Changes, and that her kinder Smiles, and killing Frowns, were alternately diſpenſed, but I attributed all to ſome little Uneaſineſs, or to a capricious Humour natural to the Sex; and ſuch favourable Turns can Love invent, and ſo prone are we to think Things as we would have 'em, that I often imagined it a little Female Art to accuate my Deſire. I hoped thoſe killing Frowns were forced, and thoſe ſudden Storms raiſed on purpoſe to eclipſe the Sun-ſhine of her Smiles, to make me more truly value and bleſs their happy Influence; and, I believe, you are too much a Lover not to know, that

Amantium Iræ amoris redintegratio eſt.

A Bar-

A Barometer gives not a more ſure Indication of the Weather, a Dial of the Hour, or the Moon of the Tide, than her Face has for ſome Months paſt of the Riſe and Fall of Stock: From the late Reflux from a 1000, ſhe has gradually decreaſed her Favours, and ſunk 'em by Degrees with all imaginable Niceneſs, in her Regard to the ſinking Stock. After their Fall to 800, 'twas with ſome Difficulty I obtained to have my Viſits accepted; and then for any extraordinary Satisfaction I received, 'twould have been equally as pleaſing to have had thoſe Favours denied; for ſhe was ſo much altered, ſo diſobliging and captious, that I could neither look, ſpeak, or do any thing to pleaſe her. As before every Addreſs was received with a modeſt Freedom, and each Look ſpoke a ſecret Satisfaction: Now it was, 'Pray, Sir, forbear, 'you take very great Liberties. —— I wonder at 'your Rudeneſs, pray ceaſe your Impertinence, *&c.*' —— with Looks ſo ſcornful, ſo cruelly killing, that ——oh! if you ever knew what 'twas to be in Love, and to be thus treated, you could not but pity me. In ſhort, I was all Amazement and Confuſion, and ſat ſilently gazing, 'till I almoſt loſt my little Remains of Senſe; ſo like an Aſs, that very pathetick Reſemblance of a poor, whining, ſouleſs Creature, a Lover. I begin now, Mr. *Miſt*, to be very angry with my ſelf for ſo proſtrating my Reaſon, and am fully perſwaded, that to be downright in Love, is, in plainer Terms, to be a downright Fool; for, to doat upon one's Ruin, to ſacrifice one's Reaſon to an inordinate Paſſion, and to idolize a baſe perfidious Wretch, whoſe barbarous Treatment juſtly merited my ſharpeſt Reſentment, is, if not Folly, direct Madneſs. Since the Fall of Stock to 600, I could but once gain Admittance, tho' I have often ſollicited for it with a great deal of Warmth and Application; and then I was received ſo coldly, with ſuch damn'd ſenſeleſs Indifference, as perfectly confounded me; ſhe recei-

ved

ved me as I had been a Husband, or as Men of Quality do impertinent Duns. In my Proſperity, when the riſing Stock made me imagine that Fortune courted my Embrace, and conſidering that ſhe generally yields to the bold and brave, I with Eagerneſs purſued the Chaſe; but now the inconſtant, the deluding Jilt, that had drawn me on with ſo fair a View, that ſo long ſeemed within my Reach, and ſuffered me to graſp her as I pleaſed, has left me in the Lurch; like as the doubling Hare retreats, whilſt the too eager Dog o'er-ſhoots his Prey. I that could not content my ſelf with ſuch prodigious Gains, and building upon the imaginary Notion of Stocks riſing to a much higher Pitch, by which I hoped to double my Fortune, have, like the Dog in the Fable, very fairly loſt the Subſtance, by catching at the Shadow, which is, according to our own Proverb, *All covet, all loſe*. When Stock was riſing, and *Belinda* kind, my towring Fancy dreamt of nothing but ſtately Palaces, rich Furniture, and ſplendid Equipages; I pleaſed my ſelf with thinking how magnificent and grand, how like my ſelf I ſhould appear, when in my gilded Chariot, *Belinda* by my Side, and thus and thus attended: But now awakened from my golden Dream, I find I have been building Caſtles in the Air, have been ſtrangely miſled by an *Ignis Fatuus*, and that all my fine Things, which never had Exiſtence but in the imaginary Conception of my own projecting Noddle, were reduced to nothing.

All that I have to add is, that you would afford your friendly Advice to one undone by ſuch complicated Ills, and let me know where there remains any Comfort for one who has been Fool enough to venture his All, both his outward Subſtance, and inward Peace, upon the hazardous and changeable Footing of mercileſs Waves, and the more dangerous Evil, Woman's Smiles. For my Part, I have ſo much of the Spirit of an old *Roman*, that, was I not reſtrained by thoſe clearer Notions of

of Futurity, I ſhould rather ceaſe to be, than to be miſerable.

I am, Sir,

Yours, *&c.*

JOHN JOBBERNOL.

LETTER XII.

Rebus in anguſtis facile eſt contemnere vitam.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Have, of late (when time permitted) made it my Buſineſs to read the Works of moſt of our Philoſophers in being, and have obſerv'd, in all their Morals, they begin the Doctrine of Virtues with Courage; and, 'tis my Opinion, Sir, that among all the Virtues that belong to Mankind, this will juſtly claim the Precedency, and is certainly the moſt fundamental Part of Morality: This Virtue is pre-requir'd to the Suſception of all the reſt, for the very Entrance into the School of Wiſdom. A virtuous Courſe is certainly a State of Diſcipline, Difficulty and Hardſhip.

Therefore, Sir, I cannot help inferting, that I think it a great Piece of Daring to ſet up for a good Man; eſpecially, if to the proper Difficulties of a virtuous Engagement, we add thoſe Calamities and Straits it oftentimes expoſes us to, through the Malice and Folly of the World: So (as a late ingenious Author tells us) *Plato* ſet upon his School Door, *Let none enter here that underſtands not Mathematicks*; it may be ſet as a Motto upon the School of Virtue, *Let none enter here that wants Courage*; and, as 'tis neceſſarily requiſite to the Suſception of all other Virtues, ſo it is their main Support, Guardian and Eſtabliſhment: Without Courage

Courage every other Virtue is precarious, and lies at the Mercy of every croſs Accident; without this, let but a Piſtol be held to the Breaſt, and the ſevereſt Chaſtity will be frighted into Compliance, the moſt heroick Friendſhip into Treachery, and the moſt ardent Piety into Renunciation of God and Religion. There is nothing among all the Uncertainties of this ſublunary World ſo tottering and unſtable as the Virtue of a Coward; he has that with him that upon Occaſion will infallibly betray every Virtue he has; ſo to ſecure him from Sin, you muſt keep him from Temptation.

Courage is moſt eminently ſignalized in the Caſe of Martyrdom, when a Man ſubmits to the greateſt Evils of Pain, to avoid that much greater one of Sin; this is the very Summity and Perfection of Courage, that which an *Hannibal* or *Scipio* could never equal in all their Gallantry and Feats of War.

That which with the Popular paſſes for Courage, is certainly nothing elſe but Stupidity and Deſperateneſs, a brutiſh ſort of Knight-Errantry, in ſeeking out needleſs Encounters, and running into Dangers without Fear or Wit; which is ſo far from having the foremention'd Property of Courage, of being a Guardian and Security of our Virtues, that 'tis in it ſelf a Sin. And, I am certain, there is no Man of Senſe but muſt allow, that all Acts of Valour that are not under the Direction of Prudence, can be call'd nothing but deſperate Fool-hardineſs.

Mr. *Miſt*, if (as your Friend and conſtant Reader) you'll honour me ſo far as to give this Place in your next Journal, I ſhall take ſome Opportunity to repay the Obligation. For fear you ſhould neglect it, Sir, I'll tell the Good it may produce. There's two young Gentlemen (both my Friends) that have unfortunately quarrell'd, and have appointed *Monday* Morning Eight o' Clock to diſpute it, and try their Courage (as they call it) behind *Montague*-Houſe. I hope, Sir, a Sight of this on *Saturday* will convince

convince them of their Error, and cauſe them to follow the Philoſophers Morals, and their Rules, which is to diſpute their Courage over a Bottle.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

BERNARDO VALENTINE.

LETTER XIII.

Tota licet veteres exorent undique Ceræ
Atria, Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica, Virtus. Juven.

IT is the Remark of a very great Author of our own Country, that *Riches, Power, Glory*, and the like, do no otherwiſe define *Nobility*, than the Word *Animal* alone doth define a *reaſonable Man*. The old World, who had more maſculine, if not ſo refin'd Notions of Virtue, look'd upon the Perſon who bore the Stile of Noble, to be under an indiſpenſible Neceſſity of making a ſingular Profeſſion of publick Virtue, and of ſupporting the Dignity of his Name and Family by the Greatneſs of his Actions, and the Services he did his Prince and Country.

The Sentiments of Mankind ſeem now a-days to be prodigiouſly altered, as if we expected no ſignalizing Qualities or Actions to diſtinguiſh Nobility from the inferior Claſs of Men. Titles and fine Houſes, gay Chariots, and ſplendid Equipage, with a ſuperior Quantity of *South-Sea* Stock, are the Requiſites to mark out the *Patrician* Order; and with theſe Qualifications he muſt be reverenced by the Vulgar ſuitable to his Rank, though his Conduct levels him down to the Mechanick, and he poorly condeſcends, in the jobbing of Stocks, to mix with cozening *Jews*, and dirty Tradeſmen.

In

In old *Rome*, I remember, *Quintus Claudius*, who was a *Tribune* of the Commons, procured it to paſs into an Act, *that no* Senator, *nor the Father of a* Senator, *ſhould poſſeſs a ſailing Veſſel of above three hundred* Amphoræ: And it was enacted thus upon theſe Grounds. Such a Veſſel was thought big enough for the bringing over Fruits, and other Neceſſaries which their Character and Dignity required: And, *as for Gain procured by trading in Merchandize*, as *Cicero* informs us, *they thought it unworthy the Dignity of the* Patrician *Order*.

It may be objected, 'tis true, that this is literally no Reflection on our Times; the Nobility do not venture any thing on Bottoms at Sea, unleſs ſubſcribing to a *Fiſh-pool* will come under that Denomination. 'Tis granted; but a Queſtion may be asked on this Subject. Is trading at Sea the only mean thing a Perſon of Diſtinction can appear in? Is not the turning of Money in *Stocks*, and raiſing and falling the Market and Courſe of *Exchange*, merely upon ſome great Name buying or ſelling out, a more ſervile and deſpicable Way of Traffick than open dealing in any kind of Merchandize? It is mean, if we conſider it ſingly grounded on Avarice; but there are ſuch Arts attend the Science too, as render it much meaner. I queſtion whether worſe Frauds have been committed by the *worſt* People, that are ſeen at the common *gaming Tables*, than have been practiſed by the *beſt* People, who have taken it in their Heads to be converſant in *Exchange-Alley*.

This modern Way of employing Time and Money might better be digeſted in Countries where the Genius of the People is more peculiarly turned to Views of Intereſt; and *Profit*, by whatever Means promoted, muſt, by the *Conſtitution* give way to *Politeneſs*. If there be *booriſh* States in the World, where it is not inconſiſtent to ſit at the Helm, and weigh *Soap* and *Butter*, ſuch may be Stockjobbers without Impeachment to their Nobility. *England* has

has another Turn and Spirit: Her Honour does not ſeem ſo much *annexed* to her Policy, as *ſet above it*: And ſhe views, with Regret, that Patriots of her own foſtering, and who make a Part of the moſt auguſt Aſſembly in *Europe*, ſhould be ſhuffled in, and ſorted with a Pack of Vermin, who have not Honeſty nor Merit enough to intitle them to a Place behind their Coaches. This is intended with a particular Deference to ſuch, as by Birth and Anceſtry are truly Noble: As to thoſe, who, from Pride of Heart, well ſeconded with an over-grown Fortune, have ſtept into Diſtinction, I can only ſay with *Horace*, *Naturam expellas furca licet, uſque recurret*: The Affairs of the Counter, and Tricks of Traffick will always have a Return upon their Minds; and, like the *Cat* in the *Fable*, whenever a Mouſe croſſes their Eye, they will at once forget Decency and new Promotion, and follow a Game more ſuitable to their Education and Nature. It brings to my Mind a notable Obſervation of Sir *Walter Raleigh*'s upon what he calls a *Nobility* in *Parchment*, bought with Silver, or Favour: And *theſe are, indeed*, ſays he, *but Honours of Affection, which Kings, with the Change of their Fancies, wiſh they knew well how to wipe off again.*

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Mr. *Miſt*,

THE good Effect your Paper has had upon ſeveral Coxcombs of different Denominations, makes me earneſtly wiſh you would take the following Caſe under your Care, and ſacrifice one Paper to the Uſe of a particular Perſon: The Gentleman I would propoſe for a Patient, is one of the ſame Society with my ſelf, and formerly had a large Share of Wit, good Nature and Senſe; but, by an unaccountable Turn of Thought, is unfortunate in thinking every Lady (who ſpeaks to, or looks on him) dying for him; this Malady firſt broke out and appeared in a few Impertinences over his Cups, but was ſoon corrected by ſome mortifying Expreſſion his Friends uſed, and I was in hopes he was perfectly cured; but a Letter I lately received from him at the *Bath* (where he now is) diſcovers ſo dangerous a Relapſe, that I don't think it in the Power of any Body but Dr. *Miſt*, to effect a Cure; his Letter will give you a better Notion of his Diſeaſe, and is as follows.

'I call the World to witneſs, that the whole 'Term of my Adjournment to this Day, has been 'ſuch a continued Harveſt of gallant Actions, and 'been ſpent in ſuch an unintermitting Circulation 'of engaging Influences upon the faireſt of their 'Sex, that I have had no Time for writing Epiſtles. 'My Friends here obſerve with humble Admiration the inimitable Charms of my Conduct, and 'irreſiſtible Manner of winning the Ladies Affections, inſomuch that the moſt ordinary Action of 'mine paſſes not unobſerved. I am exalted to the 'Honour of being the Ladies Toaſt, and ſometimes 'typified by the Names of *Strephon*, *Philander*, &c. and often

'often by, *Here is to his Health*, as ſo many Salvo's to 'their Modeſty: If I affect to make Tryal of my 'Importance among the Ladies, by abſenting one 'Night in ten from the Places of publick Rendez-'vous, in order to improve their Appetite for 'my Converſation, (if poſſible) the whole Sex is 'under univerſal Chagrin and Diſorder; and to 'palliate their Reſentments, ſay, they have drank 'too much Tea, or that the Waters paſſed not 'well that Day; when the Sun withdraws his 'kindly and cheriſhing Influence, the Vapours of 'the Night neceſſarily take Place; and when the 'Ladies have loſt the very Eſſence of their Joys, 'and are pathetically Love-ſick, it is high time to 'traduce Tea, the unfavourable Operation of the 'Waters, and make a thouſand other Excuſes as 'the Cauſes of their Diſorder.

He proceeds in giving tedious Inſtances of an Inſenſibility of the repeated Attempts the Ladies have made to gain a Conqueſt over his Heart; but what I have already quoted is enough to convince you of his Diſtemper, and the good Senſe that appears throughout the whole ridiculous Gallimaufry, may, perhaps, induce you to think he deſerves your Care. If the publiſhing this has the deſired Effect, I don't doubt his Gratitude, and you will be better entitled to a Fee, than moſt of the Sons of *Galen*.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

H. P.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare:
——— Celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt Turres, feriuntq; summos
Fulmina montes.
Sed *Sperat infestis* ———
——— *bene præparatum*
Pectus. Horat.

SIR,

AS your late Correspondent has very well observed Fortitude to be a main Virtue, requisite to the Preservation of all others, so it was natural for me to imagine, that by an easy Transition from the active to the passive Kind, the Subject would at this Juncture be made applicable to the Case of many unhappy Mortals, who are so reduced, that they seem to stand highly in need of such Supports: For it cannot but be an exquisite and inexpressible Misfortune to them to behold many of the inferior Class advanced to plentiful Fortunes, whilst themselves are ruined and undone. The *South-Sea* may, in some Sense be said to have acted agreeable to Scripture; for, whilst they *have filled the Hungry with good things, they have sent the rich empty away.* For it is but too many have raised themselves upon this common Calamity, and are grown rich by others Misfortunes; but tho' they may plead, that this is Wealth honestly gotten, and that the Losers had as fair a Chance to win as they, yet to me (who have a Mind unprejudiced, as having neither won nor lost, nor directly or indirectly had any Concern with

with Stock) it appears to be no very fair Way of getting, nor can I ſee how it can be without any Scruple enjoyed: For though there is a little fairer Pretence, yet if we examine things cloſely, I am of Opinion no very wide Difference will be found between this and that got in time of other publick Calamities, as of Fire, Plague, or Civil War, where the Goods and Properties of ſome are ſometimes violently wreſted away, and ſometimes fall accidentally into the Hands of thoſe who have not the leaſt Right to them. I am not inſenſible, that many of the unhappy Gentlemen are highly incenſed againſt ſome of the Directors, as Contrivers of the Fall of Stock, and conſequently of this Deſolation and Ruin. But for Men, and Chriſtians too! to be guilty of ſuch Barbarity and Inhumanity, to think they could take one Step, with an Intention to ruin ſo many of their Fellow Chriſtians and Countrymen, is an Article paſt my Belief. Could this be proved, and that our *Infortunato's* loſt all, by not being enough in the Secret to ſecure themſelves, who would not think it highly equitable, that the Law ſhould proceed againſt ſuch Sharpers with Rigour, and oblige them to return, with Shame, what is ſo fraudulently gotten? But, I think, it is very evident, that the whole Buſineſs was upon no ſolid Foundation, but carried to that extravagant Height by the Humour and Run of the People, who had not Leiſure to conſider what could be the Support of ſuch Extravagancies; and that it muſt ſurely terminate in Ruin and Miſery. For my Part, I make a Queſtion, whether the Directors themſelves could add any Weight, or, in the leaſt Influence the Riſe or Fall of their Stock: Though I know many of thoſe concerned, puffed up with vain Conceits and extravagant Hopes, fondly imagined, that all was in their Power; and that as they wanted not Ability, with which their Intereſt concurred, they would not fail to exalt their Credit to a ſurprizing Heighth. Nay, ſo ſuperſtitious were they,

they, and ſo implicite was their Faith, that they thought they could confine their Stock to what Price they pleaſed; and, that nothing could poſſibly be wanting to that Community, whoſe Managers were endued with Infallibility. And, indeed, this Society ſeems, in this moſt fundamental Point, to be upon the ſame Foot with the *Romiſh* Religion; for it was Ignorance, the Mother of the one's Devotion, that gave Birth to and nouriſhed the other's Credit. But how fallible they have been, and how unable to ſtem the Force of the recurring Stream, is wofully experienced. I believe this has opened our Eyes, and given a fatal Blow to this Practice, of which the honeſt and induſtrious Part of Mankind had always ſo contemptible an Opinion, and whoſe dreadful Effects are now plainly diſcovered. But this is all Digreſſion from my main Scope, and to return to my Theme of Courage, I ſhall firſt diſmiſs the oſtentatious ſort of thoſe Gentlemen, whoſe Principles are, according to *Hudibras*, to

Decide all Controverſy by
Infallible Artillery.

And who are for referring every little Quarrel to the fatal Determination of Swords Points; with only obſerving, that a very little Pains will prove it to be irrational, unchriſtian, and unmanly; and with Regard to which, that Definition of Courage I remember to have read in one of our modern Drama's, is moſt natural and emphatical, *viz.* That it is only ſuch a Degree of Heat, which, ſays he, ſome Conſtitutions have naturally; and for thoſe who have not, their Spirits may be eaſily raiſed to it, which is, to ſpeak in our homely Phraſe, to be *Pot-valiant*; and then our vapouring Bravado's, like *Bluffe* in the *Old Batchelor*, think fighting for fighting's ſake is ſufficient Cauſe. But of all ſorts of Courage,

Courage, that of the Chriſtian, in his patient enduring Affliction, and ſurmounting, with a more than human Mind, all the moſt exquiſite Troubles of Adverſity, is moſt truly excellent and admirable; and he diſcovers ſomething great and godlike, who is firm, and not to be ſhaken by an adverſe Fortune. To conquer our ſelves, and ſo moderate our Paſſions, as to carry an equal ſteady Mind through all Viciſſitudes and Chances, and, with St. *Paul*, both to want and abound with the ſame Equanimity and Compoſedneſs, is, next to Charity, the Badge of the Chriſtian Religion, in which the Mind is exalted to the greateſt Sublimity and Perfection: Not to be affected with Loſſes of Friends or Goods, but to maſter all diſorderly Paſſions to Chriſtian Motives, is a Virtue of the higheſt Claſs; and, indeed, in Minds rightly diſpoſed, the Truth of this Divine Maxim is evident,

——— *Creſcit ſub pondere virtus.*

Among the *Romans*, who, of all the Heathen World, had the beſt and moſt ſolid Notions of Honour and Humanity, it was reckoned an extraordinary Virtue, rather than ignominiouſly to yield to their Victors, or endure the Reproach of Adverſity, bravely to make their own *Exit*, according to that of *Saluſt*,

Emori per virtutem præſtat quam per dedecus vivere.

But Chriſtianity has pointed out what is infinitely more Great and Magnanimous, which is, to ſmile at all the Frowns of Fortune, and endure Life, though there is nothing to make it deſireable, looking to the Promiſe of Reward. We are, by ſome of our Philoſophers made to believe, that the painful Tortures inflicted upon the Martyrs for Chriſtianity, were borne with ſo much ſeeming Unconcern, becauſe all the Senſe of Pain was, as it were, loſt, by the Soul's being diverted by that ecſtatick Elevation and View of being immediate-

ly

ly tranſlated into the Empyreal Heaven, where they might enjoy the beatifick Viſion, which, as Divines relate, made Martyrdom ſo readily embraced: Though this may ſeem to be a Diminution of their Courage, yet the Example is excellent; and it would be well, if all under Affliction could ſurmount thoſe little Hardſhips by Minds fixed upon the ſame happy Objects. We find that many of the Ancients, Men famous for Temperance and good Lives, eſteemed that the greateſt Point of temporal Felicity, to be content with a little, deſpiſing all the vain Pageantry of the World, as not becoming Men truly great, and Maſters of themſelves; they looked on every Degree of Vanity with that Scorn Men do on the childiſh Diverſions of Infants. It is remarkable of that great *Athenian* General *Phocion*, that noble Patron of his Country, who was contemporary with *Alexander*, but of a quite contrary Mind, and not at all affected with Honour or Riches, that he would never accept *Alexander*'s magnificent Preſents; and tho' a Man, deſerving the greateſt Honours, contented himſelf with an humble State; thus giving the *Grecians* an illuſtrious Example, how truly happy the Man is, who, by contracting his Mind, has no Occaſion for more; and certain it is, that Gold and Silver have no intrinſick Virtue; and tho' (as the World orders it) they are neceſſary to procure the Conveniencies of Life, he that has but juſt a Competency, may vye in Happineſs with the greateſt of Fortune's Sons.

I am, Sir,
With the ſincereſt Reſpect,
Your Friend and Reader,
E. S.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Sume ſuperbiam quæſitam meritis.

Mr. *Miſt*,

IN looking over your Journals, I am pleaſed to ſee your Correſpondents do Honour to your Paper in celebrating Merit where-e'er they find it, and that you your ſelf hand out thoſe Praiſes with an Officiouſneſs that muſt incline your very Enemies to be partial to you.

I am, however, much ſurprized, that after you had, with great Juſtice to a noble Peer of this Realm, communicated *Philoxenus*'s Letter of the 17th of *September*, that tells the moſt generous Humanity, attended with the nobleſt Manner of ſhewing it; yet in your Journal of the 8th of *October*, a pretended *African* gives a ſad Deſcription of his Couſin, and treats a Perſon of very eminent *Quality*, as if he had been Guilty of the greateſt *Weakneſs of human Senſe*, and guided by a Direction of a *defective, and clouded Judgment*; and for no other Reaſon, but that he generouſly gives his ſanative Hand and Aſſiſtance to the Recovery of that very near Relation of the *African*'s, and whoſe Condition, by his Account of her Symptoms, is grown deſperate.

Methinks Thanks on this Occaſion would become a Relation better than Reproaches; but, I fear, the *African* himſelf knows nothing of the Diſtemper, and as little of the Conſtitution of his Couſin, tho' he talks much in the Style of a Doctor.

As for the Lady indeed, ſhe has been long ſick, and her Health much impaired by a great Number of aukward Preſcriptions, and worſe Management; but there's ſtill left Force and Vigour of Conſtitution enough, with good Medicines, and skillful,

honeſt, and generous Hands, to recover her to a ſound Complexion, and perpetual Health, which a Set of Quacks and Empiricks have brought into ſo much Danger, and almoſt deſtroyed.

How kind! how generous! how maſterly a Strain of good Senſe and Humanity is it, when a noble, a wiſe, and a diſintereſted Phyſician will apply his undiſputed Skill, his unblemiſhed Integrity, his indefatigable Application, and his Fortune as unbounded as his Mind, to reſtore Health to one diſtreſſed, lingering, and undone by Ignorance and Medicaſters?

How undeſerved are Reproaches here! how unthankful ſuch Returns for ſo much Goodneſs!

But I muſt remember you have other Correſpondents who would be as glad as I am to have their Turn too in your Paper; I ſhall only therefore obſerve, that had the *African* but thought on what Advantages the Recovery of his Relation would be to her old Friend *Great Britain*, he muſt have had juſter Opinions of a very eminent *Perſon of Quality*.

The *African* could not have forgot what Numbers of Poor would have been provided for here, in making Manufactures to cloath his Couſin, and in *Africa* to preſerve her; what Multitude of Ships to carry thoſe, and how grateful ſhe her ſelf will be in returning Quantities of pure Gold, *&c.* that will make *Great Britain*, like *Judea* in *Solomon*'s Days, *when Silver was nothing accounted of.*

The *African* would then ſee the hollow Eyes, and fallen Cheeks, with all the dreadful, *&c.* he ſpeaks of, brighten with Proſperity, and grow full by a good Dyet, and a wholeſome Regimen, and his dear Relation glorying in a grateful Manner, with a

Tam Ducali quam Regio patrocinio foret.

The

The Piece of *Latin* at the Top of my Letter I apply to you, Mr. *Miſt*, who do every Week Juſtice to your Correſpondents; ever aſſume that honeſt Pride, and be ſo juſt as to communicate this, to ſet right a miſtaken *African* and Relation.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt humble Servant,
Philo-Britannico-Africanus.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. *Miſt*,

DO me the Favour of inſerting the following Lines in you next, and you will infinitely oblige
Your Friend
And conſtant Reader,
L. B. D.

HOW can you ſit unmov'd whilſt Love inſpires,
And ſoft Amours awake poetick Fires?
Rouze, dulleſt Muſe, whilſt thus Lucretia *warms,*
In lively Verſe diſplay her livelier Charms;
Motive ſufficient to excite alone,
Poetick Heat, beneath the frigid Zone:
That Helen *was the Pride and Flow'r of* Greece,
Illuſtrious Bards in Verſe ſublime increaſe.
Not ſo my Pow'r, whilſt I attempt to raiſe,
A Monument of everlaſting Praiſe,

In Numbers ſweet ; I add not to her Name,
But rather ſeem her Glory to defame :
For not Lavinia, *nor the Pride of* Greece,
Was half ſo fair, ſo lovely as Lucreece.
Thouſands have ſought, and Thouſands ſeek to wed
The Fair, by her attractive Beauty led.
Strange Power of Love! when Numbers ſo combin'd,
Labour in one, are all to one inclin'd,
The likelieſt Object to content their Mind:
Each Air, each Grace, their ardent Paſſion moves,
Confirms the paſt, and reinſpires new Loves :
Unhappy thoſe whoſe Suit has been deny'd,
Or ſeen the beauteous Dam'ſel unenjoy'd.
One ſingle Blemiſh does her lovely Form
Diſguiſe, but e'en that Blemiſh is a Charm ;
A pow'rful Charm, for inwardly I ſmart,
I feel the Sting, yea wounded is my Heart :
Haſte, haſte, dear Miſt, *no longer can I bear*
The racking Tortures of a Love ſo dear ;
Inſtruct me how I by ſome am'rous Cheat
May win her Heart, my Rival's Hopes defeat :
Exert thy Faculties whilſt I endure,
My Love-ſick Pain, and ſend a ſpeedy Cure ;
Preſcribe ſome Remedy my Love t' aſſwage.
And thou ſhalt be the Æſculapius *of the Age.*

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Here ſend you encloſed the Adventures of half an Hour, if they have the good Luck to pleaſe you half ſo much in Reading, as they did me in Writing, you will, I believe, beſtow ſome vacant Place on them in your Paper.

I am too ſenſible of the Faults in this Compoſition, to recommend it as a finiſhed Piece; but for ſeveral Reaſons I chuſe to ſend it thus uncorrect, and hope that the Smallneſs of the Time which gave Birth to it, will be ſome Excuſe for a few Inadvertencies.

I am, Sir,
Yours Incog.
WILLAM M——W

The DREAM.

WHEN in the Seas Apollo *bury'd lay,*
And ſable Night had veil'd the ſplend'id Day;
Then to my Eyes lethargick Morpheus *crept,*
And in ſoft Slumbers weary'd Nature ſlept:
Soon to my View the Deity convey'd
The bright Idea of a charming Maid;
She ſmil'd, and ſweetly talkt of am'rous Fire,
Which ſoon inflam'd my Senſes with Deſire:
What melting Sounds! I cou'd have ever hung
On the ſoft Muſick of her heav'nly Tongue.

And with what Light her bright Perfections ſhone,
She ſeem'd to imitate th' approaching Sun.
This New-born Day deſtroy'd my lovely Dream,
And ſtopt my Muſe by ſtealing of her Theme.

I muſt here inform the Reader, there is no ſmall Familiarity between the Dreamer and his Miſtreſs.

LETTER XIX.

Quid eſt, in hac cauſa defenſionis egeat? Terent.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Need not tell you that your good Nature, Moderation, and impartial Encouragement of every thing virtuous and commendable are the Motives of my Eſteem for you; but to lay ſtill greater Obligations on me, and make me (if poſſible) yet more yours; you have, with your wonted Candor, endeavour'd to undeceive your Correſpondent *Philo-Britannico-Africanus*, as to his unjuſt Cenſures and Reflections upon my Letter of *September* the 17th. Though, to ſay more upon that Head may ſeem a Slight of your Vindication, and that I am ſenſible it would be both juſt and grateful to acquieſce in your generous Protection; yet I muſt beg the Liberty of replying to that Gentleman, and can't doubt your Compliance, when you ſee 'tis done more out of a Deſire to gain a right Underſtanding, by explaining the Senſe and Intent of that Letter (of which you muſt allow me to be the beſt Judge) than to continue the Diſpute, or exaſperate the Matter by any Bitterneſs of Expreſſion.

That

That the Senſe of my Letter has been violently explicated, and made to ſpeak what I never intended, by joining diſtant Sentences, I am perſwaded that every unprejudiced Perſon may eaſily diſcern: For, what Relation do thoſe Expreſſions, (as, *Oh! the Weakneſs of Human Senſe*, &c.) bear to that eminent Perſon you ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſt to be reflected on? When I mention him, 'tis when I begin the Hiſtory of my Relation's Caſe, and 'twas, as I had framed my Epiſtle, almoſt neceſſary to ſpeak in thoſe Terms, to make what was wrote metaphorically the more intelligible; and I appeal to any, whether there is any Indecency of Reflection, or ſo much as any thing that be conſtrued an obſcure or ſcurrilous Inſinuation? But the Caſe will be yet plainer, and put at once beyond Diſpute, that no ſuch Reflection was intended, if you conſider with all their Circumſtances, the Expreſſions you chiefly hint at: That they have no immediate Connection with that eminent Perſon is evident, in that a Period or full Stop happens ſeven or eight Lines before thoſe Expreſſions come in; after which that eminent Perſon is neither terminatively, or relatively mentioned.

'Tis after I ſpoke of the ſudden Growth of my Relation, alluding to that extravagant Riſe of Stock, that I blame in general Terms the weak Judgments of thoſe who, without any ſolid Foundation, run into thoſe Meaſures that have been ſo deſtructive to Trade in general, and ſo fatal to ſo many flouriſhing Families; ſo that thoſe Expreſſions which you put down as the grand and moſt ungenerous Reflection, can't without the greateſt Force and moſt unnatural Interpretation, be brought to have the leaſt Relation to that eminent Perſon. Again, how undeſerved would have been Reproaches here! for, was it his ſole and peculiar Inclination to that Company? Was

the Scheme calculated and contrived by him alone ?. No, but maturely deliberated and conſulted, by the moſt auguſt Aſſembly of *Europe*, upon whoſe wiſe Counſels our ſole Happineſs depends.

And whoever imagined, or will dare to affirm, that they ever hoped or expected our Debts to be cleared by ſuch Methods where uſeful Commerce is obſtructed, where we only prey upon each others Vitals; inſtead of increaſing our Trade, bite and cheat one another, and take ſuch Steps as muſt infallibly render us ſtill poorer, and ſtill more miſerable? You are pleaſed to ſay, that you fear I know nothing of her Diſtemper, though I talk in the Style of a Doctor; I am glad you ſaid not of an Apothecary, for that would have been a more home Reflection upon my Underſtanding; though I believe an ordinary Capacity may judge the Diſtemper, but the Difficulty is to apply the Remedy. As for my Part, I ſaid no more than every one knew before, (*viz.*) that it was a Diſtemper, and a very malignant one; and thus much you your ſelf confeſs, and that ſhe's almoſt undone by Ignorance and Medicaſters. I am highly ſenſible what Advantages were expected, and, in all Probability, might have been reaped by proper Methods, and right Applications, and therefore have had no unjuſt Opinion of that very eminent Perſon of Quality; and you are much beſide the Purpoſe in blaming me for inſinuating an Error in Principles, when I entirely agree with you, and mean nothing more than Miſmanagement.

'Tis true, I can't blame your Warmth in ſo juſt a Cauſe, it being a commendable Zeal to ſtrike at the leaſt Appearance of Diſloyalty; I only hope I have ſufficiently cleared my ſelf from that foul Imputation; and that when I tell you I am as much the Reverſe as you your ſelf would be thought

thought to be, there will need nothing more to clear the Miſunderſtanding.

I am, Sir,
Your, &c.
AFRICAN.

LETTER XX.

SIR,



OUR Paper being of univerſal Uſe to Mankind both for Counſel and Reproof, either of which, as you ſee Occaſion, you imploy, not ſparing any Folly or Vice in either Sex: (For I own there's that with the Men as well as Women) I think it my Duty (as your Correſpondent) to acquaint you with a Fault I have obſerved in ſome of the fair Sex; which is, when a young Fellow has made a formal Addreſs, has honeſtly profeſſed himſelf her Lover, or broke his Mind to her (what you pleaſe to call it) he has been received with a coy Strangeneſs or Diſdain: When, on the contrary, one who has carried himſelf with a free Indifference (tho' deſigning) has, by Degrees, ſo gained the Female's Heart, that without ſo much as naming Love, he has won what all the other's indefatigable Services could never attain. Then, if the happy Gallant grows weary of her Charms, he is called perfidious and untrue, who never profeſſed or pretended Honeſty. But to object to this, that perhaps the profeſſed Lover could not be received otherwiſe at firſt with Decency. 'Tis all one for that; for *Cynthio*, who had ſeveral Years been acquainted with *Lesbia* familiarly, had danc'd with her, treated her, been at the Play with her, gone to the Ring in the ſame Coach with her; and, in fine, been as free with her as Modeſty would per-

mit; yet, ſo ſoon as he gave her to know he was her faithful Servant, ſhe uſed him like a Slave, and would very ſeldom be ſeen by him, unleſs to pop her Head in from the Window when he look'd up, paſſing by. Now, I think, there might be a Carriage ſuitable to the Occaſion, without ſuch a Rigour, which would better gain the Maidens Husbands than ſuch a Coyneſs, that is often revenged when they hap to be taken. This puts me in Mind of a certain Spark's Fancy, who being acquainted with a young Lady guilty of ſuch Severity, wrote the following Lines, and got 'em conveyed to her, as from one unknown; and had the Pleaſure (when in her Company with ſeveral other Youths and Ladies) to ſee her mortifying Uncertainty at every Word or Glance from any.

Sir, this (if you think it worth placing in your Journal) will, I hope, have a good Effect on thoſe Ladies who are guilty of this Cruelty, and promote that honeſt Underſtanding there was between the honeſt Lovers in former golden Days.

Your moſt humble Servant,
STREPHON, *i. e.* J. F.

Directed to Mrs. *E. T.* in St. *Bride's* Pariſh.

T *ſee ſuch Beauty yet untouch'd by Love,*
Muſt, more or leſs, than human Nature prove!
Your charming Pow'r, I a raſh Gazer try'd,
Sure from your Eyes all Love's keen Arrows glide!
I look'd, and to my Heart a Shaft there flew,
I felt the Wound, but ſtill my Eyes you drew;
And gave new Wounds at ev'ry daring View.
And now, Oh, lovely Maid! what Eaſe or Cure
For all the am'rous Torments I endure?

Shou'd

Shou'd I declare the Wretch who feels the Pain,
Inſtead of Love or Pity, I might gain
A Scorn particular and coy Diſdain.
Better enjoy in common the Delight
Which all that ſee you have by the bleſt Sight,
Than when diſcloſed, be the only one
Depriv'd of the bright Rays of ſuch a Sun,
Which I ſo oft am bleſs'd with now unknown.
As the rich Merchant, covetous of more
About to freight a Ship with all his Store,
When in his Mind Fears for the Cargo riſe,
Leſt Seas o'erwhelm, or Pirates make it Prize;
At length reſolves ſuch Portion to reſerve,
That (hap the worſt) he need not fear to ſtarve:
So I, your Sight unable to forgo,
And live, if you ſhou'd doom me ſo much Woe,
Conceal my Name, while I my Paſſion ſhow.
Yet, if among th'admiring Croud you ſpy,
One who regards you with more ardent Eye
Than others, oh, my Charmer! that is I.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

All Things are hush'd, as Law it self were dead;
Poor pensive Fleet-Street *droops its mournful Head;*
The Strand's *a Desart grown;——The Town's undone;*
Some hang, some drown, and some distracted run.

Mr. *Mist*,

YOU may perceive, by the foregoing Lines, the Spirit of Versification is upon me; but I declare I design it only as Ridicule, to let our Infant Poets see how easy a thing it is, to steal andalter Lines, (written by the Ancients) and adapt them to the present Circumstances of the Nation. I have been very sorry of late, when I've read so many Passages in our Papers, relating to the *South-Sea*, and in ridicule to our present State: Our Conditions indeed may be bad enough, yet, I am certain, not half so bad as many Persons at this Time would fain represent them to be. I cannot help observing the two last Lines of Mr. *Stan——pe's* Motto, advertised in the *Evening-Post*, *viz.*

For half a hundred Knaves half London *fails,*
And South Sea *shuts more Houses than* Marseilles.

The Gentleman sure must acknowledge (upon a serious Consideration) that he has enlarged very much; for we have great Reason to suppose almost every House in *Marseilles* was shut. I thank God it is not so bad with the People of *England*.—However, every serious Person concerned, would do well to consider this; the Nobles of our Realm, both Lords and Commons, are very much concerned in this *South Sea* Affair; therefore undoubtedly,

ly, as they are Sufferers, (when Opportunity offers) they will exert their Power as far as poſſible, to do themſelves Juſtice; till then (inſtead of diſcouraging the Hearts of People) it will be more Prudence to wait, and ſee the Event of Things: But for a Perſon to pretend to dive and plumb the Depth of ſo confuſed and bottomleſs a thing as the Sea, (eſpecially as Matters now ſtand) I muſt either call him a Madman, or an Enemy to the Commonwealth of *England*. But, Sir, it is very certain, when a Humour takes in *London*, they ride it to Death before they can part with it. As for Inſtance, Lotteries were ſet up for Annuities and Penſions; then they came down to Books and Pictures; at laſt they deſcended even to Plumb Cakes and Minc'd Pies.

It has been the ſame Caſe with the Bubbles; as ſoon as the firſt was brought up, how many more were formed in leſs than a Week? ſo that *Change-Alley* was crowded every Morning by Eight, like the *Theatre* the firſt Night of a new Play; and our Tradeſmen thronged and juſtled one another by Day-light, as familiarly as *Nat. Lee*'s Gods (in *OEdipus*) juſtled one another in the Dark; while their Shops were as empty, as if Buſineſs was no more to be minded, and they were all preſently to commence Gentlemen. ——— But it is now, in a great Meaſure, over; and I do not doubt, but thoſe that are Sufferers by it will ſay with me, *May it be ſo no more.* ——— But may our Country proſper, our Trade increaſe, and the Authors of all theſe Miſchiefs be brought to Juſtice, is the hearty Wiſh of,

SIR,

Your Friend and Servant,

BEN. HOPEWELL.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

WHEN the Authors of the *Independent Whig*, ſecure from any Cenſure of the Convocation, firſt began to publiſh, and endeavoured to propagate their irreligious and unchriſtian Principles; and under the Pretence of expoſing the Errors of Popery, laboured to bring all revealed Religion into Contempt; we were importuned by ſeveral worthy Friends, to inſert in our Paper a weekly Antidote againſt their dangerous and erroneous Tenets; and, as far as in us lay, to vindicate the Rights of the Church, and the Myſteries of our holy Faith, from the profane Scoffs and daring Inſults of theſe licentious Writers: This we were at firſt unwilling to do, becauſe we had good Reaſon to hope, that (as debauched as the Age is) ſuch ſhocking Impiety would yet meet with ſo few Patrons, that for want of Encouragement they would ſoon be forced to lay aſide their Pens, and retire into their primitive Obſcurity. We were ſenſible, that the moſt effectual Way to recommend their Paper to the World, would be to write againſt it; that we ſhould do more Prejudice to the Cauſe of Religion, than Service, by publickly oppoſing it; and therefore we declined any Thing relating to that Subject.

But ſince we find, that contrary to our Expectation, the fatal Poiſon has been greedily ſwallowed by the unthinking Multitude; that the Principles therein aſſerted are become popular, and cried up as the *Oracles of Reaſon*, and that Scepticiſm and an univerſal Latitude in Matters of Faith, and Diſſoluteneſs and Libertiniſm in Practice, are like to be the Conſequence of that general Applauſe with which this Paper is receiv'd; we have, on mature Conſideration, found it not only expedient,

expedient, but even neceſſary, to change our Reſolution, and check, in time, this impetuous Torrent of Irreligion and Infidelity; which elſe in a ſhort time might grow too ſtrong to be controuled, and defy all the vain Oppoſition of its future Antagoniſts.

It was a great Diſappointment to us, to ſee the Age we live in ſo weak, as to be laughed out of their Religion by profane Buffoonery, to take Scoffs for Arguments, and Raillery for Demonſtrations; and to look on the Chair of the Scorner, as the only Chair of Infallibility: But when ſad Experience had convinc'd us, that this was the Caſe; that the moral and eternal Difference of Good and Evil began to be exploded, and no Sin thought ſo unpardonable as the imagining, that there is any at all; that the Myſteries of our Faith were ridiculed and blaſphemed, and the Creeds and Confeſſions of the Church vilified and brought into Contempt: We readily embraced the kind Offer of a particular Friend, who has promiſed by ſound Reaſon, and clear and undeniable Demonſtration, to confute the pernicious Errors of theſe Free-thinking Pamphleteers, and to eſtabliſh and confirm thoſe Primitive and Apoſtolical Doctrines they ſo ſtrenuouſly labour to decry and ſubvert.

The Method he intends to purſue in his Eſſays on theſe Subjects, is not to render Railing for Railing, or Scoff for Scoff; (Religion ſcorns to be defended by ſuch ill Arts as are uſed by its Enemies) but ſedately, and in the Spirit of Meekneſs, to offer up to the World the calm Dictates of unprejudiced Reaſon, clearly to ſtate, and fully to explain the Grounds, on which every particular Doctrine he aſſerts is built; and to give a ſolid and deciſive Anſwer to all the Cavils and Objections advanced againſt it. He is reſolved to meddle with no little Party-Quarrels, and factious Diſputes; for he is no farther of any Party, than they have evident Truth on their Side. The important

important Articles of our Faith, the Fundamentals of our common Chriſtianity, the Diſcipline and Rights of the Church, are what he undertakes to defend and maintain againſt all Gainſayers; and we hope thoſe Lucubrations of his, which we ſhall inſert in our future Journals will be as kindly accepted by the Publick, as they are ſincerely intended for the general Good by the Author and Publiſher.

LETTER XXIII.

SIR,

I Would by no Means detract from the juſt Deſert of any one, and in Conſcience believe Mr. *Pope* as well qualified to tranſlate *Homer*, as any of the Beau Poets in theſe Times; but, with the Pardon of moſt of our gay Judges, am perſwaded that an Author ſo great and admirable, muſt neceſſarily be uſed too ſlightly and diſregardfully that Way, by any Undertaker now living, and ſhould not (in the Severity of my Opinion) be raſhly and preſumptuouſly ventured on.

It is therefore attempted here, to ſet his Character in a true Light, by which all reaſonable Men may judge of the Validity of this Aſſertion; and if you ſuppoſe it may at all conduce to the giving ſome a ſolid and juſt Notion of things, in the Publication of it, you will oblige

Your humble Servant,

B. M.

On

On HOMER.

OH thou! whoſe Works thro' all-devouring Time
Still laſt, and flouriſh with immortal Bloom;
Who Heroes and auxiliary Gods
So nobly ſing'ſt; who ſhall attempt thy Praiſe?
And, in a Style ſo variouſly great
As thine, declare the Wonders of thy Muſe?
Thy Muſe alone can tell thy wond'rous Worth,
And what thou truly and compleatly art
Can but be found in thee: Thy glorious Strain
Attracts all Eyes, engages ev'ry Mind;
High as the Heavens, profound as Ocean's Womb,
Or Earth's dark Entrails, where illuſtrious Gems
And Gold reſide, magnificently low;
Rich as a choice collected Maſs of theſe;
Pompous as Perſia's *moſt luxurious Kings,*
Or Perſia's, *and the World's imperial Lord*
In his accumulated Grandeur; loud
As Thunder, eaſy as the Bands of Sleep:
Fair as Earth's Surface, or the circling Skies
Unſoil'd by any ſullen Cloud; and ſtrong
As raging Storms, rending the furrow'd Main;
Bold as thy Heroes with cæleſtial Aid,
Or he whoſe Courage quell'd oppoſing Gods,
And forc'd the ſham'd Immortals to the Skies;

Smooth

Smooth as the Surface of the glaſſy Font,
That in the Shelter of the Sylvan *Shade*
Serenely dwells (*unblemiſh'd, and ſecure*
From broken Boughs, Flocks, Herds, and ruffling Winds)
Often as that ſedate, and ever clear;
Gay as the Spring, harmonious as its Choir,
When all the Winds obſequiouſly retire;
When ev'ry Note is eccho'd by the Valet,
And join'd in Conſort by the purling Streams;
As Zephyrs ſoft, keen as a Northern Gale;
Sweet as th' Ambroſian *Dew, that Nature's Hand*
Preſs'd from the balmy Trees, in golden Times;
Like Fires (*that darted from the Hand of* Jove,
Flaſh thro' the Gloom) *aſtoniſhingly bright;*
Gentle, yet prevalent as Beauty's Charms,
And curious as the choiceſt Works of Art;
Diverſe, yet regular as Nature's Pow'r,
Shewn in the Structure of the Univerſe,
And almoſt of as durable a Frame.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

SIR,

WHEN the Judgments of God are abroad in the Earth, and a conſuming Peſtilence lays waſte a neighbouring Nation, we ſeem to have a ſolemn Call from Heaven to humble our ſelves before God, and turn them into Weeping, Faſting, and Prayer: We ought not to think, that the Nation, which God hath ſo ſeverely viſited, are Sinners above all Nations of *Europe*; nay, the publick Injuſtice and daring Wickedneſs of our own Nation will too effectually evince the contrary, and give us juſt Cauſe to fear, leſt *except we repent, we ſhould likewiſe periſh*. It muſt therefore be no ſmall Trouble to every good Chriſtian to think, that at this Seaſon, when Faſting and Humiliation are moſt requiſite, there ſhould be any among us ſo inſenſible of the Judgment hanging over our Heads, ſo little afraid of the Wrath of an incenſed God, as to make this Duty the Subject of their profane Laughter, and endeavour to ſcoff the Practice of it out of the World.

Yet this the Authors of the INDEPENDENT WHIG have in more than one Paper laboured to effect: They have repreſented the Duty of Faſting as *a ſtrange and barbarous Chimæra, which the Law of Nature abhors; as the Effect of Diſtraction in the People, and Craft in the Prieſt; a ſorrowful Heart is*, according to them, *no more acceptable to* God *than a ſore Ankle*; nor humbling the Soul by Abſtinence, *than a Kick on the Guts, or a broken Leg taken or given with the ſame View*. And, notwithſtanding their boaſted Allegiance to King *George*, they make no Scruple, in Defiance of the late Proclamation (enjoining a publick Faſt, among other Ends, to beſeech God to continue the *Proteſtant Religion* among us) to charge all,

all, who love their Liberty, and the *Proteſtant Religion*, to love their Victuals; becauſe themſelves, forſooth, after a good Meal, are moſt religious, and find the Spirit of WHIGGISM ſtrongeſt in them. To all which irreligious Cant I ſhall give no other Anſwer, than by commending to the Conſideration of their Readers the two following Texts of Scripture; *Take heed to your ſelves, leſt at any time your Hearts be over-charged with Surfeiting and Drunkenneſs, and ſo that Day overtake you unawares*, Luke xxi. 34. And, *Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are Enemies of the Croſs of Chriſt, whoſe End is Deſtruction, whoſe God is their Belly, and whoſe Glory is in their Shame*, Phil. iii. 18, 19.

What they urge by Way of ſerious Argument againſt the Practice of this Duty, may be reduced to three Heads, 1. That Faſting is no Duty by the Law of Nature. 2. That it is aboliſhed with the Ceremonial Law, of which it was Part. 3. That it is no where in the New Teſtament expreſly enjoined. All which I ſhall ſhew to be great Errors.

Firſt then, The Light of Nature is ſufficient to diſcover Faſting to be a Duty, without any expreſs Command from God or Revelation concerning it. This appears from the Inſtance of the *Ninevites*, an heathen Nation, who, when *Jonas* was ſent to propheſy the Deſtruction of their City, by the Light of Reaſon, had Recourſe to Faſting and Humiliation, to deprecate and avert the divine Vengeance; and this Humiliation was ſo acceptable to God, that he in Mercy ſpared and forgave them. See *Jonah* iii. And our bleſſed Saviour affirms of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, two heathen Cities, that if the ſame mighty Works had been done in them, as were done in *Chorazin* and *Bethſaida*, they would have repented in Sackcloth and Aſhes, *i.e.* with Faſting, *Matth.* ix. 21. Now whence could heathen Nations learn, that Faſting was a proper Expreſſion of Repentance, a Means to appeaſe the Anger of God, and remove

remove his Judgments, but by the Light of Reaſon and Dictates of Nature? Therefore

Secondly, Since the Voice of Nature it ſelf teaches all Nations the Expedience of this Duty, though the appointing particular Days for the Practice of it, and on ſuch and ſuch particular Grounds, be Part of the Ceremonial Law, yet Faſting it ſelf was not, as having been a Duty before the giving of that Law, and practiſed as ſuch by Nations who never heard of it: Though therefore by the Abrogation of the Ceremonial Law we are releaſed from any Obligation to obſerve the particular Days enjoined therein as Faſts, yet we are not releaſed from the Duty of Faſting, as will more clearly appear

Thirdly, By proving Faſting to be a Duty under the New Teſtament. And, were it not ſuch, to what End can we ſuppoſe our bleſſed Saviour gave thoſe Directions concerning the Manner of Faſting? *Mat.* vi. If it were never our Duty to faſt, we have no Occaſion for Rules concerning it: But Chriſt here takes it for granted, that the Duty was already ſufficiently evident, and therefore only cautions againſt Vain-glory and ſpiritual Pride in performing it. But this, it is objected, is no poſitive Precept; I grant it, but that is a ſtronger Confirmation of what I ſaid before, ſince the Duty was ſo clear and ſo univerſally acknowledged, that there was no need of a new Precept concerning it. We are not rewarded by God for any thing but our Duty; and our Saviour declares that ſuch Faſts as he is here ſpeaking of, his Father will reward openly. And, if nothing leſs than a poſitive Precept will ſatisfy our Cavillers, I think the Words of Chriſt, *When the Bridegroom is taken away from them, then ſhall they faſt*, will amount to that, and ſilence the Gainſayers at once. I might urge the Inſtance of St. *Paul*, *Who kept under his Body, and brought it into Subjection*; but, I ſuppoſe, as little Regard will be allowed to his Example

ample as to that of *Daniel* and other holy Men of the Old Teſtament, whoſe Practice of this Duty our Scoffers attribute to *a faſting Humour, to a want of Appetite through Grief, in which there was no Devotion.*

I might proceed to recommend this Duty by enumerating the many excellent ſpiritual Ends to which it is ſubſervient: But, to avoid Prolixity, I ſhall inſiſt only on that, in which we ſeem at preſent to be more peculiarly concerned, *The averting the Judgments of God.* When God ſent forth his Miniſters of Vengeance to execute his Wrath on *Jeruſalem*, he cauſed a Mark to be ſet on them who mourned and humbled themſelves for the Iniquity of the Land, that the Meſſengers of his Wrath ſhould not touch them; but the reſt he commanded to be ſlain without Pity, *Ezek.* ix. And when he ſends a Peſtilence among his People, if they humble themſelves, he has promiſed to hear and forgive them, 2 *Chr.* vii. 13, 14. Let us therefore ſo judge our ſelves, that we may not be judg'd of the Lord; ſo humble our Souls before him, that he may receive an Atonement, and command the deſtroying Angel to ſtay his Hand.

Yours, *&c.*

EUSEBIUS.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

SIR,

VAnity and Affectation, though they may be, and often are inherent in the fair Sex, yet are they rendered more predominant by Cuſtom and Example, and it would be next to impoſſible for any, unleſs endued with more than manly Reſolution, entirely to skreen themſelves from every Degree of it. For its but too notorious, that the very Looks and Geſtures, the Language and Manners of thoſe with whom we converſe, have a very prevailing Influence, and often leave almoſt indelible Characters upon our Minds. Nay, we our ſelves know and experience, who pretend to a much greater Proportion of Prudence and good Management, that Follies and Vices, like a Gangrene, ſtill corrode farther and farther, till they taint the very animal and vital Faculties; and, that however odious they may at firſt ſeem, they do, by being often converſed with, inſenſibly ſteal on us, and grow leſs and leſs harſh. Which Conſideration makes it highly reaſonable, that the fair Sex ſhould be indulged and tolerated, in the little Gayeties of Bed and Board, Toylet and Tea-Table; that their Dreſs, their Geſtures, their Talk, and their every Action, provided they exceed not the Limits of Decency and Modeſty, ſhould paſs uncenſured and unreflected on; and, believe me, there are ſome who have no irreſiſtible Inclinations that way, with whom Complaiſance and Conformity to Cuſtom are the only Motives of their Compliance, and who have Wit and good Humour enough to laugh, not only at their Sexes little unguarded Follies, but at their own. How ill-natured and ungrateful is it to perſecute thoſe

to

to whom we are wrapped in a continual Circle of Obligations from the Cradle to the Grave, for such little Frailties which are abundantly expiated by a greater Number of Charms and good Graces?

I'll not, with your absolute Lover, flatter the Ladies into an Opinion, that their Authority over the Men is to be continued after Marriage: This would be to give up our main Prerogative; and the Power of Government seems plainly to be alternate, and Marriage with the Women is an entire Revolution from a State of Sovereignty, to that of Subjection. For, as before, we confess you our lawful Princesses, and pay you, as such, all Fealty and Honour; as our every Action is Obedience, and we, with Chearfulness, perform every Command; you, when you shall have resigned that Power, by Marriage, are to be in Subjection to your lawful Lords and Masters.

We readily yield, that a Lady, during the Term of her Courtship, has an undoubted Authority over her Lover; and that, as a dutiful Subject, he ought neither to look, or speak, or do, or think any thing contradictory to the just Rules of Obedience and Loyalty; that he ought not to usurp any Authority to judge of the little Indecorums of Dress, Gesture, or Action; and whoever departs from his Obedience upon any of those frivolous Accounts, or upon any Pretence of too small a Fortune, should be branded with the severest Marks of her Royal Displeasure, and be accounted a Traytor to Beauty; but when, in Consideration of a Lover's faithful Services, the yielding Nymph resigns her Power, the Sovereignty is transplanted, and by her Suffrage and Consent is conferred on him, she must, on her Part, as inviolably observe the just Rules of Obedience.

Thus

Thus, Mr. *Miſt*, I think it might not be improper for the young gay Part of the World to ſettle Articles and Conditions for the more regular tranſacting their Affairs of Love and Gallantry. For my Part, I think it highly ſeaſonable, that all little Faults in the Fair Sex ought to be overlooked, in Conſideration of ſo much greater Perfections, and the Bleſſings we hereafter expect; but here I cannot conceive with what manner of View your old ſtale Virgins, with wrinkled decayed Faces, and ſoure unpleaſant Humours, whoſe Wit, Humour, and Beauty, tho' loaded with a plentiful Fortune, will not recommend them to the Favour of a *Hackney* Coachman, ſhould torment the World with their continual Impertinencies, who,

With Affectation, and a ſickly Mien,
Shew in their Cheeks the Roſes of Eighteen.

What in Nature can be more intolerably provoking, than to ſee an old deteſted Creature of Forty Six play the Buffoon, and give her ſelf, with an awkward Grace, all the pretty Airs of a Girl of Eighteen. If thoſe antiquated Pieces could propoſe any way to compenſate for ſuch egregious Follies, it would be well; but as they are uncapable of giving us any thing but the Spleen; as they are to the laſt Degree moroſe, ſpiteful and ill-natur'd, and have ſo much of the D———l in them, that, as they are uneaſy and in Torment themſelves, their whole Bent and Delight is to torment others; I do not ſee what Service they can do the World, or how they can make us ſome Amends for paſt Plagues, any other ways than by conveying themſelves to their final Receptacle, and their entering upon their reſpective Offices of leading Apes; upon which Condition 'tis we are willing to endure them one Month longer.

It was but the laſt Week I had ſome Occaſion to call on a Gentleman near the *Temple*, with whom I had but little Acquaintance, and leſs with any of his Family; upon Enquiry made for him, out came his Daughter, ſuch a thing as I have above deſcribed; this celebrated Piece of Antiquity I took for my Don's Spouſe, and accoſted her with all the Reſpect due to her venerable Hairs. Pretty Miſs ſtarted back, and, with a malicious Grin, told me, that the Gentleman was not her Huſband, but her Pappa: The great Baby would have ſtood to have ask'd a hundred impertinent Queſtions; but, to eaſe my ſelf of that Plague, I diſmiſs'd her to ſeek out her Pappa, with Pretence of very urgent Buſineſs. Nothing ever amazed me more, than to hear a great Moon-Calf, in the Lineaments of whoſe Face, carefully ſurvey'd, I could find nothing but Age and Uglineſs, give her ſelf ſuch an Air of Childhood; ſo that ſhe muſt be either crazed, or elſe, if you will have her a Child, ſhe is made a Child a ſecond time by Age,

I am, Sir,
Yours, *&c.*
FREDERICK.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

IT is the usual Pretence of the Enemies of our Holy *Church* and *Faith*, that they only oppose a *Pharisaical Resting in the meer Externals of Religion*; and that as to the *Worship of God in Spirit and in Truth*, they are its best, nay, its only Advocates. There is no Man, I believe, so much a Stranger to the late famous Controversy, concerning *Church-Authority*, *Sincerity*, &c. as not to know how serviceable this Plea was to the *Bangorian Faction*; how, by it, the natural and obvious Sense of the most plain Words was artfully evaded, and unwary Proselytes deluded into a good Opinion of a Cause, which, if seen in its true Light, they would have renounced with the utmost Detestation.

This Pretence having been so serviceable to the *Cause* already, I believe will be one of the principal *Fastnesses*, under which the Authors of the INDEPENDENT WHIG *absolutely* resolve to shelter themselves; the profane Scoffs and sophistical Arguments, quoted from them in my last, they will say, were only urg'd against resting in the meer *Opus Operatum* of Fasting, and imagining a bare Abstinence from Meat and Drink to be acceptable to God, without that Contrition and Repentance, which alone can render our external Humiliation well-pleasing in his Sight. I am therefore resolved to wrest this Plea from them, by shewing, that Contrition and a godly Sorrow for Sin have been as much the Subject of their unchristian Mockery, as maliciously derided, and studiously exploded, as the Duty of Fasting.

To prove this, we need look back no farther than to their 38th Paper; in the Beginning of which, having affirmed, that all Sorrow proceeds

from neceſſary Cauſes, and affects us, whether we will or no, they thence infer, *that it brings to God no Worſhip at all, and that few can give a Reaſon why the great God ſhould be better pleaſed with a ſorrowful Heart, than a ſore Ankle.* What a ſtrange Paraphraſe would this make on thoſe Words of the Holy Pſalmiſt, *A broken and a contrite Heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe!* or, on the Prophet *Joel*'s Exhortation, *to read the Heart, and turn to God in Weeping and Mourning.* Doubtleſs, if theſe Men of ſuperior Reaſon and *Free Thought* had lived in thoſe Days, they would have have told them, *that the Spirit of God does not delight in ſuch wild Freaks and childiſh Pranks*; and given them a Caution, *not to miſtake thoſe bodily or mental Diſorders, which are the Effects of the Spleen, for the Workings of Divine Grace.*

Our Saviour, in his Sermon on the Mount, pronounces the Mourners bleſſed; and the Deſign of his coming into the World, as we are told by the Prophet *Iſaiah*, chap. lxi. was, among other excellent Ends, *to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort all that mourn.* St. *Paul* aſſures us, that *godly Sorrow worketh Repentance unto Salvation not to be repented of*, 2 Cor. vii. 10. and St. *James* exhorts Sinners *to be afflicted, and mourn, and weep*, chap. iv. ver. 9. In Contradiction to all which theſe *Independent* Gentlemen aſſert, that *the ſame Diſorder in the Blood and Spirits, which diſcovers it ſelf in Sighs and Groans would, in a greater Degree, bring forth Rage and Convulſions, which are not the Symptoms of a Goſpel Spirit, but rather the Marks of Spirits diſpoſſeſs'd by the Goſpel.* The Conſequence of that afflicting and humbling our ſelves, which St. *James* enjoins, he there declares will be this, *that God* will raiſe us up; but this our Scoffers think a great Miſtake; for, ſay they, *If God is pleaſed with our afflicting of our ſelves, he muſt be pleaſed beſt when we afflict our ſelves moſt, and conſequently we muſt cut our ſelves with Knives like the Prieſts of* Baal, *and Deſpair and Self-Murther are the moſt grateful Inſtances of Duty and Devotion*; from which impious

impious Aſſertion they go on to draw what they call the pious Conſequence; but it is ſo ſhocking and blaſphemous, that I ſhall not repeat what I tremble even to read.

And now, let me appeal to the common Senſe of every Reader, whether it be not evident, even to Demonſtration, that not the Externals of Religion, but the Life and Spirit thereof are ſtruck at? That the Miniſtry is endeavoured to be wounded through the Sides of the Miniſter; and that the Cauſes of the Contempt of the Clergy are their brave Stand in Defence of our moſt holy Faith, and reſolute Oppoſition to the late impetuous Torrent of Atheiſm and Infidelity. The Errors of the Church of ROME are great and dangerous, but *Arianiſm* and *Atheiſm* are more deſtructive of Salvation; and the CHURCH of ENGLAND has more to fear from the bare-fac'd Attacks of the latter, than the weak and broken Forces of the former. That God, in his Mercy, would preſerve her from all open and ſecret Enemies, bring into the Way of Truth thoſe who have apoſtatiz'd from her, unite her Diviſions, and heal her Breaches, will be the conſtant Prayer of every good Man, and more particularly of

Yours, *&c.*

EUSEBIUS.

P. S. Since the Writing of this, I find, that the Authors of the *Independent Whig*, have, in a Poſtſcript to their 45th Paper, endeavoured to vindicate themſelves from writing againſt a godly Sorrow for Sin, by explaining what they have ſaid, *of a meer Mechanick Sorrow*; and that this was their Meaning, they pretend to prove by a Quotation from the very Paper I have now examined, in which a CONTRITE Heart is declared acceptable to God: But if the Reader pleaſes to look into their 38th Paper, he will ſee, that though in their Vindication the Word *Contrite* be diſtinguiſhed by

Capitals, yet there is no ſuch Word to be found in the Place they pretend to quote it from; ſo that this is only adding Lying to Profaneneſs, and confirms me in my Belief of their Guilt.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. *Miſt*,

BM. is certainly a very ill-natur'd Fellow, or he would have given his Encomiums on *Homer*, without ſpitting Venom on the ingenious Tranſlator of that Poet, to whom perhaps he is as much obliged as I, or my Couſin *Jenny*, for the Knowledge of *Achilles* and the *Trojan* Wars. What! No body in this Age (himſelf, I preſume, excepted) is able to form an Idea how *Hector* fought, or *Homer* wrote. I am ſure Mr. *Pope* has given me a very good Notion of both; and if Mr. *Critick* can teach me better, he ſhall, at any time, be welcome to my Cloſet; for though Nature directs me to a Tea-Table, my Inclinations have followed the Camp ever ſince I could diſtinguiſh Colours, and I've curs'd my Hoop ten thouſand Times, for debarring the Purſuit of great Things.

Since then all we can know of the *Grecian* Heroes, ſhines in the immortal Song of our *Engliſh Homer*, dear *Miſt* (as you have ever been our Patron) don't encourage ſuch a grumbling againſt Tranſlations. Prithee let's underſtand all we can, and give our publick Thanks to that excellent Perſon whom I find ranked amongſt the *Beau Poets*; how he came under that Denomination, I can't imagine; for, though I never had the Honour to ſee Mr. *Pope*, I am extreamly miſinformed if he's one of thoſe who ſet up for *Shape* or *Dreſs*.

Mr.

Mr. *B. M.*'s ſarcaſtical Declaration at the Beginning, diſcovers it ſelf too plainly to be admitted as an Apology for what follows; and this is not barely my own Opinion, but *Aſtilla*'s, who underſtands Raillery to Perfection. ——— 'Twould be an unpardonable Affront to ſo great a Man, ſhould any thing but *Pope*'s *Homer* appear to juſtify that Performance, and ſilence his Detractors, or I wou'd ſet *Strephon* and *Amyntas* about the Ears of your laſt Week's Correſpondent. They're both *Engliſhmen*, yet Maſters of ſome Senſe, and, I doubt not, but either wou'd make him eat up every Word that has nettled

Your conſtant Reader,

TIMANDRA.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR,

THE Character of *Homer*, which you did me the Favour to inſert in one of your Journals, has induced me to trouble you with another of a reſembling Kind, which, if you think fit to communicate to the Publick, you will add to the Obligation already received by

Your humble Servant,

B. M.

An ODE on *HORACE.*

1.

DAughter of Jove! *awake thy Lyre,*
And Voice in Conſort raiſe;
A worthy Theme does now thy Aid require,
Lo! the judicious Horace *claims thy Praiſe.*

2.

Oh! how vivacious is his Strain!
How elegant and pure!
His Works like brazen Monuments remain,
Againſt th' aſſailing Ills of Time ſecure.

3.

If Wine or Woman's Charms he ſings,
Or does ſeverely ſmile
In ſcornful Satire, or familiar Things
Declares, well-ſuited are his Thoughts and Style.

4.

He Men and Manners greatly knew,
Each Sex, and ev'ry Age;
All Things with Life and Force he juſtly drew,
And was in One, a Courtier, Wit and Sage.

5. *He*

5.

He rules the Mind by various Ways,
Both Profits and Delights;
And more compleatly to deſerve our Praiſe,
Entirely acts the Precepts which he writes.

6.

Nature and Art, that ſeldom meet,
Or jar in moſt beſide;
Each other here in full Perfection greet,
And with united Harmony reſide.

7.

So Venus *and the Graces join*
A finiſh'd Form and Mind,
When they ſome choice and wond'rous She deſign,
To triumph o'er the Breaſts of human Kind.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR,

HAVING vindicated the Duty of Faſting from the Cavils of the *Independent Whig*; Order, as well as the near Approach of the CHRISTMAS Feſtival, naturally leads me to conſider their Objections againſt the FEASTS of the CHURCH. Thoſe ſolemn Days (ſet apart for the grateful Commemoration of the Myſteries of our Redemption, or to return Thanks to God for the good Examples of the bleſſed Apoſtles and

Martyrs, who converted the World to Chriſt, and ſealed the Truth of his Goſpel with their Blood) are vouchſafed no better Titles than that of *ſpiritual Comedies, potent Engines in the Hands of Churchmen, Days of godly ranting and roaring*, &c. and it muſt be *Popery and Prieſtcraft* to obſerve thoſe annual Feaſts, which in this Nation we have good Reaſon to think are of as ancient a Date as our Converſion to Chriſtianity; which our wiſe Reformers, when they purged the Church from the corrupt Innovations of *Rome*, retained and eſtabliſhed as Primitive and Catholick; which the *Lutheran* Churches approve and celebrate, and even the *Calviniſts*, whoſe blind Zeal againſt *Popery*, often miſled them to aboliſh *Primitive Chriſtianity*, allow to be lawful, ſubſervient to many excellent Ends, and the great Means of preſerving and promoting Piety and Chriſtian Knowledge.

But is it not Superſtition to obſerve one Day more than another? And does not St. *Paul* reprove the *Galatians* for obſerving Days and Months, and repreſent it as a Crime of ſo fatal Conſequence, as to fear that he had in preaching the Goſpel to them, beſtowed upon them Labour in vain? This is the great Objection of our *Diſſenters*; but it is like the reſt of their Pleas for *Nonconformity*, ſo weak and trifling, that it ſcarce deſerves a ſerious Anſwer. For what can be more ridiculous, than from St. *Paul*'s condemning the Obſervation of the *Jewiſh* Feſtivals, then abrogated by CHRIST, as Superſtition, to infer that it is Superſtition to keep the Feſtivals of the Chriſtian Church in Memory of the Myſteries of our Redemption? Obſerving the *Jewiſh* Feaſts, when abrogated by CHRIST, ſeemed to be a kind of Relapſe into *Judaiſm*, a revolting from the *Church* to the *Synagogue*, and therefore the Apoſtle might juſtly fear leſt he had beſtowed upon them Labour in vain: But what Relation has this to the Feaſts of the *Chriſtian* Church? Is there any Fear of the ſame or the like Danger

in

in celebrating the Feſtivals therein appointed to be kept holy? So far from that, that on the contrary, it is to the Obſervation of them, that we owe the ſmall Remains of primitive Piety, and *Chriſtian* Faith, which are ſtill among us. For tho' it is pretended, that the Obſervation of Feſtivals reſtrains the Praiſes of God to certain Times, which are ſeaſonable at all Times, and ſo is a Hindrance to Piety: Yet it is evident in Fact, that they who obſerve the Feaſts of the Church with the moſt religious Veneration, are beſt able to give an Account of the Grounds of their moſt holy Faith, beſt inſtructed in the Principles of Chriſtianity, and moſt exemplary for every Chriſtian Virtue in their Lives and Converſations: Whereas thoſe who neglect them, are ignorant, debauch'd, and to every good Work reprobate. Their Cant indeed is, that they keep every Day a Feſtival to God, that they commemorate and praiſe him for his Mercies every Day; but their wicked Lives proclaim aloud to the World, that this is all but Pretence; but what is every Day's Buſineſs, is no Day's Buſineſs; and that the Wiſdom of the Church can never be ſufficiently commended in ſecuring by the Inſtitution of Feſtivals a certain Portion of our Time, for the Praiſe and Worſhip of God, the improving in Chriſtian Knowledge, and quickening and ſtrengthening our good Reſolutions and Graces.

To argue from the Abuſe of a thing againſt the Uſe of it, was always reckon'd falſe Logick; yet here our *Independent Whigs* triumph; and becauſe the Feſtivals have been abuſed to Intemperance and Luxury, they harangue againſt obſerving them at all, and compare them to the mad and drunken Holy-Days of the *Pagan Bacchanals*. But, if we muſt lay aſide every excellent Inſtitution that has been groſsly and ſcandalouſly abuſed, we are in Danger of having no Religion at all; for the moſt ſacred Rites of Chriſtianity have been too often abuſed by Men who love to turn the Food of their Souls into Poyſon: And yet I believe it would have been

been thought odd Advice to the *Corinthians*, who came drunk to the holy Table, to have perſwaded them to lay aſide the Adminiſtration of the Lord's Supper for the future, becauſe ſome had received it unworthily. I am heartily ſorry that there is any Ground for the Objection, and I earneſtly intreat all, who give any Occaſion for it, ſeriouſly to reform their Lives, and retrieve the Honour of our holy Feſtivals by a ſober and religious Obſervation of them, that they may not incur the dreadful Threatning of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, ch. v. ver. 11, 12. *Woe unto them that riſe up early in the Morning, that they may follow ſtrong Drink, that continue until Night, till Wine inflame them; and that the Harp and the Viol, and the Tabret, and the Pipe are in their Feaſt, but they regard not the Work of the Lord, neither conſider the Operation of his Hands.*

LETTER XXX.

Woe is me, that I am conſtrained to dwell with Meſech; *and to have my Habitation among the Tents of* Kedar. *My Soul hath long dwelt among them that are Enemies to Peace*, Pſ. cxx. ver. 4, 5.

SIR,

THIS my Lot, Mr. *Miſt*, to be of the Number of thoſe unhappy Clergymen that live in large Market-Towns; where I have found, among other great Inconveniencies, that Faction and Diſſention uſually ride triumphant, bidding Defiance to all *Pacifick* Meaſures, which often (thro' the wretched Perverſeneſs of Mens Wills) ſerve rather to *inflame* than to compoſe Differences: And therefore the Paſſage above out of an *Inſpired Poet*, may ſuit my Function and Station much better than the

the beſt choſen Scrap of Heathen Poetry, and is, I am ſure, more applicable to my preſent Caſe.

The Situation indeed, and other Circumſtances of the Place where I am, ſeemed to promiſe very fair at firſt, and bid me expect to meet with a peaceable, generous, good-natur'd People. For we are pleaſantly and commodiouſly ſeated upon a pretty high Eminence in the midſt of Superior Hills, not too near nor far diſtant from the Sea; by ſuch Means we are equally ſecured againſt the Inclemency of ſharper Airs, and the ſtupifying Quality of unwholeſome Fogs. We have great Plenty of good Water, Salmon, Woodcocks, Herrings, Potatoes, *&c.* but are not ſo abounding in Wealth, as to be proud and quarrelſom on that Account, nor yet (as bad as the Times are) rereduced to ſo low an Ebb, as to be tempted to fall foul upon, and devour one another. We are likewiſe happily deſtitute of the unenvied Privilege of ſending Members to Parliament, the fatal Source of many endleſs Diſcords and Animoſities in this miſerably divided Nation. We ſeldom too trouble our Heads about the little odious Diſtinctions in Religion and Politicks. Nor have we Reaſon to complain of any violent Oppoſition or Diſturbance from the Diſſenting Party, who (to give them their Due) behave pretty quietly and inoffenſively. And yet notwithſtanding ſuch promiſing Circumſtances, I know not how it comes to paſs, whether from the flatulent Quality of our Malt Liquors, which are generally drank too new, or from ſome fretting or acid Humours in the Body, occaſioned by much drinking of Cyder, which is very meagre and thin, or from the too frequent Uſe of Drams, which may make Men too boiſterous and cholerick; or laſtly, from the barbarous Sport of Bull-baiting (too much in Vogue here, even among the *Tender Sex*) which may poſſibly inſpire Men with a ſort of *Britiſh* Courage, and render them ſturdy and untractable: Whether,

Whether, I ſay, it proceeds from theſe, or any other latent Cauſes, I know not; but ſo it is—— that notwithſtanding all the peculiar Advantages beforementioned) there's ſcarce any Town in the *Weſt* ſo much addicted to Family-Broils and Conteſts, as this that I'm confined to: And what makes it worſe, thoſe Broils and Conteſts between Families, are commonly of very long Duration, ſeldom die but with the firſt Authors of them; nay, are ſometimes carried even beyond the Grave. For they are often (by a ſtrange Piece of Husbandry) artfully managed, and induſtriouſly kept *Alive*, long after the main Parties concerned are *Dead* and gone. Sometimes indeed, one would be apt to think they were quite buried in Oblivion, and that the old Weapons of Contention were all either broken or laid aſide: So little ſhall we hear of former Quarrels for a Year or two together; and ſo much of outward Ceremony and Civility ſhall paſs in the mean while, with large Profeſſions of inward Eſteem and Veneration, *if you will believe them!* But, alas! 'tis all mere Grimace, Hypocriſy, and Diſſimulation. The Rancour ſtill remains behind, and often breaks out again with greater Violence, upon any freſh Provocation. For, when the Men of this unhappy Stamp have received an Affront from any Relation of thoſe againſt whom they retain a ſecret Grudge; they not only ſuffer the *Sun to go down upon their Wrath*, and lie down to ſleep with the worſt Companion, Anger, but riſe the next Morning full of Menaces, Gall, and Bitterneſs, breathing out nothing but *Law* and *Juſtice* (two terrible things in our Town.) By ſuch Means Paſſion and Reſentment is ſoon blown up into Rage and Revenge; this again is improved into inveterate Malice and Prejudice; and this neceſſarily entails Feuds upon Poſterity, creates immortal Hatred and everlaſting Jars, and renders Men unmerciful, implacable, and irreconcileable. Now one principal Ground of all this I take to be, that the People of this

this Place are (beyond what you can well imagine) *much skilled and learned in the Law*: They have their Knowledge indeed by Experience, for they love to be dabbling in Courts, and to throw away abundance of Money upon Warrants, Writs, *&c.* and, I dare believe, many of the pooreſt Mechanicks here are better acquainted with common Law Caſes, than Gentlemen of 200 l. a Year in the *Eaſt* Country; ſo well known, and ſo generally practiſed is the Law amongſt us, even from the *Juſtice of Peace* down to the *Cobbler*; (which, by the way, may be one Reaſon why, generally ſpeaking, the *only* good Houſes in theſe Parts belong to the Gentlemen of that Profeſſion;) nor is there any thing ſo mean, pitiful, ſenſeleſs, or trifling, but a Lawyer ſhall be found, that will readily eſpouſe and carry on the Cauſe; the Judges, who come this Circuit, know I ſpeak Truth.

Beſides, 'tis very remarkable, that ſome Perſons that have no Reputation to loſe, and have, by their Lives, furniſhed out abundant Matter for Scandal, are ever lying upon the Catch, and ready to take all Opportunities to provoke a Man (for whom they have no good liking,) either to ſtrike or abuſe them, (if that can be,) that ſo they may have an Action againſt him. Others again are ſo dextrous in the *Art of Scandal*, that they ſhall ſcold and call Names, beſpatter and abuſe One for an Hour together, without letting fall one *actionable* Expreſſion all the while: But if a Perſon that is any thing of a Stranger to them, or not fully acquainted with their Ways, ſhould happen to ſlip with his Tongue, or lift up a Hand, or give them the leaſt Advantage againſt him, away preſently they ſend for a Writ, or put him into a ſpiritual Court; (and more Inſtances of this kind have I met with ſince I came here, than I ever knew or heard of in my whole Life before;) nor is there afterwards any Mercy or Forgiveneſs to be expected, no not though you ſeek it diligently, even with

with Tears: No asking of Pardon, no acknowledging a Fault, no ſubmitting One's ſelf can then attone for the Affront; no, the more the Offender ſubmits and humbles himſelf, the more the other ſtands off: Or, if the Matter ſhould at laſt be brought to a Reference, (as it ſometimes happens, though but rarely) *That* often proves more dangerous and chargeable than the Law it ſelf, and *the Remedy is worſe than the Diſeaſe.*

In all this however that I have ſaid, I would not be thought to reflect upon the *Whole* Town; that be far from me. No! I know many truly peaceable Perſons, and Peace-makers, that heartily lament and ſtudy to put a Stop to all ſuch ſhameful Doings. But then I muſt ſtill ſay, (and with Sadneſs of Heart I ſpeak it) there are too too many of theſe turbulent litigious Folks among us, that *know not what manner of Spirit they are of.* I could give you a very late remarkable Inſtance of what I ſay; but for this (having already exceeded the uſual Bounds of an Epiſtle) I ſhall beg the Favour of a Place in one of your next Journals; and ſhall only add now, that though a Reproof coming from the *Preſs* may not carry ſuch *Awe* and *Authority*, as when delivered from the *Pulpit*; yet in ſome Caſes it may have a *better Effect*, and is, I am ſure, leſs liable to Miſrepreſentations; for which Reaſon I was willing to try this new Experiment, that ſo I might, if poſſible, by any Means, ſhame the People of this Place out of theſe wicked abominable Practices, ſo contrary to all Obligations, natural, civil, and religious.

I am, Sir,

Mount-Taurus,
Nov. 29, 1720.

Your humble Servant,
PHILO-IRENUS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

SIR,

THE Enemies of that great Myſtery (which the Church now celebrates the Memorial of) GOD *manifeſt in the Fleſh*, in their late Writings endeavour to inſinuate, that the Doctrines of the TRINITY and INCARNATION are ſo contrary to Reaſon, that they ought to be rejected by all *ſincere Proteſtants* with the ſame Contempt as the abſurd Notion of Tranſubſtantiation. To this Purpoſe they make long Harangues about the Excellence of Reaſon, and the Neceſſity of having *clear Ideas* of every thing to which we are required to give our Aſſent: They *appeal* to the *common Senſe* of the *Laity*, and cry down whatever they have not a full and adequate Notion of, as unintelligible Nonſenſe, perplex'd Riddles, and the Jargon of the Schools. The Authors of the *Independent Whig* have in this copied the great Examples of their *Free-thinking Maſters*; and tho' in their Declamations concerning Reaſon, they have artfully concealed their wicked Aim to make the Poiſon go down the better; yet in their forty fourth Paper they ſpeak plain, and rank the TRINITY and INCARNATION *among thoſe things of little or no Importance, by laying an undue Streſs on which, Holineſs of Life is ſubverted.* Nay, they go on to cenſure them *as Speculations whereof the People can underſtand nothing, and about which the Prieſt confounds himſelf*; they charge Dr. *Waterland* with writing what he does not underſtand himſelf; and then blaſphemouſly call the Doctrine he has ſo ſucceſsfully vindicated, *ſophiſtical Chimera's, crabbed Notions, bombaſtic Phraſes and Soleciſms.* What they quote from Dr. *King*, if it be fairly cited, merits the Praiſe of Men of their Principles; but will gain him no great Eſteem

ſteem among thoſe who have a due Regard to the Honour of their God and Saviour.

As an Antidote againſt the Venom of theſe Gainſayers of the Myſteries of Chriſtianity, I think it proper to offer to the World the following Conſiderations concerning *human Reaſon*.

In things moſt familiar and eaſy to us, our Reaſon is ſo weak and imperfect, that by our utmoſt Induſtry we can attain to know little or nothing concerning the Eſſences of Things, their intrinſic Properties, their Cauſes, and Manner of Production: And the moſt laborious Enquirers into the Knowledge of Nature, have always, at the End of their Search, broke out into melancholy Complaints of the Obſcurity of Truth, the Difficulty of finding it, the Blindneſs of our Underſtandings, and Impotency of our Reaſon. All our Knowledge in the Philoſophy of Nature amounts only to ſome probable Conjectures, ſuperficial Notions, and imperfect Apprehenſions of Things, whoſe Eſſences lie concealed from us in impenetrable Darkneſs. And now, if we have ſearch'd into earthly Things, and comprehend them not, how ſhall we, by ſearching, find out God, and comprehend the Almighty to Perfection? Well might the Author of the Book of *Wiſdom* ſay, *Hardly do we gueſs aright at the things upon Earth, and with Labour do we find the things that are before us; but the things which are in Heaven, who hath ſearched out?*

It will be allowed, I ſuppoſe, even by theſe Men of *exalted Reaſon*, that the Divine Nature is Incomprehenſible: For, how can Finite meaſure Infinite? And, if this be granted, what Objection can it be to the Myſteries of our Faith, that our ſhallow Reaſon cannot comprehend what is allow'd on all Sides to be Incomprehenſible? Why is it ſet up as a Judge of thoſe things which it cannot have any clear or juſt Notion of? We might as well ſet up the Blind as the beſt Judges of Colours, or the Deaf, of Sounds.

But

But if they presumptuously affirm, that we can have no just Ground to believe any thing of the Divine Nature, but what can be demonstrated and made evident to our Reason, the Case is clear, that Atheism is at the Bottom: For God is in all things Incomprehensible, and his Nature, his Attributes, his Decrees, his Works and Ways, are all full of Depth, Mystery and Wonder; and to declare, that they will believe no more of him, than what their Reason can clearly comprehend, is, in effect, to say in their Hearts with the Fool in the Psalmist, *There is no God.* What can be more evident, than that something must have existed from all Eternity without a Beginning? And yet what more impossible for Reason to comprehend? Both Reason and Revelation evince, that God hath neither Beginning of Being, nor End of Days: And yet how imperfect and obscure are all our Conceptions of his Eternity? Who can comprehend how he co-exists with the Differences of Time, and yet there is in his own Being no Succession? *That God is a Spirit*, is the express Affirmation of our blessed Saviour; but what positive Idea of a Spirit can bare Reason furnish us with? And which way will it help us to understand how the Immensity of God consists with his perfect Simplicity; and how, without any Parts he co-exists to all possible Extension of Matter? I might go on to shew how insufficient our Reason is to account for, or furnish us with clear Ideas concerning the Divine Prescience of future Contingents, and other undoubted Truths, which it is as difficult to frame any adequate Conceptions of, as of a TRINITY in UNITY: But I have already said enough to humble those proud Boasters, who, puffed up by their fleshly Mind, exalt their own vain Imaginations against the Mysteries of the Gospel.

All we know of God is from Revelation; when we are satisfied that a Doctrine is well proved from Scripture, we are not, with *Nicodemus*, to ask, *How can*

these

these things be? We are to believe it, becauſe God, who cannot lie, hath ſaid it; we muſt adore what we cannot comprehend, and cry out with St. *Paul*, ὦ βάθος, *Rom.* 1. 33. And if we thus piouſly believe, and humbly adore what we now ſee through a Glaſs darkly; we ſhall, in the next Life, ſee God Face to Face, our Faith ſhall be ſwallowed up in Viſion, and we ſhall know him, even as alſo we are known of him.

Yours, *&c.*

EUSEBIUS.

P. S. It might be expected, that our *Free-Thinkers*, who explode the receiv'd Doctrines of the Church, becauſe above the Comprehenſion of their ſhallow Reaſon, ſhould give the World a Scheme of Religion every way clear and intelligible, and clogg'd with no Difficulties or Myſteries: Yet ſo it happens, that all the Schemes they have ever yet advanced, are more abſtruſe, unintelligible, and unaccountable, than they fancy the Catholick Doctrine to be. And when our *Independent Whigs* have declared what their Notions are which they would oppoſe to the orthodox Doctrines of the TRINITY and INCARNATION; I will undertake to ſhew, that they contain more real Abſurdities and Contradictions than with all their Wit and Malice they have endeavoured to find pretended ones in the received Doctrines of the Church.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

SIR,

BE pleased to insert the following Letter to *Timandra* from

Your humble Servant.

MADAM,

THO' I may seem to have shewn some Disrespect to our late Translator of *Homer*, yet I have a peculiar Regard and Value for your Sex, and unwillingly find any thing from me worse accepted by them than it was intended: In this alone I presume to imitate the venerable Author, whose Cause I espouse, who makes the greatest and most gallant Complement that was ever offered to any of them, when he says, That the divine Beauty of *Helen* was in it self a sufficient Excuse for all the Mischiefs and Miseries of the War it created. Be pleased therefore to believe, that what I said proceeded not from Malice to any who had endeavoured to make him known and entertaining to you, but from a just Zeal and Veneration to his wonderful Performance, which none, since it was first produced, has been found sufficiently qualified to display in any other Language.

We have had several Painters of considerable Skill and Reputation, who never yet presumed to copy the most celebrated Pieces of *Titian* or *Angelo*; this Work far surpasses any thing of that Kind; and whoever can be justly thought fit to give the true and lively Resemblance of this accomplish'd Heroe of Verse, should not only enjoy the sublimest Genius that the Bounty of Nature can bestow, but, with this, must have pass'd through all the Variety of human Thoughts, conquer'd all human Sciences, been intimately acquainted with all

all the Manners, Policies, and Actions of Mankind, and attained to a miraculous Maſtery in all the Delicacy, Purity, and artful Simplicity of Diction: Others indeed may make known what he relates; but ſuch a one can only ſhew the exquiſite and ſurprizing Manner of it. Oh *Timandra!* there are ſuch Charms in *Homer*, as none but *Homer* can diſcover; like Love and Fate, they triumph over all things, nor think, that in Diſdain of any Mortal, I conclude him inimitable.

Let this Apology attone for the Offence I unwillingly committed, remove the Imputation of being an ill-natur'd Fellow, and reconcile *Timandra* to her

Humble and
Obedient Servant,
B. M.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR,

THE Authors of the *Independent Whig*, in their fiftieth Paper, having undertaken to give an Account of the *High Churches* in *England*, and to ſhew them not to be Scripture Churches; one might juſtly have expected, that their Oppoſition to the Scripture Church ſhould have been clearly demonſtrated from the Writings of the New Teſtament, and their Errors thence confuted. But, to our great Surprize, there is no Regard had to the New Teſtament, either in ſtating the Notion of the true Church, or in ſhewing thoſe they revile to be falſe Churches; the Act of Toleration, and the Determination of the Houſe of Lords at the Tryal of Dr. *Sacheverell*, are the Scriptures which theſe High Churches are to be judged by; and the true Church

Church is defined to be the *Creature of the State*, or *whatever the Legiſlature thinks fit to enact in Relation to Religion*. On which I need paſs no ſeverer Cenſure than they themſelves have done in their forty third Paper, where this very Doctrine is condemned, as the Error of Mr. *Hobbes*, as *implying ſpeculative Atheiſm*, as *deſtroying God's Dominion, by ſubverting his Authority, and by making a God of the Magiſtrate*. And if this be a juſt, tho' heavy Charge, on their true Church, who can blame the Churches that ſtand diſtinguiſhed from her, or renounce all Fellowſhip and Communion with her? For Perjury, being preſent at ſinful Worſhip, and ſetting up new Eſſentials, and impoſing them on Pain of Damnation, no Apology can be made; their kneeneſt Cenſures on ſuch Men and ſuch Practices are juſt: But the Doctrine of the Church's Independency on the State, and what they falſely call *Armenianiſm*, are Catholick and Primitive Truths, as I ſhall ſhew at large in its proper Place.

At preſent, in Return for their Picture of the *High Churches* in *England*, I ſhall preſent you with an original Draught of the *Low Churches* in *England*; and whether any of them can poſſibly be the Scripture Church, let every impartial Reader judge.

The firſt is Biſhop PROTEUS's *Low Church*, which has no Creeds, nor Confeſſions of Faith, but leaves every Man to believe what he pleaſes, and to act according to the Dictates of their own *Conſcience*, that is, his *Opinion*. The Members of this Church pretend a great Regard to the Authority of CHRIST; but in Fact they allow him none at all; for they neither expect that himſelf ſhould interpoſe in Matters of Faith, nor do they confeſs, that he has any Subſtitutes or Vicegerents on Earth, and ſo they ſet up for an unlimited Toleration, either *ſincerely* to believe in Chriſt, or *ſincerely* to reject him, and declare, that if the *Sincerity* in both be equal, both have an equal Title to God's Favour. They

are

are Enemies to all visible Communion, to all Church Authority and Church Discipline, to the external Decency and Order of publick Worship, and to the internal Fervour of Christian Devotion: Their *Measures of Submission to the Civil Magistrate are* calculated for the Service of Rebellion; and their Scriptures are the Writings of *Hobbes*, *Milton*, *Locke*, &c.

The next is Doctor *Arius*'s Low-Church, which agrees with that of Bishop *Proteus* in most of the Principles before-mention'd; only they openly deny the Divinity of our Blessed SAVIOUR, and of the HOLY GHOST, which the Bishop has not yet done in express Words, though he has given a very broad Hint of it, and is thought to have no other Ground for his Invectives against human Creeds, than his secret Opposition to this Doctrine. Dr. *Arius* and his Friends have yet no Separation on Account of their Principles, being content to join in the Liturgy, as PROTEUS is to wear the Mitre, because they cannot keep their Preferments without it.

The third is JOHN CALVIN's Low-Church, distinguish'd by its Opposition to the Episcopal Government of the Church, by its crude, indigested, and sometimes even blasphemous *extempore* Effusions, which they call Praying by the Spirit; by its slovenly and disorderly Worship; by its Enmity to Monarchy, and Forwardness to Rebellion, by glorying in the Blood of the ROYAL MARTYR, and by persecuting, with the utmost Rigour, all of a contrary Opinion from themselves, whenever they have Power in their Hands.

The two Sister-Churches, the *Independent* and *Anabaptist*, differ very little from this Church in their Notions of Episcopacy, Liturgies, Monarchy, Persecution, *&c.* but in Point of Church-Government, the *Independents* have as little Regard for *Presbytery* as *Episcopacy*; every Congregation is with them a distinct Church, independent of all others, and their Churches can be compared to nothing so properly as to a Rope

Rope of Sand. They ſtand alſo diſtinguiſh'd from our *modern Presbyterians*, by the Denial of Free-Will and *univerſal Redemption*, and maintaining the blaſphemous Tenet of *abſolute* and *irreſpective Reprobation*. It would be endleſs to reckon up all the Opinions about which the *Anabaptiſt Low-Church* are divided among themſelves; their peculiar Characteriſtick is, the excluding Infants from the Seal of the Covenant of Grace.

Theſe three laſt *Low-Churches* have lately been much troubled with inteſtine Broils about Dr. *Arius*'s Opinions; the Hiſtory of the Proceedings at *Salter*'s-*Hall*, and in *Exeter*, are ſo well known, that I need not enlarge on them; it will ſuffice to obſerve, that they have made open Separations from one another, and are continually, from the Preſs and the Pulpit, railing at, and reviling each other, in the moſt bitter and opprobrious Terms.

The next is the *Socinian Low-Church*, which denies the Divinity and Satisfaction of *Chriſt*, the Perſonality of the Holy Ghoſt, the Diſtinction of Clergy and Laity in the Church, the Neceſſity of the Sacraments to Salvation, Original Sin, and the Eternity of Hell Torments.

I might go on to give an Account of *James Naylor*'s Low-Church, Mr. *Emlyn* and Mr. *Toland*'s Low-Churches, the *Muggletonian* and *Sabbatarian* Low-Churches; but, I fear, I have already tired your Patience: I ſhall therefore conclude with obſerving, that all the above-named *Low-Churches*, however they differ from each other, unite againſt whatever is primitive and orthodox in the Church of *England*, and conſpire her Ruine with unwearied Malice. Whoever reads Mr. *Walker*'s Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy, will in that Martyrology find the Cruelties of the *Romaniſts* to be Mercies, when compared with the ſavage Perſecutions of our *Schiſmaticks*; and their Errors, great as they are, much more tolerable than the

ſhocking Blaſphemies, and monſtrous Hereſies of our Enthuſiaſts. God preſerve the CHURCH of ENGLAND from the ſecret Attempts of the one, and the bare-fac'd and open Malice of the other.

EUSEBIUS.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR,

ACcording to my Promiſe in my laſt, I proceed to prove the *Independency of the Church on the State* to be a primitive and Catholick Truth, in Oppoſition to the falſe Aſſertions of the Authors of the *Independent Whig*, who have deſcribed the Church as the *Creature of the State*, and the Clergy, as *Officers appointed by Order of the Civil Magiſtrate, (like Church-Wardens, Conſtables, &c.) to act according to his Law, which is their Rule, and has interpreted the Scripture for them.* To confute which dangerous and heretical Doctrine, nothing more is neceſſary, than to require of its Defenders, to ſhew, by what Commiſſion from CHRIST the Civil Magiſtrate derives the Power of appointing ſpiritual Officers in the Church; where we are directed by CHRIST to make the Law of the Land our Rule in Matters of Religion? or where the Power of impoſing his own Interpretations of Scripture on all his Subjects is given to the Civil Magiſtrate in the New Teſtament? And if not the leaſt Shadow of Proof can be produced for any of theſe Things; if not one Text of the New Teſtament can be alledged to countenance theſe Notions; if CHRIST has inveſted the Civil Magiſtrate with no ſpiritual Power at all; what Cenſure can be too ſevere on thoſe who are for wreſting the Government of the Church out of the Hands of them, to whom CHRIST commit-

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ted it, for rejecting the Bible, and making it give Place to the Statute-Book, and for forcing the Inſtitutions of our Bleſſed Saviour to bow to the arbitrary Luſts of every ſupreme Civil Power?

The Government of the Church, the Adminiſtration of the Sacraments, the Powers of Excommunication and Abſolution, and all other Miniſtrations in Holy Things, were by CHRIST committed to his Apoſtles, and by them delegated to the primitive Biſhops, to be continued in an uninterrupted Succeſſion of the ſame ſpiritual Officers to the End of the World. They were ſo far from conſulting the *Civil Magiſtrate*, or ſubmitting to his Direction in theſe Affairs, that they exerciſed the Powers given them by CHRIST in direct Oppoſition to all the Edicts of the then governing Princes, though at the certain Hazard of their Lives; and ſo far were they from thinking the Law of the Land their Rule in Religion, that they told the ſupreme Powers to their Face, that *they were to obey* GOD *and not Men*, and that *if they ſought to pleaſe Men, they could not be the Servants of* CHRIST. We are obliged to become Members of the *Chriſtian Church*, by the Law of CHRIST, not the Law of the Land. The Penalty of Unbelief is eternal Damnation, even to the ſupreme Civil Magiſtrate himſelf; and though he be ever ſo great an Oppoſer either of the Whole of Chriſtianity, or any fundamental Article of it, we are obliged to adhere to the Profeſſion thereof, notwithſtanding the ſevereſt Perſecutions, and moſt exquiſite Tortures inflicted by him on that Account. This was the Caſe of the CHURCH, and this its Doctrine and Practice for the firſt three hundred Years after CHRIST.

When the Princes of the World embraced the Faith, and took the Church into their Protection, the Church continued ſtill *a diſtinct Society independent of the State, with Reſpect to all its purely ſpiritual Powers.* The religious Emperors of thoſe Times

were so far from claiming any Authority in Matters of Religion, or desiring their Determinations to be a Rule to the Clergy, that the contrary is evident from innumerable Instances; I shall relate a few. *Constantine* the Great, in his Epistle concerning the Council of *Nice*, declares their Decrees to be the Determination of God, and that it was his Duty to receive the Faith they had confirmed; that the Things within the Church belonged to their Inspection, the Things without to his; and that GOD had made them Bishops, and given them Authority in Spirituals over Princes themselves. *Theodosius* was so well acquainted with the Nature of the Episcopal Power, and the just Limits of his own, that he meekly submitted to the Sentence of Excommunication, and never rested, till by a sincere Repentance he had obtained Absolution; and he was so far from thinking that St. *Ambrose* had exceeded the Limits of the Episcopal Power, that he esteemed and honoured him as a most faithful and religious Prelate. In the Acts of the Council of *Chalcedon* we find, that the Emperor *Martian* absolutely disclaimed all Power of judging concerning Matters of Faith, and acknowledged, that it belonged only to GOD's Priests. *Valentinian* declared it unlawful for himself, being a Lay-Man, to examine into these Things: And whoever looks into the *Theodosian* and *Justinian* Codex, will see, that the *Christian* Emperors never determined any Thing concerning Articles of Faith, never inflicted spiritual Censures; but still referred the Exercise of those Powers to the Bishops, as foreign to the Royal Dignity.

Neither is this Doctrine in the least inconsistent with the Supremacy of our Kings. With that unlimited supreme Headship assumed by *King Henry the Eighth*, and yielded to him by the scandalous Submission of a *Servile*, *Base*, *Popish* Convocation, it is indeed inconsistent: But with the Supremacy, as limited by Queen *Elizabeth*, and explained in her

her Injunctions in the 37th Article, and afterwards in the first and second Canon, it is perfectly consistent: The Supremacy is there declared to consist *in having the chief Authority over all Estates of this Realm, Ecclesiastical or Civil, over all Causes*, exclusive of all foreign Jurisdiction: The Power of ministring of God's Word and Sacraments is expresly denied to be any Part of it; and no Man, but one who wants either common Sense, or common Honesty, would pretend, that by *Causes Ecclesiastical*, are to be understood Controversies of Faith: Those are, by the 20th Article, left to be determined by the Authority of the CHURCH; and if we allow our selves to consider the Distinction between *Ecclesiastical* and *Spiritual*, we may easily discern the *Causes Ecclesiastical*, to be those which are tried in the *Ecclesiastical Courts*, which Courts are held by the King's Authority, and to act in Subordination to him. It will never be well, either in CHURCH or STATE, where the Bishops claim Temporal, or the Prince Spiritual Power: Our *Independent Whigs* tell us indeed, with Confidence enough, in their 47th Paper, that there is nothing in the Gospel to countenance the Distinction of Ecclesiastical and Civil: But the very Arguments they use to prove it, fully evince the contrary, and by shewing the Kingdom of *Christ* not to be of this World, nor to have any temperal Powers, confirm the *Church's Independency on the State*: And they who assert the contrary, are, by the Confession of our very Adversaries, guilty of destroying God's Dominion, by subverting his Authority, and making a God of the Magistrate.

EUSEBIUS.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. *Miſt*,

THIS ſome conſiderable Time ago ſince I laid before you my unhappy Circumſtances, and put in a modeſt Petition for a Clerkſhip even to a Small Beer Brew-houſe. You cannot but recollect the Occaſion of it, I mean the Diſappointment I met with in the Project I then had on Foot, and which, at that Time, you ſeemed to approve of, by aſſuring the Town 'twas ſo well calculated for the Publick Good, that there was no Danger of its giving the Government the leaſt Diſguſt. As you are ſenſible I deſigned you a large Gratuity, had I ſucceeded, I hope you will not be altogether regardleſs of the Good Will of your intended Benefactor. I then told you, if you remember, I was in a fair way of ſtarving, and nothing but Chriſtian Patience, and an entire Dependence upon Providence has kept me in the Land of the Living. I am, at preſent (purely to ſupport Nature) Garreteer to a *Grub-ſtreet* Printer, and have barely a Journeyman-Taylor's Wages, two Shillings a Day, with the additional Allowance of a Pint of Drink and a Roll for my Breakfaſt. I flatter my ſelf with the Hopes (as I have new begun to act in your Sphere) of its lying in your Power to prefer me. I muſt needs tell you, as my Conſtitution is naturally Splenetick, and that ſowred too with the Plagues of Poverty, I think my ſelf duly qualified to write a Satire upon the Times. As the Subject is too copious and extenſive ever to be exhauſted, and, as *Juvenal* aſſures us, *Facit indignatio Verſum*, eſpecially where 'tis raiſed in one that has been bit; I can't think but I could be pretty ſmart upon ſuch an Occaſion. However,

I would

I would by no Means attempt any Thing that Way without your friendly Advice. For my Top Proſe Performance at preſent, you muſt know, extends no farther than a true Account of a moſt barbarous and bloody Murder committed on the Body of an eminent Stockjobber in *Broad-ſtreet*; together with ſome little Obſervations on the ſtrange and wonderful Prodigies that appeared in the *South* at the ſame Time, and my Poetical Maſter-Piece, a Party-Ballad. As before, if you remember, I ſent you a Specimen of my Hand-Writing, to teſtify my Qualification as a Clerk, ſo I preſume it will not be amiſs to give you a Taſte of my Talent at Doggrel, to enable you to paſs ſome Judgment on my Ability to accompliſh the intended Undertaking: I ſhall therefore lay before you a ſhort Reflection on my ſelf, for being not only a Bubble-Biter, but being Bubble-Bit. If the Fools Cap will fit any Body elſe, the Gentleman, whoever he is, is welcome to wear it. 'Tis the Fable of the Dog and the Shadow, a Story as old as *Paul's*, and, under the Roſe, in ſome Meaſure ſtole. But, I think, I may reaſonably be indulged a Liberty which ſome of our moſt celebrated modern Writers have taken without a Bluſh. My Lord *Foppington*'s Nonjuror, you know, is but the *Tartuff* in Maſquerade; and, were you to ſtrip any one of his numerous Compoſitions, of its borrowed Plumes, 'twould look, for all the World, like his Brother *Tom*, a damned impudent Fellow, and make but an awkward Figure, ſplit my Windpipe. If you think in your Conſcience I deſerve Encouragement, releaſe me from my Garret: If not, I'll e'en ſit my ſelf contented down under my Three-penny Planet.

The DOG and the SHADOW.

IN Days of Yore a Farmer's Dog,
An Eye-Servant, a thieving Rogue,
Took a ſly Tour around the Kitchen,
(Whilſt Kate *the Cook her Smock was ſtitching,*
And merry Roger *ſitting by her,*
Telling Love-Stories near the Fire)
And ſquinted Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South
To find out ſomething for the Mouth;
And in the Pantry, on a Hook,
He ſpies a Leg of Mutton ſtuck:
This, this muſt be the lucky Minute,
Or elſe, quoth he, the Devil's in it;
To ſteal it out, methinks, is eaſy,
Now Kate *and* Roger *are ſo buſy;*
So up he mounts on his Fore-Paws,
And gripes the Joint betwixt his Jaws:
But now I've got, thinks he, my Booty,
Leſt Joan *ſhould ſcold, or* Roger *ſhoot me;*
For Peace and Quiet ſake, 'tis better,
Upon Debate on the whole Matter,
To dine to Day acroſs the Water.
(Now here 'tis proper to be noted,
That Towzer's *Maſter's Houſe was moated)*
So in he jumps with his Tit-Bit,
And longs on t'other Side to get;

The

The fam'd Leander *cou'dn't more*
Desire to land on Hero's *Shore.*
But as the Moat was smooth and clear,
And gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
The Shadow of his All-get Prize
Presents it self before his Eyes:
Bless me! says he, here's noble Luck!
Here's Profit! Here's Increase of Stock!
Here's Cent. per Cent. got in a trice!
This Stock-Jobbing's a rare Device!
He said, ——— *And at the Shadow snaps,*
And down the Leg of Mutton drops;
Too late he does his Loss bemoan,
And sees at once his Prospect gone.
Speechless awhile the Puppy stood,
And lowr'd on the deceitful Flood;
But at the last, all drown'd in Tears,
He curs'd his Fate, and shook his Ears;
Was ever senseless Dog so bit?
Had ever Whelp so little Wit?
T' involve himself in so much Trouble
For a meer Shadow, for a BUBBLE.

Upon the bare Hopes of Success I have made bold to Christen my intended Paper, *The Projector.* N° I. I propose shall be wholly taken up in the Description of that *Leviathan* the *South Sea.* N° II. shall lash the *Fish Poole,* and therein I intend to introduce Sir *Richard Patentee,* and *William Assignee,* Esq;

diſcourſing on the ſecret Pleaſure and inward Satisfaction that attend thoſe who ſquare all their Actions according to the ſtrict Rules of Honour, Honeſty, and a Conſcience void of Offence, tho' both follow the Example of their great Maſter *Oliver*, and make Religion only a more commodious Cloak for their Knavery. In N° III. I ſhall demonſtrate, that *Sadlers-Hall* Directors are as good Mathematicians as the Gentlemen of the *Sun-Fire*, though the former as wiſely laid out Part of their Capital in *South-Sea* at 750, as the latter entruſted their whole *Darby* in the Hands of a Brace of Bankrupts. N° IV. I have allotted for *Salters-Hall* Remittances; though, I muſt tell you as a Secret, I deſign that Paper ſhall be ſingularly dull for ſome particular Reaſons that ſhall be nameleſs. But, you know, I ſhall be eſteemed the better Author for that, *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* And thus I propoſe to proceed, till I gradually deſcend to the laſt Step in the long Scale of Bubbles. I hope you'll excuſe me for putting my Brat ſo forward before I hear from you, ſince if you think him not worth the Rearing, I'll throw him immediately upon the Pariſh, and they'll take Care, for their own Intereſt, to ſtifle him before he grows up to Maturity. I am,

From my Garret in Grub-ſtreet.

Your old Correſpondent,
And humble Servant,
A. Z.

P. S. I have another Piece juſt ready for the Preſs, which I have entituled, *The unhappy Stock-jobber*, or, *The South-Sea Penitent*. Now, as I have a general Commiſſion from my Maſter to print what I think proper, and, as Poverty is a ready Inlet to all Roguery, I am ſtrangely tempted to expoſe it to Sale unknown to him; and if 'twill not anſwer Paper and Print, (which, by the way, I am a little afraid of) 'tis my Maſter's, and he is bound in Honour and Conſcience, you know, to ſtand to the Loſs

Loſs on't; if it takes a Run, 'tis my own, and he can't in Honour or Conſcience pretend to lay claim to it. This, I am very ſenſible, is the common Practice of your Firſt Rate Stockjobbers; and, pray tell me, why it may not be juſtifiable in your Laſt-Rate Pamphleteers? However, as I take you to be a ſhrewd Caſuiſt, I ſhall be wholly guided in this Affair, as well as the other, by your judicious Determination.

LETTER XXXVII.

——Turba
Tortum digna ſequi potius quam ducere Funem. Hor.

SIR,

THE Wiſdom of the Parliament being at preſent employed in endeavouring to relieve the Miſeries of the People, by Support of Publick Credit, I ſhan't preſume to ſay any thing upon that Point; but ſhall only ſend you ſome Thoughts concerning thoſe Perſons who have deſtroyed that Credit, and whom I hope to ſee meet with a Puniſhment proportioned to the Calamity they have brought upou us.

To triumph over People in Misfortunes, to inſult the Dejected, to ſtab the dead *Achilles*, whoſe very Name, when living, was a Terror, is the moſt ungenerous Behaviour in the World; but, I believe, I may freely ſpeak my Mind in Relation to thoſe Perſons, without the leaſt Fear of any Friend to them, either juſtifying their Behaviour, or cenſuring mine.

'Twas a Cuſtom in *Sparta* to encourage dextrous and ſucceſsful Rogues, but ſeverely to puniſh any that

that were apprehended in the Fact. Succeſsful Villainy has no where met with greater Applauſe than in this Nation; our Allies abroad, who have conſtantly abuſed and cheated us, are our deareſt Friends ſtill, and triumphant Iniquity has had a long uninterrupted Courſe at home. The Impunity, and perhaps Applauſe, other Betrayers of their Country have acted with, was no ſmall Encouragement to thoſe Gentlemen, who, I don't doubt, will quickly be recorded with that moſt odious Character. The Foxes, who have ſo long fatned upon our Stores, muſt never hope to eſcape, till reduced to their firſt ſpare Condition, and then, perhaps, not with a whole Skin; they who have ſo abus'd our good Nature, ſhould feel the Weight of our Reſentment. The Calamity they have brought upon us, will allow them no Place of Refuge. The juſt Indignation of the Populace will never ſuffer them at home; and they reſemble too much the *Miſſiſippians* to meet with any Favour in *France*; and our good Allies will be very unwilling to ſhelter thoſe Men abroad, by whoſe Means alone they will now be forced to fight their own Battles, pay their own Troops, and even ſupport the publick Expence out of their own publick Coffers; in ſhort, by whoſe Means they have loſt the Aſſiſtance of ſo rich and profuſely generous a Friend as *England* has always proved to them.

There is nothing can be a ſtronger Evidence of the great Injuſtice of thoſe Perſons, than that the collected Body of the Nation, the Parliament, ſhould be the only Power able to reſiſt them; nothing can convince us more of the great Calamity they have brought upon us, than that the Parliament it ſelf can only ſlightly cover the deep Wounds they have made. Common, though great Villains, are within Reach of the Law; and, though Lawgivers have ſometimes made no Proviſion againſt monſtrous enormous Crimes, as thinking it impoſſible for Man to be guilty of them,

them, that ſurely was never any Reaſon for letting ſuch Offenders eſcape. Robbing a Man of the leaſt Part of his Property is within the very Letter of the Law; and the Intent of that Law being to protect us in our Property, ſupport Society, and extirpate the Diſturbers of it, muſt neceſſarily include thoſe Perſons who have had ſo little Compaſſion as to defraud the whole Nation of its All, its whole Property. Kings have been forced to fly and abdicate for leſs Offences, for lighter Oppreſſions; and ſhall Directors eſcape? Shall we dethrone our Monarchs, who have an Hereditary Power over us, and were ſometimes thought to be above Law, and not capable of doing ill, and ſuffer Subjects (the loweſt and moſt infamous Subjects!) to go unpuniſh'd for the ſame Crimes?

A Man who endeavours to alienate the Affections of the People from the Crown, or makes any Attempt, though never ſo wild, never ſo unconcerted, in favour of the Pretender, ſuffers Death by the ſtanding Laws of the Land; and, I'll venture to ſay, that had the Directors been profeſs'd Nonjurors (Men whoſe unhappy, but avowed Principle it is to endeavour to overturn our preſent Conſtitution) they could no ways have concerted a more effectual Method of undermining our preſent Government, and advancing their own Cauſe. Too many were the Diſaffected before this Misfortune befel us; and People who are very well ſettled in their Allegiance to the Crown, even when there is no Competitor, no Rival, when oppreſſed with Miſery and Poverty, can ſcarce refrain from reflecting for publick Calamities, upon that Perſon in whoſe Reign they ſuffer them. The Miſery of our Nobility and Gentry, the encreaſed Wretchedneſs of our Poor, ſpeak in too loud Strains not to have reach'd every Ear; and, I believe, our Credit abroad is always found proportioned to our Condition at home. If then Poverty

verty at home, and the Conſequence of that, Diſcredit abroad, prove the Reſult of this bold Iniquity, every one muſt confeſs, that the Authors of it ſtrike at the Foundation of our Conſtitution; that they whoſe Credit and Reputation was deſigned as an invincible Bulwark againſt the Pretender, have opened the wideſt Breach for him to enter at.

I wiſh there was any one in that infamous Number who could be able, in any Degree, to clear his Reputation; but, I'm afraid, the kindeſt Excuſe that can be found for any of them will be, that they, out of Supineneſs or Folly, promoted or ſuffered what others had Villainy enough to contrive; for, I muſt own, there are ſome of that Body whoſe common Character will clear them of having any Manner of Deſign; but I can, by no Means, think this a ſufficient Excuſe; the Conſequence of their Neglect is the ſame to the Nation as the others Villainy; and the not oppoſing Treaſon is promoting it; every Member is equally anſwerable for the Breach of a Joint-Truſt: The very Deſign in the Inſtitution of Bodies corporate, is, that it may not be in the Power of ſome Few to oppreſs the Whole; that the Integrity and Vigilance of Some may be a Curb and Balance to the Reſt. A Man who accepts of a Joint Publick Truſt, and never interferes in the Management of it, is guilty of a very high Miſdemeanor, though no Misfortune attend that Neglect; and ſhall any who have all along ſhared in the Glory, and been Partakers of this ſucceſsful Iniquity, be diſtinguiſhed in the Judgment that attends ſuch daring Adventures. Aggregate Bodies are like the Idol in the Scriptures, which, though compoſed of Gold, Silver, Lead, and ſeveral other ordinary Materials, yet each contribute to the Support of the Body. Had, indeed, the honeſt Endeavours of Some proved ineffectual; had a villainous Majority over-powered the Reſt, the Infa-

my

my and Reward must then have light on their Heads; but had any of the *Preston* Gentlemen, who was never forced into Arms, and had never, during the time of Action, shewed any publick Dislike of the Cause he was engaged in, pleaded Ignorance of his Design, I believe it would have proved of little Service to him, unless the Folly of his Plea had convinced the Government, that there was no Danger in overlooking such an Offender. A Man who lends his Sword to another to commit Murther, is himself guilty of it; and those Persons who have suffered others to make use of the Power entrusted with them to such villainous Ends, are equally answerable for the Consequences of it, as if they had joined themselves in every Act.

I shall only add one thing further, that the World may rest satisfied in their Hopes of seeing those Offenders punished according to their Actions. The Power of the Commons delegated to the present Committee, will, no doubt, be exerted. Those Gentlemen will pursue the Iniquity, let it run never so far; they will discover the Head of the Spring through its infinite Meanders and Windings. There is no one too great or too powerful for them; and, I doubt not, but as their Power, so their Justice, will reach even to the highest; and, if what has been observed in the House should prove true, that there have been Villains who have not been Directors: If they have been the Tools and Instruments of illustrious Traytors, we may justly hope, that those Men whose Crimes have reduced them to an Equality with the lowest Offender, will be blended in one common Punishment; that they will not so far distinguish the Traytors, that while small Rogues are sent to *Newgate*, great Ones shall be only turned out of their Places.

There is no Defence those guilty Wretches can make, but what must convict them, their numberless ill-got Wealth, which, at one View, is sufficient

ent to condemn them, is, I believe, the only Means by which they hope to escape; the most covetous of them all would gladly distribute one half to secure with themselves the Possession of the other: But, I hope, we are not all of Directors Spirits, to ruin the Nation our selves, or suffer those who have, to go unpunish'd, out of private Interest. There are some, I hope, who dare resist this Almighty Golden Shower, and won't suffer the very Crimes of these Men to be their Protection; tho' how seldom this happens, the Observation in the following Story, with which I shall conclude my Letter, will sufficiently testify. A certain great Minister, who was called to Account by his Successors for embezzling the publick Money, to a prodigious immense Sum, a Sum so great that nothing but his Life was thought a sufficient Attonement. In these Circumstances an intimate Friend questioned him, with some Freedom, Whether he had cheated the Publick of so great a Sum? and, upon his Denial of the Fact, said, 'I am sorry for 'it; for, if you had got so large a Sum, you 'might have escaped; but now you'll certainly be 'hang'd.

PHILO BRITANNUS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR,

THE Holy Scriptures being the only Rule of our Faith, the only certain Guide in the Affairs of eternal Salvation, nothing can be more uſeful than to ſhew what is the beſt Method of diſcerning the true Senſe of thoſe Sacred Writings, and attaining a right Underſtanding of the Will of God therein contained. If we follow a falſe Light, or make uſe of wrong Means, we may turn this heavenly Food into Poiſon, and make what was given us for our Preſervation from damnable Hereſies, an Occaſion of falling into them. We cannot therefore be too cautious in this Affair, nor guard too much againſt that Preſumption and Self-ſufficiency, which tempts us to imagine, *that bare Reaſon, unaſſiſted by any other Help, is ſufficient to fathom all the Depths of the Oracles of God.* The Authors of the *Independent Whig* have, in many Papers ſet themſelves to eſtabliſh this raſh Aſſertion; and, by attributing to the Scriptures ſuch a Perſpicuity, as it is in Fact evident they have not, have given ſcope for the Cavils of the Enemies of Revelation, and Promoters of *Deiſm.* To preſcribe to God how he ought to have revealed his Will, and to require thoſe Things as neceſſary to divine Revelation, which Experience evinces not to have been complied with in the Chriſtian, can only ſerve the Cauſe of Atheiſm; and I wiſh it was not ſo intended. The ſame prophane Complaints againſt God might with as much Juſtice be urged, becauſe he has not wrote the Scriptures in ſome univerſal Language, which the whole World might have underſtood without precariouſly depending on *Human* Tranſlations; and will be as concluſive for the Neceſſity thereof, as for the Neceſſity of the Scripture's being clear and intel-

intelligible to the Reaſon of all Men, even of the meaneſt Capacities, without any Recourſe to thoſe Helps, which I ſhall now prove to be the ſureſt Way of attaining the true Senſe thereof.

To underſtand the true Meaning of any ancient Writing, we ought to be acquainted with the Uſages and Cuſtoms of the Time and Nation in which it was wrote, thoſe Accidents and Circumſtances which occaſioned the writing it, and (ſince the Senſe of Words is continually changing, the Meaning in which ſuch and ſuch Words were uſed at the Time when the Author flouriſhed. Without a juſt Knowledge of theſe Particulars, we can never have a true Underſtanding of what was wrote near ſeventeen hundred Years ago; and it is highly unreaſonable to expect to underſtand the Writings of the New Teſtament, without a previous Knowledge of the Cuſtom of the Apoſtolick Age, to which frequent Alluſion is therein made of the Controverſies then in the Church, which gave Occaſion to the writing of the Epiſtles, and to which the greateſt Part of ſome of them wholly relates, and of the original Signification of divers Words and Phraſes, which now ſtand for far different Ideas. And of what Service can *Reaſon* be in this? Of no other certainly than to direct us to look for theſe Things where only they are to be found, in the Writings of THE FATHERS. Ay. but, ſay our Independent Whigs, *the Fathers were fallible as well as we.* Who doubts it? But what then? We do not recommend them as infallible, but as Men who had better Opportunities of coming to the true Senſe of Scripture than we; they were nearer the Fountain Head, and converſed with the Apoſtles, or Apoſtolick Men, who muſt needs know the Mind of the divinely inſpired Authors much better than we can at this Diſtance pretend to do. We cannot ſuppoſe that the Apoſtles neglected to inſtruct their Diſciples in the great Truths of Religion; neither can we ſuſpect, that the

the noble Army of primitive Martyrs and Confessors wilfully would corrupt, or unfaithfully transmit to Posterity the great Trust committed to them. And though some of them might have singular Opinions, that is no Objection, since it is not their own private Thoughts, but what they testify to have been the Doctrine and Practice of the Church in those early Ages that we recommend; and this we rely on, in Justification of our forsaking the *Romish* Errors, not on the fallacious Dictates of a *private Spirit*. They who prefer their own wild and extravagant Fancies to the Judgment of the *Primitive Church*, wrest the Scriptures to their own Damnation; and I shall not scruple to say, in the Words of Archbishop BRAMHALL one of our best Writers against *Popery*, That *the promiscuous License given to all Sorts of People, qualified or unqualified, not only to read, but to interpret the Scriptures according to their private Spirit, or particular Fancies, without any Regard to the Analogy of Faith, or the Interpretations of the Doctors of former Ages, is more pernicious both to particular* Christians, *and whole Societies, than the over-rigorous Restraint of the* Romanists.

Yours, &c.

EUSEBIUS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Nec Veneris Pharetris macer eſt, aut Lampade fervet,
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote Sagittæ. Juven.

SIR,

AMONG the many calamitous Caſes the preſent Misfortunes have brought upon the Nation, the following one, I believe, may deſerve your Conſideration.

I am a Country Gentlewoman, paſt (I'm afraid) the Meridian of my Age, but yet not old; remarkable neither for Beauty nor Deformity; my Education has been ſuch as has furniſhed me with all the Female Accompliſhments to ſome Perfection, and given me, as I am told, not a diſagreeable Turn of Converſation; with theſe Qualities and a ſmall Fortune I have ſtill rather been deſpiſed than courted by the Gentlemen; and though no one could give greater Encouragement than I did, the kindeſt Things I could ever provoke any of them to ſay of me was, ——— Faith, the Woman's well enough; ——— 'Tis Pity ſhe has not more Money.

I thought indeed, if I had any Pretenſions to the good Opinion of any Perſon, it was to *Philargurus*, a Gentleman endowed with every agreeable Quality, and (till lately) ſuppoſed to have enjoyed a very happy Fortune: This Gentleman had for ſome time followed me into all Company, and directed all his Diſcourſe to me; and in ſhort, took every handſome Opportunity of ſhewing ſo particular a Complaiſance to me, that a Woman of leſs Vanity than my ſelf might eaſily have imputed it to Love. I had too much Regard to him to return his Civilities with Contempt

tempt, and too much to my ſelf, ever to feed the natural Vanity of your Sex by too great a Condeſcenſion.

Thus, Sir, we continued till the Time of the South Sea; for you muſt know, though I am deſcended of a very honourable and honeſt Family, I had ſome Relations among the Directors, by whoſe friendly Advice I truſted my whole ſmall Fortune in Stock and Subſcriptions; which was ſcarce known, but *Philargurus*, who underſtood the great Value of thoſe Chimerical Things, grew paſſionately in Love with me, which indeed he acted beyond Suſpicion. Oh! Mr. *Miſt*, had you been a Witneſs to all the ſoft, kind, tender Things that fatal Youth has breathed with Kiſſes on my Lips; to all the Vows, Oaths, and Imprecations, with which that perjured Charmer has deceived me, you would eaſily excuſe the unhappy Confidence I put in him; every thing I did was agreeable; every thing I ſaid witty; and my very Follies and Imperfections grew inſenſibly into new Beauties: And ſuch, Sir, is the powerful Force of Flattery to our Sex, that as I grew more handſome, more agreeable every Day in his Eye, I muſt confeſs I did ſo in my own; I began to think my very Glaſs flattered me, and ſeemed to confirm the Truth of thoſe innumerable Charms which his deluding Tongue had ſo liberally beſtowed upon me.

In this happy Deluſion, I, Sir, true to my Sex, tho' infinitely pleaſed with his Addreſs, choſe neither to contemn, nor too ſoon to yield to his Paſſion, but gave him Room to entertain the diſtant but promiſing Hope of a not rejected Love: But upon the wild and unexpected Succeſs of the South Sea, together with the Fear of a Rival, my Lover grew ſo very impatient, that it was with the utmoſt Difficulty I could prevail with him to ſubmit to thoſe Forms and Ceremonies in Courtſhip, which make up the moſt pleaſant and

and agreeable Part of a Woman's Life: In short, nothing but the most solemn Exchange of our Loves, and the most inviolable Contract, could satisfy him that I did not intend to deceive; and this was solemnly performed by both of us. But now, Mr. *Miſs*, opens the ſad Cataſtrophe.

My Lover, you muſt know, was a conſtant Frequenter of the Coffee-houſes, and waited with as much Impatience the Return of the Poſt, as a Prime Miniſter does the moſt weighty Expreſs; in a little Time I ſenſibly perceived a Decay of Paſſion; his Love turned to Civility, and his Impatience to Coldneſs; and though I had too much Vanity at firſt to impute the Riſe of his Love to that of the Stock; I had too much Senſe not to ſee it leſſen with the Fall; I ſoon found he calculated the Increaſe or Loſs of Beauty, like a *Dutchman*, that I grew ſome Days Cent. per Cent. more diſagreeable than before; though indeed I could read in my Lover the gradual or extraordinary Fall of Stock as plainly as he did in the News-Papers. Now every Thing I ſaid was inſipid; my Behaviour grew aukward; I could not ſo much as ſtick a Patch to pleaſe him, and my Fortune growing every Day leſs and leſs, is now reduced to ſo inconſiderable a Value, that I am the direct Reverſe of what I was, and am grown downright intolerable. He has now left the Country, and informed me by a Letter of his Reſolution never to ſee it more.

I might here with great Juſtice exclaim againſt the Ingratitude and ungenerous Behaviour of your Sex; whilſt my Fortune could purchaſe Diamonds, my Eyes were all Brilliants, but now they are reduced to their natural Luſtre, and burn like two Ruſh-Lights; my Hair, which was then exceeding fair, is now returned to its original red, and the Sweetneſs of my Lips, which that Ungrate too oft has praiſed, is now left the Perquiſite of my old Favourite Cat.

Though

Though this Behaviour of his had ſufficiently fixed me in my Reſolution never to have him, I was mighty deſirous of ſatisfying my Curioſity with the Reaſons of ſuch ungenerous Uſage; upon which, at my Requeſt, an intimate Friend to us both, went to him, and charg'd him with his diſhonourable Practices, his infinite Perjuries, and preſſed him with the great Obligation of the Contract he had ſo ſolemnly made. Upon which the Gentleman, with a Modeſty natural to his Country, told him plainly, that he confeſſed indeed he had made a Contract with the Lady, but he vow'd and proteſted it was a Subſcription Contract, and conſequently void for Want of a Receipt. ——— That indeed the Lady had given him the Refuſal of her Stock too, but he feared it would never again bear ſuch a Price, as to make it worth his Acceptance. ——— Then with an inſolent Air ſwore he pitied me ——— but it was a common Calamity, ——— and he hoped to ſee the Directors puniſhed.

Now, Sir, what vexes me, is not ſo much the Loſs of the Fellow (eſpecially ſince he is known to be the Spawn of a neighbouring Iſle, noted for having great Eſtates abroad and none at Home) as the intolerable Pleaſure my Diſappointment has given my Female Acquaintance; for you muſt know, when I thought my Happineſs ſo near, I grew exceeding pert, and was often too merry and jocoſe with the Word Maid (a Name moſt of my Acquaintance have wore till 'tis grown old.) And now they all know *Philargurus* has left me and the Country, they are continually teazing me with ſo many ill-natured Queſtions, and ſpiteful Commendations of him, that they will ſcarce give each other Liberty to ſpeak. ——— Lord, ſays one, he is a wonderful fine Gentleman, you need make it a Secret, we all know he is gone for a Diamond Hoop. ——— Well you are a happy Lady —— Well, I vow, ſays another, you

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are grown exceſſively melancholy ſince he left the Country; but indeed the Abſence of ſo agreeable a Lover might juſtify a greater Concern, but without doubt he joins in your Uneaſineſs, and thinks the Time exceeding long, ——— I warrant you he will ride Poſt from Town.

Now, Mr. *Miſt*, this is not to be borne; I beg the Favour of you therefore to recommend my Caſe to the World in the beſt manner you can, that if the Parliament ſhould think fit to ſet aſide all Subſcription Contracts and Bargains for Time, the Circumſtances of my Caſe being conſidered, they may in their profound Wiſdom judge it reaſonable to confirm my Contract, and ſuffer me to be excepted in the Act, that how far ſoever the Act may diſappoint other Contractors, I may be always provided.

If I meet with no Succeſs, I am determined ſhortly to leave this Country; for I cannot bear the Thoughts of living any longer here under the odious Name of Spinſter.

Philo-Britannia.

N. B. My Brother, who has been at *Oxford*, and is juſt come from the *Temple*, read this over, and has added ſomething of his own, and fixed the Motto, which, he ſays, is mightily to the Purpoſe; I hope there is no Harm in it.

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LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR,

I Shall in this Letter vindicate the Ceremonies of our CHURCH from the Cavils of the *Independent Whigs*, who have attacked them with a more than common Malice and Bitterneſs; their chief Objection againſt them is, that Chriſt having aboliſhed the *Jewiſh* Ceremonial Laws, and enjoin'd the Uſe of no particular Ceremonies under the Chriſtian Diſpenſation, it is conſequently unlawful, nay, deſtructive of true Chriſtianity to impoſe them. But it is certain in Fact, that this Way of arguing is juſtly chargeable with that, of which it falſly accuſes our Church, the deſtroying of all Religion; for, if no uncommanded Ceremonies are to be uſed in the Chriſtian Diſpenſation, there can be no publick Worſhip of God at all. The Time, Place, Method, Geſture, and other Circumſtances of Chriſtian Worſhip, are no where in Scripture expreſsly determined; ſo that unleſs the Governors of the Church be left to ſettle theſe, as in their Prudence they ſee moſt conducing to Order, Decency, and Edification, all Chriſtian Worſhip muſt ceaſe. Such a diſcretionary Power has been always thought to be included in St. *Paul*'s Precept, *Let all things be done decently, and in Order*: This our Independent Whigs themſelves allow *to be deſigned to prevent Confuſion*; and how can that be prevented, where all the external Circumſtances of religious Worſhip are left to every Man's Humour and Caprice? What would a Congregation ſo aſſembled ſo much reſemble as the Builders of *Babel*? *Ay, but*, ſay they, *it does not appear that the* Corinthians, *on reading this Text, concluded, that they were to uſe Surplices*, &c. And what then? If they concluded, that they

were to uſe ſuch Ceremonies as were moſt decent and expedient for that Time and Place, that is a ſufficient Warrant for our Church to enjoin ſuch as are moſt decent and expedient now. There is no Neceſſity that Ceremonies ſhould be at all Times, and in all Places the ſame; for they have been, and may be changed according to the Diverſity of Countries, Times, and Mens Manners; and every particular or national Church hath Authority to ordain, change and aboliſh them, ſo all things be done to edifying, as our 34th Article inſtructs us. This I urge in Relation to thoſe Ceremonies in our Church, which are uſed in the Primitive, but the moſt of thoſe they inſtance in, are venerable primitive Uſages. The Sign of the Croſs in Baptiſm, however cenſured by theſe Scoffers, as a *Popiſh Trick*, we are aſſured by *Tertullian* was uſed in his Time, *in immortali Lavacro*; St. Cyprian witneſſes, *That thoſe who were thought worthy to be admitted to Chriſtianity, were ſigned with it in their Foreheads*; and the ſame Uſage is reckoned by St. *Baſil* among the fixed Conſtitutions of the Church; and it is no improbable Conjecture of ſome learned Commentators, that the Sign of the Croſs is that with which the Servants of the living God are marked in the Forehead, *Rev.* vii. 4.

Bowing toward the Eaſt was alſo an antient primitive Rite, and no more implies that God is preſent there only, than *David*'s lifting up his Hands toward the Temple; and *Daniel*'s praying with his Face toward *Jeruſalem* imply, that they thought God preſent only in that Quarter of the World. Let us hear what our *Independent Whigs* urge, not only againſt this, but all Bowing in divine Service. *It is not*, ſay they, *enjoined in Scripture.* I reply, that it is in Scripture enjoined us, that we ſhould worſhip God with our Body, as well as Spirit, 1 *Cor.* vi. 20. and the external Modes of Worſhip are, by the Scripture Rule, to be ſettled, as is moſt decent and orderly; and, if any Man

Man is contentious againſt the Determinations of the Church in theſe things, he is to be vouchſafed no other Anſwer, than that of St. *Paul*, *We have no ſuch Cuſtom, neither the Churches of God*, 1 Cor. xi. 16.

The Uſe of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick in Divine Worſhip is a grievous Eye-ſore to our *Independent Whigs*, and they let looſe all their Satire and Buffoonry againſt it: And yet we find St. *John*, in the Seventh Chapter of the *Revelations*, deſcribing the *Four and Twenty Elders and the Four Beaſts falling down before the Lamb*, (which ſurely is Chriſtian Worſhip) *having every one of them Harps, and ſinging a new Song*; and we are commanded by St. *Paul*, to make uſe of *Pſalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, ſinging and making Melody in our Hearts unto the Lord*. Eph. v. 19. Col. iii. 16.

But, ſay they, *if two Ceremonies may be enjoyned, why not two Thouſand?* Which is as much as to ſay, if you maintain that the Church may enjoyn as many Ceremonies as the Decency and Order of publick Worſhip require, why may ſhe not by the ſame Power enjoin ſo many as will deſtroy all Decency and Order, and make it a ridiculous Piece of Popery? Men that argue at this idle Rate ſcarce deſerve a ſerious Anſwer. As to the ſpecious Plea of *Chriſtian Liberty*, all the Texts relating to it, evidently ſpeak of a Liberty from the Yoke of the Jewiſh Law; but a Liberty from obeying our Church Governours, is ſo far from being indulged, that we are expreſly commanded *to obey them, who have the Rule over us, and to ſubmit our ſelves unto them*: And they who refuſe to do ſo, *uſe their Liberty for a Cloak of Maliciouſneſs, and are not the Servants of God.*

LETTER XL.

Mr. *Miſt*,

THO' ſome blame your Paper as not ſtored with its wonted Variety, and ſo well fitted as formerly to pleaſe their ſeveral Guſts; yet when Irreligion and Prophaneneſs, Atheiſm and Impiety, with a daring Boldneſs bid Defiance to Chriſtianity and Goodneſs; when under the Veil of cavilling with ſome extrinſical and indifferent Things, the Order and Diſcipline, nay the very Fundamentals of our Religion are plainly endeavoured to be ſubverted; a Defence of thoſe excellent Truths and ſacred Myſteries ſhould from any Hand be acceptable, eſpecially ſo ingenious a Hand as *Euſebius*, who by his conciſe, and ſtrenuous Arguments, drawn from both Reaſon and Revelation, has given us an evident Demonſtration how throughly capable he is to defend us againſt the ſubtile Invations, and cunning Sophiſtry of thoſe Senſualiſts, whoſe Aims can be nothing leſs than to undermine all Religion. 'Tis likewiſe to be conſidered how happy may be the Conſequences of thus inſerting a Defence in a publick Paper of ſo general an Eſteem, whereby thoſe good Notions will, by being every where diffuſed, be a Means to arm many unwary and unſtable Souls againſt ſuch pernicious Inſinuations of our Independent Gentlemen, who by exploding all they can't comprehend, as ſophiſtical Chimæra's, *&c.* plainly diſcover their true Sentiments in copying after the profeſſed Atheiſts, who in this glaring Sun-ſhine of the Goſpel Diſpenſation, have dared to deny the very Exiſtence of a Deity, ſo contrary to the received Opinion of all the moſt barbarous Nations under the whole Cope of Heaven: 'Tis ſtrange to think that Men profeſſing Chriſtianity, ſhould

ſhould condemn every Doctrine that comes not within the Reach of their own ſhallow Capacities; in them as Chriſtians, 'tis the moſt amazing Inſolence and Folly to affirm, that thoſe Things of which we can frame no perfect Idea, that we can't comprehend and bring down to the Standard of human Reaſon, are irrational Abſurdities. If Chriſtians, as they profeſs, they muſt acknowledge that Scripture does in the plaineſt Terms ſignify to us, that the Son, the expreſs Image of God, and the Brightneſs of his Glory, was coeternal with the Father; that he was made Man, *&c.* and what more ſtupendious, than this Inſtance of his Incarnation? What can more ſurpaſs the Imagination of all Mankind? And yet that it was thus, we have to our Comfort, the beſt and ſtrongeſt Teſtimonies that could poſſibly be produced. Then how irreconcileable is the Paradox, and what a Dilemma have they brought themſelves into, by aſſerting thus, when as Chriſtians, they muſt own the very firſt Step taken to introduce our holy Religion, was the very Myſtery of Myſteries, what no human Being can frame adequate Notions of, but at the very Thought muſt be loſt in Wonder and Amazement; and the Ground-work and Foundation was not only begun with Wonder, but propagated and eſtabliſhed by Abundance of Miracles: But theſe are they that exalt themſelves above all that is called God; and tho' the Romaniſts hold ſome very pernicious Tenets, and their Superſtitions are Enormities not to be borne, yet theſe are with more Juſtice and Propriety to be eſteemed Antichriſtian. Theſe are they that diſdain Subjection, that uſe their Freedom for a Cloak of Maliciouſneſs, would fain be, as they ſtile themſelves, Independent, and ſhake off all Obligations of Obedience to God or their King. For as their haughty Souls diſdain to ſubject their Reaſon, or yield an implicite Faith to any Injunction or Commands of God ſurpaſſing their

Underſtanding; ſo their Loyalty to their King is no leſs precarious, and they ſcorn to obey any longer than is conſiſtent with their Intereſt or Humour: Their Notions of Religion and Government are both mean and ſordid; they are equal Enemies to God and their Prince, the very Bane of Society, and whoſe Principles have beyond all Diſpute, the directeſt Tendency to deſtroy every Thing juſt and good, and reduce the World to a State of Anarchy and Confuſion.

The inſpired Penman plainly intimates our utter Incapacity of arriving at a thorough Knowledge of theſe divine Myſteries, when he ſays, we now ſee but through a Glaſs darkly: And theſe Gentlemen of ſublime Thought and Perſpicuity, that think by Searching to find out God, to know the Ways of his Wiſdom, and find out the Almighty to Perfection; that think to meaſure the Heavens with a Span, and vye with Omnipotence it ſelf in Science, would do well to conſider, that Things nearer and more familiar to us are ſo abſtruſely concealed, that the moſt learned and ingenious Diſſertations of the beſt Philoſophers, are but as probable Conjectures, and far from arriving at a Demonſtration: 'Twas a noble Obſervation of the Divine *Seneca*, who after the ſtricteſt Search into the Operations of Nature, ſenſible like a truly wiſe Man of his own Weakneſs and Deficiency, cries out, *Veniet Tempus quo poſteriores noſtri, tam aperta nos neſciiſſe mirentur.*

And indeed every Age makes new Diſcoveries; and the World, as it grows in Age, improves in Knowledge. How ſtrange is it to think, that ſo rational and plain a Doctrine as the Circulation of the Blood ſhould have remained undiſcovered through ſo many learned and inquiſitive Ages? And poſſibly After-Ages may, by making newer Diſcoveries, admire the Ignorance of this, even of theſe very philoſophical comprehenſive Men; ſo that it is not only Things Divine and Spiritual, but

but Earthly and Temporal, that abundantly ſurpaſs our Reaſon or Imagination. *Cogito, ergo ſum*, is a prime Concluſion with Philoſophers, who believed Thinking the moſt evident Proof of Being; our Words and Actions are likewiſe performed, as directed by our Thoughts; and yet how little, what leſs do we know of any Thing in Nature than of this Operation of the Soul? and yet how abſurd would it be to ſay, that becauſe I cannot comprehend or define how it is I think, I therefore do not think, or ſpeak, or act, or exiſt? So that here lies the Difference between apprehending and comprehending; we know and are aſſured of many Things that we are unable to comprehend or account for.

If we look into our ſelves, and conſider our Make and Frame, what can be more wonderful? But when we conſider the Soul of Man, clothed with Fleſh, to think how an immaterial Being can be ſo confined, or wherein conſiſts the Unity, that its Knowledge ſhould keep equal Pace with the Growth of the Body, and depend upon the Extenſion, Make, and Proportion of the Organs for its Operations, are Wonders that we cannot attain to the leaſt Apprehenſion of. The meaneſt Thing in the Creation is really wonderful: A Worm, that appears by its Compoſition to be the neareſt to mere Matter, does, by a Natural Inſtinct, avoid Things hurtful: Birds, by Inſtinct, according to their ſeveral Species, thro' all Changes of Time, nidify, or make Neſts after the ſame Manner; and yet what this Inſtinct is, and how they are thus directed by it, is full as difficult to know, as the very Fountain of our own Thoughts; ſo that when Philoſophers ſay Things are performed by Inſtinct, they mean by ſome innate Power, ſome occult Cauſe, they know not what, which rather diſcovers their own Weakneſs than ſatisfies our Enquiry. Add to this, the Differences of Opinion in Natural Things, and each defended

with ſeeming Probabilities; no ſurer Argument of the Weakneſs and Uncertainty of human Reaſon. Theſe Conſiderations, one would think, ſhould humble Mens Minds, and ſeeing they are not competent Judges of the Cauſes of the plaineſt Things in Nature, ſhould believe what God himſelf has revealed, though beyond their Comprehenſion. But I have inſiſted long enough upon this, and innumerable are the Arguments that may from hence be drawn; but I hope this will be ſufficient to expoſe that fallacious Plea of Idea's, Notions, *&c.* which, if you pleaſe to inſert, you'll oblige

Your aſſured Friend,
And Correſpondent,
E. S.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Perceive that Yours and the *London* Journal are now in moſt Requeſt, and have juſtled out your Brethren from our Morning's Entertainment. Your Paper is renowned for a Religious, his for a Political Zeal. You commendably combat Atheiſts, he Traytors: And ſure there never was an Age in which, wiſe and brave Antagoniſts to both, were more needful: Yet as Love to the Commonweal has not ſo entirely devoted him, but he can find Place to intermeddle with Religion, and inſert a long Letter even in Defence of Quakeriſm, ſo you ſometimes give us a Diſſertation of Politicks. I imagine this Conduct is intended by both to relieve and quicken the Mind by treating of various Subjects; but as this is only a Change from one grave Subject to another, and as the Generality of your Readers rather

rather ſeek Diverſion than Improvement, give me Leave to mention a little of Poetry, to which both thoſe Topicks were formerly not a little indebted. 'Tis true, you diſperſe Rhymes among us with a too liberal Hand, but with great Reſpect to your Correſpondents of Poetry we ſee little; and I preſume the beſt of them will not take it ill, if you defer publiſhing their Compoſitions in Regard to Mr. *Dryden*: Not that I ſend you the following Lines as the moſt excellent which that great Poet produced, but to refer to your Determination a very warm Diſpute (and therefore I remember the Day) which I had on the laſt of the paſt Year with a moſt worthy Gentleman. It is my good Fortune ſeldom to diſagree with him only on this Occaſion; he is an Admirer of the *French* Poets, while I maintain, that they ſhew no great Genius, and that the Language is not capable of Poetry. Be not alarmed, as if I intended a long Criticiſm in Vindication of my Aſſertion; I ſhall only relate the Verſes he quoted out of *Moliere* as preferable to thoſe which Mr. *Dryden* has publiſhed on the ſame Occaſion. They were ſpoken by no leſs a God than *Jupiter*, to pacify *Amphitrion* for making him a Cuckold, and to comfort Mankind, by foretelling them the Effect of a long luxurious Night.

Moliere makes *Jupiter* ſpeak thus.

Chez toy doit naiſtre un fils qui ſous le nom d' Hercule,
Remplira de ſes faits tous le vaſte Univers.
L'clat d'une fortune en mille biens feconde,
Fera connoiſtre a tous, que je ſuis ton ſupport;
Et je mettray tout le monde
Au point d'envier ton ſort.

Mr. *Dryden* thus.

On this auſpicious Night ſhall riſe an Heir
Great, like his Sire, and like his Mother fair!
Wrongs to redreſs, and Tyrants to diſſeize,
Born for a World that wants a Hercules.
Monſters, and Monſter-Men he ſhall ingage,
And toil and ſtruggle thro' an impious Age.
Peace to his Labours ſhall at length ſucceed,
And murm'ring Men unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happineſs by Need.

We have had a Wager on this Point, you are our Judge, and the Winner is to begin your Health in a Bumper of Champaign.

I am, Sir,
Your Friend and Servant,
D. W.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. *Miſt*,

THE long Letters you have lately publiſhed in your Journal, encourages me to ſend you the following Story. I doubt not but 'twill, at leaſt, be very diverting to moſt of your Readers, becauſe I believe 'tis very uncommon; but, indeed, the chief Reaſon of my ſending it to you is, 1ſt, That I hope the rare Example of thoſe truly brave and loyal Gentlemen, Attendants on the King, will excite and ſtir up the brave Reſolution of my Country-Men to an Imitation of their Vertue, whenever they

they are called to it: And, 2dly, That the pious Example of the good King will be an excellent Inſtruction for gaining the Mercies we ſo much want; how to behave our ſelves in the Enjoyment of them; and this Behaviour is the only ſure way to retain the Poſſeſſion when once 'tis granted: But the Relation is as follows;

'The Name of *Ruthen* in *Scotland* was not notorious until *Anno* 1560, when *Ruthen*, amongſt others, Confederates in thoſe divided Times of Trouble, labour'd much for the impriſoning Queen *Mary*, Mother to King *James* the Firſt. In 1582 his Son *William* was created Earl *Gowry* in the Time of that King's Minority, though the Father bore deadly Hatred to the King's Proſperity; and in 1584 himſelf was in actual Rebellion, in which he ſuffer'd at *Dundee*. His eldeſt Son *John*, then in Travel in *Italy*, returns home to inherit his Lands and Honours, but not one Jot changed in his Diſpoſition from the traiterous Ways of his Predeceſſors; for, not long after, he falls into this Conſpiracy.

'The Houſe of *Gowry* were all of them much addicted to ſtudy Chymiſtry, and theſe more to practiſe it, often publiſhing more rare Experiments than ever could be performed, wherein the King (a general Scholar) had little Faith. But, to infuſe more Credit to the Practice, *Alexander Ruthen*, the ſecond Brother, takes this Occaſion, and withal conſpires with *Gowry* to aſſaſſinate the King; and taking Opportunity in his Hunting, not far from his Houſe at *St. Johnſtoun*, invites the King to be an Eye-Witneſs of his Productions. In their Way Sir *Thomas Erskin* overtakes them, and others, demanding of the Duke of *Lenox*, then preſent, why *Alexander* had engroſſed the King's Ear, to carry him from his Sports? *Peace Man*, ſaid the Duke, *wee's all be turned into Gold*. Not far they rid, but that the Earl *Gowry* made good, by Proteſtation,

on,

'on, his Brother's Story; and thus the King was 'brought to be a Gueſt.

'Near the End of Dinner, at his Fruit, and 'the Lords and Waiters gone to eat, *Alexander* 'begs of the King, at this Opportunity to withdraw, 'and to be Partaker of his Production, to the 'View of that which yet he could not believe. 'And up he leads the King into By-Lodgings, 'locking each Door behind them, till they came 'into a back Room, where they no ſooner enter'd, 'but that *Alexander* claps on his Bonnet, and with 'a ſtern Countenance faces the King, and ſays, "Now, Sir, you muſt know, I had a Father, "whoſe Blood calls for Revenge, ſhed for your "ſake." The King, amazed, deals gently with 'his Fury, excuſes the Guilt of his Death by his 'then Infancy, adviſing him not to lay violent 'Hands on the ſacred Perſon of his Sovereign, 'eſpecially in a Cauſe of his Innocency, pleading 'the Laws of God and Man; which ſo wrought 'upon him, that he ſaid, "Well, I will ſpeak 'with my Brother"; ſo put the King into a Lob-'by-Room next the Chamber, where he no ſooner 'enter'd, but there appear'd a Fellow weapon'd 'ready for Execution, to whoſe Cuſtody the King 'is committed till his Return.

'*Alexander* being gone down, the Fellow trem-'bles, with Reverence puts down his Sword, and 'craves Pardon; which gave the King Occaſion to 'work upon that Paſſion, and to ask him, whether 'he reſolved to murther him? Being aſſured to 'the contrary, the King got Leave to open a Win-'dow that look'd into a back Court.

'When preſently *Alexander* returns, and tells 'the King, that he muſt die; but, much affrighted 'at the Fellow's Countenance, with his Sword 'offers Violence to the King; which the Fellow 'ſeemingly oppoſes, and between them began a 'Scuffle, which gave Advantage to the King to cry 'Treaſon at the Window, which look'd into a

'back

'back Court, where Sir *Thomas Erskin*, and one '*Herries* were come in Purſuit of the King, who 'was rumour'd to be gone out the back Way to 'his Hunting.

'At the cry of Treaſon, and known to be the 'King's Voice, they both haſten'd up a back Stair, 'called the *Turnpike*, being directed by a Servant 'of the Houſe, who ſaw *Alexander* aſcend that 'Way, and ſo forcing ſome Doors, they found 'them above, panting with the Fray; and up 'comes alſo at the Heels of them, *John Ramſay*; by 'them *Alexander* was ſoon diſpatched.

'Not long after came the Earl *Gowry* (by his 'double Key) the firſt Way, with a Caſe of Ra-'piers, his uſual Weapons, and ready drawn; to 'whom *Erskin* ſaid, as to divert his Purpoſe, "What do you mean, my Lord? the King is kill'd." '(for the King was ſhadow'd, having caſt him-'ſelf upon a Bed from his Sight, and his Cloak 'was thrown upon the Body of *Alexander* bleed-'ing upon the Ground;) at which *Gowry* ſtops, 'ſinking the Points of his Weapons, when ſuddenly '*Herries* ſtrikes at him with a hunting Falchion; 'and *Ramſey*, having his Hawk on his Fiſt, caſts 'her off, and ſteps in to *Gowry*, and ſtabs him to 'the Heart, and forthwith more Company came up.

'Not long after this Conſpiracy *Herries* dies, 'well rewarded; *John Ramſey* hath the Honour of 'Knighthood, with an additional Bearing to his 'Coat of Arms, A Hand holding forth a Dagger 'reverſed, another piercing a bloody Heart, the 'Point crown'd Imperial, with this Diſtich, *Hæc 'Dextra Vindex Principis & Patriæ*: Afterwards he 'was created Lord *Haddington*, and Earl of *Holder-'neſs*.

'Sir *Thomas Erskin* was afterwards created Earl 'of *Kelly*, Knight of the Garter, Captain of the 'King's Guards, and Groom of the Stole; and 'the Fellow deſign'd for the Murtherer, had a large 'Penſion confirm'd by Act of the Parliament.

'And

'And all theſe Men (but *Herries*) were living, 'with other Witneſſes, at King *James*'s Journey, 'when he went from hence to viſit *Scotland*, and met 'together, by Direction, at the ſame Houſe, with 'Ceremony; and all of them, with a Number of 'Courtiers, aſcended into the ſame Room, the Blood 'yet remaining, where the King related the whole 'Story, which was confirmed by them; and after-'wards kneeling down, with Tears of Contrition 'for his Sins to God, and Thankfulneſs for this 'Mercy, uſing many pious Ejaculations, embraced 'all theſe Actors in the former Tragedy; when the 'poor Fellow alſo kiſs'd the King's Hand.

'This Treaſon was attempted the 4th of *Auguſt* '1600, and though there followed ſundry Suſpici-'ons and Examinations of ſeveral other Perſons, 'ſuppoſed Abettors, or Contrivers, yet it lay undiſ-'covered until eight Years after, when one *George* '*Sprot*, Notary Publick of *Ayemouth* in *Scotland*, was 'ſuſpected from ſome Words, which at firſt he ſpa-'ringly, or unawares expreſſed, and alſo by ſome 'Papers which were found in his Houſe; whereof 'being examined, with a little ado he confeſſed, 'and was condemned and executed at *Edinburgh* 'the 12th of *Auguſt* 1608.

I doubt not but you will ſatisfy my Deſire.

I am,

Your moſt humble Servant,

LOYALTY.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

SIR,

BE pleaſed in one of your Papers to allow a Place to the following Piece, from

Your humble Servant,

B. M.

The OAK *and the* MYRTLE.

ON a wild Heath long ſtood a ſturdy Oak,
Expos'd to raging Winds and Thunder's Stroke;
Much Damage this from adverſe Skies had borne,
Its Verdure blaſted, and its Branches torn;
Yet was it not by Ills ſo much conſum'd,
But that in Part it flouriſh'd ſtill, and bloom'd.

Here chearful Birds a kind Reception found,
Diffuſing hence a choice harmonious Sound;
Here grazing Cattle often, Tempeſt-driv'n,
Had Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heav'n;
And here cou'd reſting Paſſengers allay
Their Journey's Toil, and Rigour of the Day.

Hard by a Myrtle, *pleaſing to the View,*
Aroſe, and quickly to Perfection grew
This feeble Plant, in Youth's and Beauty's Pride,
(As yet by any adverſe Ills untry'd)

It ſelf regarding, ſcorn'd the gen'rous Oak,
And pertly thus, and arrogantly ſpoke.

'Art thou, whom Mortals ſtyle the Choice of Jove!
'Grace of the Plain! and Monarch of the Grove!
'How art thou, falſely-venerable Tree!
'In ſweet and blooming Grace ſurpaſs'd by Me!
'When Men (thus prone to groſs Miſtakes) compare
'Our Glories, as they here apparent are,
'Thy long-held Honour thou ſhall'ſt ſoon reſign,
'And all thy vaſt Preheminence be mine.

Thus the low gaudy Shrub, elate with Pride,
Preſum'd, and thus the Rev'rend Oak *reply'd.*

'What Good can any of the living Kind,
'What Uſe of thee, thou poor Pretender! find?
'Thou can'ſt, at moſt, but yield a vain Delight,
'But ſlightly gratify the Smell and Sight;
'Thy blooming Grace, that is regarded moſt,
'And where is plac'd thy Confidence and Boaſt;
'How ſoon wou'd that, and how intirely fly
'The boiſt'rous Horror of a Winter's Sky?
'Nor cou'd by thee thy Glory be ſecur'd,
'At one of all thoſe Ills that I've endur'd.

The MORAL.

Who Reaſon or themſelves but ſlightly know,
Suppoſe all Value is compriz'd in Show;

But

But real Worth is prov'd and juſtify'd,
In being fully and ſeverely try'd;
Worſt Judges of themſelves, of others too,
Are they who never Oppoſition knew.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. *Miſt*, my old Acquaintance,

I Don't know whether I ſhou'd *congratulate* or *condole* with you, upon a late Turn in your private Affairs, which it ſeems has blown upon you from a Corner of the *Law*; I call it a *Corner* of the Law, becauſe you could not diſcern it; for tho' you may fancy your ſelf innocent, yet no doubt your Sentence may be juſt; there being Crimes of Ignorance as well as Crimes of Malice: And my Lord *Coke* ſays, *Ignorantiam non excuſant Leges*, The Law excuſes no Man's Ignorance. And if you have not made the Laws your Study, you ſhould conſult thoſe that have; the Learned of that Profeſſion have made this artful Proviſion for themſelves; and he that neglects their Advice, muſt expect to be ſwinged when he comes into their Hands. You muſt look upon the World as one large School, where every Man is to be whipt that is not very circumſpect, and the Law is a very ſevere Pedagogue. As to that Part of your Sentence, which relates to your Confinement, I look upon it to be a Trifle; for *Diogenes*, whom I take to have been a much wiſer Man than your Worſhip, by his own Choice lived in a cloſer Lodging. Beſides, who knows, but you may grow bright upon this Reſtraint, and your Weekly Readers may be better entertained by your Confinement. If you'd take my Advice, you ſhould lie in the Garret of the Priſon; for it is obſer-

obſerved, that the *Wits* of *Great Britain* generally delight in *high* Lodgings; and the moſt ingenious Productions of the Age have come *down* Stairs into the World; but then pray take Care of that Sort of *Wit* that makes a Man *go up Stairs out of the World*; and for the better regulating of your Conduct, read the following Maxim of Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*.

'He that would live clear of the Envy and 'Hatred of *potent* CALUMNIATORS, muſt lay 'his Finger upon his Mouth, and keep his Hand 'out of the Ink-pot; for to do a good Office, 'upon the Point of *Opinion*, *Intelligence*, *Brains*, or 'Conſcience, where a *Wolfiſh* Humour prevails, is 'little better than a *Scandalum Magnatum*, or a 'Libel upon our *Superiours*.

I would adviſe you too to be humble, but not melancholy, and comfort your ſelf with ſuch Reflections as give Tranquillity: In ſhort, be a Philoſopher, think of your ſelf as others think of you, and you may be eaſy; when you are going to ſuffer the *publick* Part of your *Sentence*, and are mounting your *Roſtrum*, you may compare your ſelf to one of our *ſudden* great Men, who, as ſoon as he is advanced to a *high Poſt*, proudly *overlooks* all his old Acquaintance; but as ſoon as he is taken down, is loſt amongſt the Crowd, and is not to be diſtinguiſhed from any other ordinary Man. You may, for the ſake of your own private Satisfaction, fancy to your ſelf, that there is nothing in your Caſe, but what muſt always happen, when the *Criminal* and the *Jury* differ in Opinion; if you thought your ſelf innocent, they thought you guilty. Caution, and even Cowardice, in civil Matters, is ſometimes a Vertue, as you may read in Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*'s Fable of the Lion and the Hare.

When the Lion iſſued out a *Proclamation* for baniſhing all *Horned Beaſts*, the whole Herd of horned Heads met at a general Rendezvous, with a Reſolution to troop away together, Bag and Baggage;

gage; while they were in this Hurry and Confuſion, up comes a Troop of Hares, (the moſt timorous of all Creatures) to enter themſelves amongſt the Exiles. 'Pray, (ſays one of the Company) 'how came *Hares* to be concerned in the Proclamation againſt *horned* Beaſts? Well, (ſays one of the 'Hares) *but what if a* thorow-paced Jury *ſhou'd find 'our* Ears *to be* Horns, *how ſhall we diſprove them?*

The moral Reflection which Sir *Roger* makes on this Fable, is, that, 'By the Hares marching off 'with the horned Beaſts, for Fear their Ears ſhould 'be taken for Horns, we are given to underſtand, '*that there is no contending with Pow'r*, for every *Charge* 'is a *Proof*. And it is much at the ſame Rate 'with *Honeſt* or *Orthodox* Men, in *State* or in *Religion*, as it is here with horned Beaſts in the Fable; 'tis but ſaying they are *Trayters*, or *Hereticks*, to 'make them ſo.

Yours,

PHILALETHES.

LETTER XLV.

SIR,

HAving formerly attempted the Character of *Homer* and *Horace*, in Deference to the Curious and Learned, I have now, in Regard to the Fair and Young, endeavoured at the Reſemblance of their Darling Author, which be pleaſed to inſert in your Journal, according to the uſual Favour with which you have obliged

Your humble Servant,

B. M.

On

On OVID.

NASO! thou Lover's chief Delight and Care!
Glory of Wit! and Darling of the Fair!
Oh! how inticing is thy Native Grace!
Where no affected Art uſurps a Place;
Thus real Beauty can infuſe Deſire,
Without th' aſſiſting Pomp of vain Attire.

So lovely you appear, ſo form'd to pleaſe,
Such Life, engaging Harmony and Eaſe,
Dwell in thy Lines, ——— ſuch Raviſhment we find
Sure all the Pow'rs of Love and Wit combin'd
Their Aid with thee, to recreate Mankind.
With gentle ſoothing Tales our Ears you greet,
In Words as ſoft as Down, as Honey ſweet;
And though thy (ne'er unentertaining Song
Is often copious, who can think it long?

So Philomel (*the Grove's harmonious Queen*)
Repeats her Airs within the Sylvan Scene,
While Eccho joins in the delicious Moan,
And with her Sorrow charm'd, ſuſpends her own;
E'en ſhe her ſelf on her own Muſick doats,
And warbles o'er and o'er her pleaſing Notes;
Sleep cannot o'er her watchful Eyes prevail,
But all the Night ſhe lengthens out her Tale.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

SIR,

I Think it Time I ſhould change the Stile of my Addreſs; ſince Preferment naturally demands Reſpect: Therefore I forbear accoſting you by the familiar Name of Mr. MIST, or *Old Acquaintance*, as I have done heretofore. I muſt conſider you as a Man, and in that liable to all the little Movements of Pride and Vanity, which happy Changes cauſe in the Heart.

For this Reaſon I take it for granted, that I muſt keep my Diſtance, in order to keep up my Correſpondence with you; and tho' new Acquiſitions of *Fortune*, or of *Honour*, commonly draw upon a Man an Inundation of *Flattery*, yet I beg you'll believe it is poſſible, there may be *Truth* even in a *Dedication*. Tho' I may offend your Modeſty in what I am going to ſay, yet give me Leave to apply what a very good Author ſaid to as *Great* a Man as your ſelf, *It is but juſt that publick Virtues ſhould have publick Notice*: therefore your *Praiſe* ſhall be, like the *Preferment*, forced upon you whether you will or no. I think it my Duty to congratulate you upon the late *Honours* you have received in *Publick*: All our *News-papers* have taken Notice of your being *advanced* to a very *high Poſt*; and that Numbers crowded *both Times* to ſee you *take Poſſeſſion* of your *Employment*. I can aſſure you, it is the Opinion of your Fellow-Citizens that you fill that Place with as *much Addreſs* and *Capacity*, and much *more Reputation* than any of your *Predeceſſors* have done; and I may ſay, have met with much more Reſpect than even a *South-Sea* DIRECTOR could have hoped to have found.

It is no ſmall Inſtance of Merit for a Man to come off with Applauſe in a *publick Affair*; nor does it

it any ways diminiſh, or take off from your Credit, that *worthleſs* Creatures are ſo often preferred to *great Places*. The Clamours of the People have always been loud againſt their Superiors; but, for my Part, I ſcorn to be cenſorious. For I believe, that were there a Thouſand ſuch *Poſts* as *yours* in the Kingdom, there are Perſons enough living, nay, and Perſons of Diſtinction too, that very well deſerve them.

But I fear I have unawares run my ſelf into that Imputation, which I purpoſed to decline, of mixing any Thing of Flattery with the Sentiments of my Friendſhip. For, however I am byaſs'd by my good Will towards you, I think it unreaſonable to be profuſe in my *Encomiums* on any *ſingle Subject*, at a Time when our *whole Country* deſerves my *Compliments*.

I cannot look round, without meeting a Thouſand Objects for my Admiration; and not only Perſons, but the Circumſtances we are in, demand a Congratulation. All true *Engliſhmen* muſt regard with Pleaſure our *flouriſhing Eſtabliſhment*: We are a People without *Faction* or *Party*; and, I may ſay, have ſcarce Room for a *private Diſcontent*: Our *publick Credit* was, perhaps, never known to be ſo *great* as at *this Criſis*; and our *Coin* (thank Heaven) is ſo plentiful, as to make the *Exportation* of it *not dangerous*. Then for our *Religion*, we are ſo *Orthodox* and *Unanimous*, that the Care of a C————n is utterly needleſs: *Blaſphemy* and *Irreligion* are ſo ſeverely *diſcountenanced*, that they are only ſuffered from the *Preſs*. Nor are our *Morals* leſs exemplary than our *Zeal*; for our *Probity* is at once our own *Glory*, and the *Diſgrace* of our *Anceſtors*. A few ſhining Examples have ſerved to illuſtrate the Records of paſt Ages: But *Honeſty* now is grown ſo *common*, that as Mr. *Dryden* ſaid of *Prodigies*, *it has almoſt loſt its Name*. Not a *Courtier* now dares be *corrupt*; tho' very great Men of former Times have been more than ſuſpected. In ſhort, we are ſo

open

open and undesigning in our Conduct, have such strong Notions of *Friendship*, and so mean ones of *Self-Interest*, that we detest the very Thoughts of *Bribery*; and would as soon consent to *sell our Country*, as to hearken to a *clandestine Gratuity*. The very Voice of *Calumny* and *Reproach* is silenced; we know our selves honest, and believe our selves to be so; and whoever dares presume to think otherwise of us, may, perhaps, be wondered at, but surely, never believed. I therefore take this Opportunity with the more Pleasure, as it will be the Means of recording our *Happiness* and *Integrity* to another Generation by the Pen of

Yours

PHILALETHES.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. *Mist*,

YOU must certainly have observed how much the Town is taken with a late Poem; I need not say 'tis *The Plague of Marseilles*. The Life of the Ideas, the Strength of the Lines, and Beauty of the whole Composition, are each inimitable: But that Turn of Religion the Author has given to the whole, is a Thing not more out of the Road of our common Poets, than 'tis happily pursued by this.

'Tis looked upon as a common Calamity in *Switzerland*, if the Plague does not come amongst them once in some Years; tho' we cannot absolutely agree with the *Swisses* in this Particular, we are in some Degree obliged to that Distemper which has been the Occasion of so admirable a Piece; which is, since the Author has given it that Name, a Plague; but 'tis a Plague breathed from the Mouth of an Angel. For my own Part I have been

been so much charmed with this Poem, that I have endeavoured to shadow out some of the Author's Thoughts, and my Admiration in the following Ode; if you think it worth a Place in your Paper, you will very much oblige

Your ALEXIS.

LUES MASSILIENSIS; ODE ad Authorem ejusdem tituli Poematis.

QUali Minister turbinis Angelus
Accingit omnem numinis impetum;
Lapsusq; de Cœlo rubenti
Vult rapidis equitare ventis:

Ensem ille sacrum, lethiferum, igneum
Nudatus orbi fata renuntiat:
It vox per auras, icta tellus
Audiit, & tremuere gentes.

Immane ventus concutitur sono;
Antris remotis Oceanus timet:
Multumq; collisis tremiscit
Ister aquis, strepitusque Nili.

Te Musa tali flamine proripit,
Per signa rerum, facta periculis,
Et morte moliris procellam,
Et frueris medius tumultu.

Quæ

Quæ lingua graſſantem expediat lui
Non veſtra ſtragem? Quæ gemitus graves?
Terramve quis buſtis frequentem,
Et populi morientis ora?

Faſtidit omnes Oceani moras
Diffuſa peſtis. Tum Rhodanus *celer*
Undare lugubri querela:
Tum gravidi gemuiſſe venti.

Garumna *ſentit proximius malum*
Deducta Gallorum *arbitrio* Jovis:
Quam mallet ingratum coactis
Oceanum viduare lymphis!

Quæ ſcena vultus occupat horrida?
Agnoſco mæſtas Maſſiliæ *vias:*
En! mortis informes triumphi!
En, pueri, Lachrymæque matrum!

Per colla parvas inſinuans manus
Se tollit infans matris ad Oſcula:
Hæc, ora ſubmittens, puellum
Luminibus meditatur ægris.

At ſæpe, tota mente volubilis,
Concuſſa inanit fila animi lues:
Et, peſte ſabductus, ſuperſtes
Non poterit fugitare Lethen.

Si ſorte rerum mens manet integra,
Occurrit omnis rapta ſodalitas,
Patriſq; lugendi ſepulchrum,
Et cineri ſociauda Mater.

Divi! Ut negatur funeribus locus:
Totum, ecce! cedens in tumulos ſolum!
Manes amicorum parentans
Mitte; aliam violabis urnam.

Toto venite huc agmine vultures!
Tigres venite! Hæc bruta tuentia
Mirentur ignoto feroces
Poſſe genas maduiſſe fletu.

LETTER XLVIII.

SIR,

I Did my ſelf the Pleaſure in two ſucceſſive Epiſtles of congratulating you upon your late *eminent Preferment*; which, as you were pleaſed to print, the little Vanity that ſwell'd my Heart, upon hearing them commended, brought into my Mind the following Reflection, that it is the *Folly* or *Ambition*, of every Man to love *to be taken Notice of*. I may venture to ſay, many of the *good* and *ridiculous* Actions of Life are performed for this *ſole End*; and, perhaps, it is the very Motive that induces me to write to you once more, unleſs you are ſo kind to think that I congratulate my ſelf on the Hopes of having ſerved you in thoſe Letters: But this is only by way of Preface to my Subject.

Caſting my Eyes lately over ſome Paſſages of *Livy*, I took Notice, that, in ſpeaking of the Baniſhment of *Camillus*, the Miſconduct of the *Tribunes* in the War againſt the *Gauls*, and the Miſchiefs that befel the Commonwealth through miſtaken Counſels, the Hiſtorian makes the following Reflection, *Adeo obcæcat animos Fortuna, cum vim ſuam refringi non vult; ſo totally does Fortune blind the Eyes and Underſtanding, when ſhe will not ſuffer us to prevent her Deſigns!*

The great *Machiavel*, I remember, deſcanting upon this Reflection, lays it down for a Rule, that *whenever* Fortune *would bring horrible Deſtructions upon any Place, ſhe prefers Men for that Purpoſe who are fit to draw on Ruine: And in Caſe there be any that might have prevented ſuch Miſchief, ſhe either takes them off, or deprives them of all Ability of doing any Good.* Thus, in thoſe Days of *Camillus*, when they wanted neither Wiſdom nor Strength, the *Roman* Senate could think of nothing to ſave their City, ſo weak and deſtructive were all their Counſels againſt the Influence which ſeemed to puſh on their Deſtruction.

This Remark will hold with Reſpect to private Men, as well as to the Publick; they may follow Fortune, but they cannot command her; they may weave her Webs, but cannot hinder her from breaking them. If we look *at home*, we have ſeen *Schemes* of *Ruine* paſs with an equal Infatuation, as thoſe did at *Rome*; and we need no ſtronger Proofs, than from the Example of *certain Perſons* under a *preſent Examination*, and of others their *more private* Accomplices. Could we follow them through all the crooked and unknown Paſſages, by which they thought to ſteal into Wealth and Greatneſs, we ſhould ſee ſuch a Mixture of Folly and of Cunning, that it would give us Reaſon to wonder they were no ſooner found out; but it makes good the Obſervation of *Livy* upon the Affairs of *Rome*, that Proyidence, or Fortune, (call it which

you pleaſe) ſuffered them to ſucceed at firſt, only to bring them to the greater Confuſion.

When we conſider the Villainy by which they carried on their Deſigns, we may well ſuppoſe they would have gone further Lengths, to put themſelves out of the Danger of Puniſhment. It brings to my Mind the Saying of a very wiſe Author, that Men are ſeldom either *perfectly good*, or *perfectly wicked*. Theſe Politicians, and their ſecret Abetters, wanted Reſolution, Thought, or Judgment enough to finiſh the Deſtruction they ſeemed to have deſigned. And here again, I bring our preſent Caſe and Circumſtances to bear a very great Reſemblance to thoſe of the *Romans* at that Time; for, when they were ſo reduced that they had loſt all, except their *Capitol*, a quite different Spirit governed their Counſels; they were governed by wiſe as well as valiant Men, and Fortune ſcourged them before only to make them the Greater.

It is an old Obſervation which has been made on this Nation, that tho' we are dull at *Invention*, we are yet allowed to be the *beſt Improvers* in all Arts and Sciences; we exceed the *French* in every Branch of the *Mathematicks*, outdo the *Germans* and *Hollanders* in *Mechanicks*; and *Italy*, which was allowed to produce the moſt exquiſite *Cheats*, is not to be named in Compariſon with us. It may be objected, perhaps, that the *Italian* Frauds are finer ſpun, and concerted with a greater Delicacy of Thought and Deſign, otherwiſe they would not take with a People who are, generally, of a cunning, deſigning Spirit: But if Artiſts in Roguery among them are more ſubtle and ingenious, we certainly exceed them in Numbers; and though the *Cheats* among us appear *groſs*, yet they meet with a *proper Diſpoſition* in the People to be *impoſed* on.

The Truth is, we are remarkable for a *ſolid Gravity*, which only *ſeems to think*, and yet *diſtinguiſhes nothing*;

nothing; how could it elſe be that ſuch Numbers of People ſhould lay out *ſubſtantial Fortunes* for a Thing which had *no Being* but in *Imagination?* The Conduct of buying and ſelling this *Chimera*, puts me in mind of a Story in the *Jeſuits* Account of *China*; and, I believe, our *South-Sea-Directors* borrowed the Hint from theſe *Chineſe* Operators: A Fellow brings a Quantity of *Hams* to ſell to the foreign Factors, for which he asks an extravagant Price; a Bargain, however, was ſtruck, the Money paid, and the *Hams* delivered: The Maſter of the Ship who bought them, had a mind to try the Goodneſs of his Bargain; and, upon Examination, found nothing but a Piece of *Wood* ſhaped like a *Ham*, and covered over with its *Skin*; and this I take to be much the Caſe of our *fantaſtick* Purchaſers of *great Fortunes*.

The fancied Succeſs of the ſilly Multitude, who were Adventurers in this *empty Project*, cauſed Men to think that *common Senſe* was *certain Ruine*: The whole Kingdom run into the ſame Conceit, and ſeemed to lay down a Set of *Paradoxes* to themſelves for *Maxims*, as, that *Reaſon* was the *moſt unreaſonable* thing in the World; that he was no better than *blind* who pretended to any *Foreſight*; and, that all Actions ought *in Prudence* to be undertaken without *Thought* or *Premeditation*. Thus you might ſee Men running *blindfold* to the *Alley* of *Deſtruction*, like *Martin* in the *Tale of the Tub*, who was wont to ſhut his Eyes as he walked along the Streets; and, if he happened to hit his Head againſt a Poſt, or tumbled into the Kennel (which he ſeldom miſs'd) his Excuſe was, that it might have happened *worſe* if he had had his *Eyes open*; for *how many People make* falſe Steps *with all their* Foreſight *about them!* I am

Yours,

PHILALETHES.

LETTER XLIX.

To all honeſt Britains,

IT's a Queſtion, my worthy Countrymen, whether one amongſt you would be grieved ſhould the late *South-Sea* Directors meet with their juſt Reward; but ſhould we not then, with the warmeſt Zeal, endeavour that the Sword of Juſtice may pierce deeper into the Breaſts of thoſe greater Tranſgreſſors, who, to prepare the Way, with ſacrilegious Hands dar'd graſp the Subſtance of the Widow and the Fatherleſs, that would grow rich by Bribes; and that not only at the Expence of theſe Innocents, but who likewiſe, in the moſt criminal Manner, ſacrificed not only the Wealth, but even the Peace and Honour of their Country, rather than not poſſeſs the accurſed Thing, the Reward of their Iniquity? See here, and lament my Friends, the mighty Force and Power of Gold, on the Great and the Many; but ſhall Names or Numbers protect, or ſhall the brave and honeſt Sons of *Britain* fear to puniſh where Avarice has made ſuch horrid Devaſtations? Or can Compaſſion's gentle Voice be heard where the juſt Cries of the Miſerable are ſo loud and ſo many? Neceſſity and Ignorance may plead for Crimes, but what may be expected will, by all honeſt *Britains*, be judg'd due to thoſe Betrayers of their Country, who, in the midſt of the greateſt Affluence, force Nature's Conſent to the blackeſt Crimes, and then commit thoſe Crimes in Defiance to the ſtrongeſt Conviction, and in the Face of the cleareſt Light? Will it not by all be decreed

STRICT JUSTICE?

LETTER

A PARAPHRASE upon Part of the 109th Pſalm; humbly dedicated to E. C——by.

ARiſe, O God! thy ſacred Silence break,
Exert thy mighty Voice, in Thunder ſpeak;
Strike mute the Wretch, whoſe vile opprobrious Tongue,
Would wound his Fame that never did him wrong:
Who oft by me reliev'd with friendly Aid,
My Love with baſe Ingratitude repaid.

O'er him let Tyrants exerciſe Command,
With arbitrary Sway, and rig'rous Hand;
Let Satan, meet Companion, ever near him ſtand.

If he before the Judgment Seat appear,
Let Sentence paſs of Puniſhment ſevere;
And, to compleat his Ruine and Deſpair,
Into the bitter'ſt Curſe invert his Pray'r.

Short be his Life, but loaded with Diſgrace,
And may his Enemy enjoy his Place;
His ill-got Riches prove Extortion's Spoil,
And Strangers reap the Fruit of all his Toil:
His Wife and Children deſtitute, forlorn,
Prove Objects, not of Pity, but of Scorn;

And when they beg their Bread, with Hunger faint,
Let none their Wants relieve, or pity their Complaint.

His Sire's and Mother's Crimes, to thee well known,
Impute to him, and add unto his own;
His Family deſtroy, his Name deface,
And leave no Mark of ſuch a wicked Race.

While thus the Royal Prophet pours abroad
Theſe bitter Imprecations to his God,
Amaz'd we ſhudder at th' inhuman Part,
And blame the Man, tho' after God's own Heart.

But when we're told this Wretch ne'er took Delight
In aught but Miſchief, Rage, and fell Deſpite;
That his obdurate Heart ne'er learn'd to glow
At others Weal, or melt at others Woe;
But ſtill was pleas'd t' inſult and wrong the Poor,
And aggravate the Woes they felt before;
Would uſe his barb'rous Skill and utmoſt Art,
To add freſh Rackings to a broken Heart;
Unequal to the Crime we deem the Curſe,
And wiſh the pious Prince had fram'd a worſe.

LETTER

LETTER L.

SIR,

THE general Speculations that have been cauſed by that important, but fatal Subject of *South-Sea*, have raiſed in me the Curioſity of peruſing many Pamphlets, which had eſcaped my Obſervation on any other Topick. Among the reſt, I have with much Satisfaction read one, pretending to be written by a true born *Engliſhman*, and which, in my Opinion, deſerves the View of every one who deſires to be diſtinguiſhed by that Style. It is intitled *Francis Lord* BACON; *or, the Caſe of Private and National Bribery impartially conſidered.* The Author (whoever he is) levels all his Arguments againſt the late Set of *Directors*, and their *unknown* Accomplices in Villainy; and if the Circumſtances we are under by our Loſſes, do not intereſt us partially in his Favour, it ſeems plain that there is not one of that Tribe, who does not deſerve the moſt publick Cenſure and Puniſhment.

His Sentiments of theſe baſe Delinquents, who have thus abuſed their own and Prince's Dignity, by ſuch notorious Frauds, expreſs the Integrity and Reſentment of a Man ſtung with the Injuries of his groaning *Country*. *To make* (ſays he) *the* Regal *Authority ſubſervient to its own Diſhonour, is a Boldneſs ſufficiently* black *and* ſcandalous: *But meanly to* confederate *with* Knaves *and* Mechanicks *in a Fraud* to cheat the People, *looks more like the Vice of one bred up in the Myſteries of a* common Thief, *than* the Policies *of a* Stateſman.

To deceive, where a particular Truſt is repoſed, has always been looked upon as the higheſt Ingratitude; and is the greateſt Aggravation that Treachery can be guilty of. When we are im-

poſed upon in common Caſes, we have the Benefit of accuſing our Underſtanding and want of Foreſight; but here we are even deprived of thoſe Pleas; neither Reaſon, nor common Senſe were ſuppoſed to be upon the Guard: We were in the Hands of Friends, and wholly reſigned to their Direction; and as they have been pleaſed to betray us into Snares, we are murthered in the full Security of Friendſhip. The Queſtion is, have they an Excuſe for their Villainy? They cannot be ſo impudent to ſay we were Fools, and run into Deſtruction: No; we were inveigled Step by Step, and artificially trained to the Pit by thoſe who knew we muſt be ſwallowed up; and they were the People who inſiſted that the Ground was firm, even when we were upon the Brink of Sinking. They ſet up *Stock* at an exorbitant Rate, and inhanced its Value by their own crying it up, at the very Criſis when they were clandeſtinely ſelling out, and putting the Eſtates of their undone and credulous *Dupes* into their own private Purſes.

And ſhall theſe Men come off with Indemnity? Shall *immenſe Eſtates*, or *overgrown Villainy* protect them? Shall little Offences, where none can ſcarcely ſay they are injured, be ſeverely called to the Teſt, and Crimes of this notorious Quality, by which the Body of the Nation are hurt, not ſuitably puniſhed? Surely the Law cannot be ſo wholly of this *Cobweb* Texture, as only to intrap feeble *Flies*, and not have ſome Threads ſtrong enough to hold theſe pernicious *Hornets*. The Author of the Pamphlet, which I have above quoted, (ſpeaking, that a Commonwealth ſtands in Need of the Proviſion of new Laws to regulate new Diſorders; and according as they are more dangerous, that the Remedies muſt be the ſtro er) very properly adds, *nor ought the* Quality *of the* ffenders *to be neglected in the Diſcipline of the Cure; for what my Lord* Halifax *ſays of Beggars, may very well be applied to Cheats;*

Cheats; where the *Poor ones* are only *whipt*, the *Great ones* (out of a proportionable Reſpect to their Quality) ought to be *hang'd*.

I may venture to ſay, if any of theſe Gentlemen are led to Juſtice, they will find as little Compaſſion from their *Fellow Citizens*, as one that ſtands in the Pillory can expect, for a *publick Cheat*. All their Pride and Grandeur will be thrown in their Teeth; and no Ideas left of that Adoration once paid to their Fortunes and Power, but what will ſerve to heighten their preſent Contempt. It calls to my Mind an Inſtance of a Man in old *Rome*, who, tho' in different Circumſtances, moſt flagrantly abuſed the Truſt of Power; I mean, *the Great* SEJANUS. He was ſuch a Favourite with *Tiberius*, that he was the Mouth of the *Emperor* to the *Senate*, and the Mouth of the *People* to the *Emperor*. All the Schemes of Government were ripened and digeſted by his Headpiece; all the Revenues diſpoſed by his Direction; Statues and Altars were raiſed to him; and all the Honour conferred which the Flattery of the *Romans* ever ſubmitted to pay to their *Cæſars*. But when the ſupercilious Favourite fell, when his numerous Crimes ſtood all detected, and were too enormous to be longer skreened, the People were as violent in inſulting, as they had been before in addreſſing him: They were not content that he ſhould barely *dye*, but they would execute him too in *Effigie*. Then, as Mr. *Dryden* has finely tranſlated it from *Juvenal*,

'Down go the Titles; and the Statue crown'd
'Is by baſe Hands in the next River drown'd.
'The guiltleſs Horſes, and the Chariot Wheel
'The ſame Effects of vulgar Fury feel:

'The

'The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
'While the lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke
'*Sejanus*, almoſt firſt of *Roman* Names,
'The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames;
'Form'd in the Forge, the pliant Braſs is laid
'On Anvils, and of Head and Limbs are made
'Pans, Cans, and Piſs-pots, a whole Kitchen
'Trade!

I have more to ſay on this Subject, which I may poſſibly tranſmit to you for your next Journal.

I am Yours,
PHILALETHES.

LETTER LI.

Mr. *Miſt*,

GEnerality of Examples, I think, has almoſt made it a Rule, that Honour and Intrepidity go together, and that Cowardice and Dejection are as certain Companions of Guilt and Infamy. Baſe Men, 'tis true, through Deſpair, and a Fear of the Cenſure which their bad Conduct draws on them, may be reſolute enough to put an End to their own Ignominy: But every Body knows that by this Stroke of Raſhneſs, they only prevent hearing the Reproach of their Crimes; and are actuated to it more by a Senſe of Pride, than any Motive of Honour.

Some late Circumſtances in the World have put me upon the Subject of looking back into Hiſtory, and examining upon what Arguments Great Men have choſe to die *critically*, to prevent the Conſequences of living longer. And, I find, that moſt

of

of theſe adventurous Heroes, who have launched thus voluntarily into Eternity, did it rather becauſe they were *ſick* of the *Times*, than of *themſelves*: Rather becauſe they could not ſurvive the *Loſs* of *Liberty*, or *Oppreſſion* of their *Country*, than that they could not ſtand the *Teſt* of their own *Actions*, or the *Sentence* of an *enquiring Senate*.

The two moſt eminent Inſtances in *Roman* Hiſtory, of ſuch as thus deſperately made an End of themſelves, are thoſe of *Cato Uticenſis*, and *Marcus Brutus*: The firſt died becauſe he could not get the better of Tyranny; and the latter, becauſe, when he had ſtruck to root out one Oppreſſor, he was purſued by more dangerous Tyrants than him whom his Love to *Rome* only moved him to deſtroy. *Cato* was zealous for the Laws and Liberty of the Commonwealth: And *Brutus* loved *Cæſar*, even when he ſtruck him: But when *Cæſar* trampled on the Rights of *Rome*, then *Brutus* could forget his Affection to the *Man*, to put an End to the *Tyrant*.

Theſe were true *Patriots* in every Action and Character of their Lives, and would ſooner have ventured twenty Deaths than dared to commit one Act of Degeneracy. The Honour and Welfare of their dear Country was the Rule and Meaſure of their Conduct; and they would have ſacrific'd themſelves and Poſterity to Ruine, rather than they would have ſold the meaneſt Privilege, or Right of *Rome*, to any Views of *private Intereſt*. I cannot by any Character, give ſo juſt an Idea of *Brutus*'s Honour, as by a Quotation from the *Julius Cæſar* of our immortal *Shakeſpear*: In that celebrated Scene, where *Brutus* and *Caſſius* quarrel, and the former rates the other for being an Advocate for *Bribery*, he gives this noble Specimen of his own Spirit and Integrity.

——— *What! ſhall one of us,*

That ſtruck the foremoſt Man in all this World,

But

But for ſupporting Robbers? ſhall We now
Contaminate our Fingers with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty Space of our large Honours
For ſo much Traſh, as he may graſped thus?
I'd rather be a Dog, and baite the Moon,
Than ſuch a Roman. ——
By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachma's, *than to wring*
From the hard Hands of Peaſants their vile Traſh,
By any Indirection.

When Men of ſuch exalted Spirits as this fly to Death, it muſt be for Refuge againſt a World too bad and degenerate for their Commerce. Their own Virtue made them aſham'd and weary of the Opprobrioufneſs of their Times; and, as by the *Heathen* Syſtem they were not ſo ſtrictly reſtrained from *Suicide*, they counted it their Glory and Privilege to *die*, and exchange this baſe and paultry Scene, for that of durable Happineſs in *Elyſium*.

I don't know how it is, but we who have a better Religion than the *Romans*, have worſe Principles, and leſs refined Sentiments. We, indeed, by the Rules of our Faith are tied up from Self-Murther: But whenever we tranſgreſs that way, it is not through any raging Fit of Honour; it is not for the Subverſion of Laws or Liberty; but we ſteal a Death, perhaps, in Priſon, to avoid the *Scandal* of a *publick Execution*; to avoid the Pain and Ignominy of an *Enquiry* into our *Conduct*, or to decline ſurviving the *Loſs* of an *over-grown Fortune*, extorted from the Publick by *Bribery* and *Indirection*.

In the Mortality that has been ſo remarkable of late among our Great Men, it is ſurmiſed that one, at leaſt, haſtened his own Fate, to prevent a Scrutiny into his ill-gotten Poſſeſſions. But Death, that

that ſecures him from bluſhing at his bad Character, cannot ſecure his Memory from the *Opinion* of *Diſhoneſty*. And as it is recorded of *Julian* the *Apoſtate*, to his eternal Infamy, that in his dying Pangs he cry'd out, *Viciſti, Galilæe, Thou haſt got the better of me*, O Galilæan: So it will be remember'd to the Reproach of this Gentleman, that upon hearing the News of a domeſtick Misfortune, which but juſt preceded his Death, he cry'd out, *God! thou haſt done thy worſt.* ——— But who can wonder at ſuch Impieties from a Set of People, who, in the Strength of their Riches, have boaſted and bleſſed themſelves for being *above the Reach of Providence?*

Yours,

PHILALETHES.

LETTER LII.

Villa Franca *in the Month of* March, 1720-21.

Mr. *Miſt*,

THIS pity to ſee the *Roman* way of dying prevail in *England*, while hardly a Jot of the ancient *Roman* Virtue ſubſiſts among us; *South-Sea* Pyrates here are *buying a Bruſh* for *Ant——p*, or at home buſy in purchaſing brazen Shields of *Conqueſt*, or *Skreens of Corinth*, that they, at leaſt, may be unhurt, if not inviſible. Great, but miſtaken *Cato* of Old, killed himſelf, *Ne vultum inſtantis Tyranni ferret*, becauſe he ſcorned to behold with Concern the impious, though triumphant *Cæſar*, Raviſher of *Rome*'s Liberty.

A Yeſterday's Villain chuſes to ſleep to Death, who, God knows, had long been too actively alive for his Country's Ruine, and was probably juſt about to make an *honourable Amends* to her by his Death, if a thouſand ſuch vile Miſcreants Blood could make ſuitable Satisfaction to ſo plundered

a Nation: But he is dead! therefore Forbearance, ſweet Sir, cries ſome Brother Plunderer, No! in the Name of God, whoſe Crimes have been injurious to the Publick, be their Infamy immortal; but for his ill-gotten Goods and Eſtate they are juſtly due to his Country, from whom he ſtole them. If you ſhould want, Gentlemen, ſome ſmall Matter of Form, *Ex-poſt-facto*-him, *F*——— him; none who made that, can be doubtful here. Then was a ſmall State-Rat catch'd, by whoſe ſingle Death nothing was gained to the Publick; here it is but reſuming the Eſtate of ſo deſperate a *Catiline* to our Iſle, and piouſly *hallowing the Cenſors*. What if the Money for building Ch———es were repaid? Or what if the Annuitants, the ancient Creditors of the Kingdom, were ſatisfied with it, or put it to any other good national Uſe? So may the Achan's *accurſed Wedge be removed from thee*, O Iſrael! As Sin has abounded, may Puniſhment ſucceed; and, when a guilty Nation is thus purg'd, may the Lord return his Face with Glory.

Yours,
KING-LOVE,
An old *Engliſhman*.

LETTER LIII.

SIR,

I Cannot help obſerving, that there is a particular Partiality and Tenderneſs ſhewn to ſome for flagrant Boldneſs, while Rigour and Severity are uſed to others, for Faults much *leſs* in *Quality* and *Circumſtance*. The plain *Engliſh* of this is, that *One may ſafer ſteal a Horſe, than Another venture to look over the Hedge*. I mean, that this is to be obſerved in private Occurrences between Man and Man;

Man; I hope, not between the *Subject* and the *Law*.—— Not but I muſt own I have a private Fancy, that, had you publiſh'd half ſo *bold Flights* as *CATO*, Mr. *Ketch*, by the particular Interceſſion of Friends, would not have grudg'd you the Compliment of one of his *idle ſilken* Halters: Or, if it could not have been brought to That, would freely have conferr'd the Pains of a *merciful Whipping* on you.

But I am ſurpriz'd at what I hear, that this Gentleman, who writes thus vigorouſly to himſelf, and lays about him without giving any Quarter, is a *Whig*; nay, and as ſome do not ſcruple to ſay, an *Independent Whig* too. If ſo, it is not impoſſible but his Spleen may ariſe from miſſing a *good Place*, or a *good Subſcription*, when there were ſuch Things,— *Sed nunc non erit hiſce locus.*

I am entirely of his Opinion as to the Unanimity of the People, in not parting with *GIBRALTAR*: and, by the Bye, whatever *Promiſes* we may be ſuppoſed to have made, we ſcarce ever *intended* it: or, if we had ſurrendred it, it would have been as a ſurly Man picks a Quarrel; we would have ſuffered them to *tread* upon our *Toes* decently, ſo we might have got an Opportunity of *knocking them down* for it.

If I ſhould grant him likewiſe, that an *Engliſh* War with *Muſcovy* would be little leſs than downright Madneſs; I can hardly think there is Room now for its *grievouſly hurting the Trade of* England.

But what does he mean by intimating, that it is of great Concernment to any People, that the *Heir apparent* to their Crown be bred amongſt them?——His ROYAL HIGHNESS, whom I have all along took to be *Heir apparent*, is ſo conſtant a Reſident with us, and, I hope, ſo happily fix'd among us, that, we may preſume, his *Wiſhes* do not ſo much as *tranſport* him to *Germany*. Or, does our Author mean, that the *Heir apparent*-of the *Heir apparent*-of the *Heir apparent* (and ſo on for

a String of Generations) ſhould be bred among us? Or does he mean, in his Reſentment, that there are other *Heirs apparent*? If this be the Caſe, I muſt beg Leave to decline the Controverſy.

The People may, perhaps, judge perfectly well, in ſo unanimouſly longing for Mr. *Knight* to be brought over: becauſe they are of Opinion, that his coming would certainly clear ſome Points, which, till then, will remain Myſteries. But if he were to come, ſhould we be ſure of coming at the Truth? Who will be Guarantees for the *Safety* of his *Perſon*, or *Security* of his *Health* on the Road? Who can pretend to warrant, that he may not fall into a *Lethargy*, or ſome other *ſleepy* Diſtemper, which may ſo *doze* his *Faculties*, and *impair* his *Memory*, that he may not be able to anſwer the Examination of a Parliament? Or, what if ſome of his *portable* Evidence ſhould be loſt by the Way? Or what if ſome of the *Top-Traytors*, as our Author calls them, out of their Zeal to his Perſon, ſhould meet him on the Road, and *whiſper* him the *Order* and *Method* of his *Anſwers* for the *common Cauſe*? Under any of theſe Suppoſitions, *England* would remain as far from Redreſs by his Aſſiſtance, as if he were to be continued on the other Side of the Water.

I agree likewiſe with our *AUTHOR*, that it may be the Buſineſs and Duty of the Miniſtry, to preſs the bringing over Mr. *Knight*, as they would preſerve entirely to the King the Affections of a *willing* and *contented* People.——— As to our *Willingneſs*, I have nothing to object; but I would beg Leave to add *one* Syllable to his other Epithet; for, what betwixt Loſſes and Croſſes, we are certainly a *diſcontented* People.

As to the *noble* Perſon, who has been examined upon the Report of the Committee; he is, as our *Author* obſerves, *fully* acquitted: and I could wiſh People were good enough to acquit him in their *Opinions*, his Examination was ſo *open* and *clear*.

No

No body pretends to talk of any Money *properly* dropt: I never heard of any *great Men* tending in the *Lobby* to *ſollicite Votes* in his Favour: or that any *Patriots*, even the *Friends* of CATO, ſo much as *ſlunk out* of the *Houſe* for Fear of being obliged in Conſcience to *vote in his Prejudice*. And if nothing of all this happen'd, how ſhould he come off without the fulleſt Proof of *Innocence?*

I have not Leiſure now to go thro' with my Obſervations on this *applauded* LETTER, but muſt here conclude for the preſent.

Yours,

PHILALETHES.

LETTER LIV.

SIR,

AS the late Miſmanagement of the *South-Sea Scheme* has been for ſome time the Subject of *Cato*, *Philalethes*, and other able Pens, and thoſe notorious Frauds and Corruptions juſtly exploded and detected, and I wiſh I could ſay, as duly puniſhed: So in that time of Deluſion and Deceit, when Mankind were, as in a State of Lunacy, many Thouſands of innocent Perſons have been decoy'd and betray'd (to the Deſtruction of themſelves and Families) into the fallacious Schemes of other deſigning Projectors; who, under Pretence of carrying on joint Trades (for the Good of the Nation to be ſure!) took in Subſcriptions, or rather diſtributed them *gratis*, among their Confederates, to help on the Deſign, or among ſome greater Perſons, to give a Sanction to their Projects: Which Subſcriptions, or Shares ſo call'd, by the crafty Devices and Management of them and their Accomplices, came to be ſold in the Alley at very high

high and extravagant Prices, till the Government publickly declared them illegal and unwarrantable Practices. The Eyes of the Deluded now began to be opened, the intrinſick Value of each Stock, or Bubble known, and diſcovered, like ſome greater Ones, to be ſet on Foot, with no other Intent or Purpoſe, than (as ſharping Gameſters lay Baits) to enſnare and trick unwary People out of their Money. Theſe Aiders and Abettors in the Ruine of their Country, and enrich'd by the Spoils of thoſe they had undone, tho' they acted in a lower Sphere, were proportionably guilty, and, I think, ought not to eſcape a proportionable Reward of publick Cenſure and Puniſhment, with the other Contrivers of our Misfortunes.

And as *South-Sea* Contracts have made great Noiſe in the World, and been look'd upon to portend ſome ruinous Conſequences; if there be any Contracts ſo depending with theſe confederating Bubblers, I will venture to determine and ſay, it is as inconſiſtent with Juſtice, Equity and Reaſon, to believe ſuch Agreements can be deem'd legal and valid, which were founded upon Fraud, as it is (for Inſtance) to ſuppoſe, If a Merchant ſhould clandeſtinely covenant to ſell a Parcel of Goods which were brought from an infected Place, and the Government, in the mean Time, having Notice thereof, ſhould condemn them as Goods dangerous and infected; that the Buyer of thoſe Goods ſhall be obliged to ſtand to ſuch Bargain. But, admitting the Seller of theſe Goods ſhould plead (as ſome others may pretend in a like Caſe) that he had bought them, not knowing they were infected Goods; nevertheleſs, tho' he may have been ſo cheated himſelf, that allows him no Excuſe or Liberty to cheat and impoſe upon others; and can ſtand him in no other Stead, than to alleviate thoſe Penalties which he might otherwiſe incur, by vending ſuch unwarrantable Goods.

'Twere

'Twere endleſs to enumerate the many impudent Cheats carried on of late in the Alley, not only by ſworn Brokers, as they call themſelves (or rather foreſworn, moſt of them having both falſified their Oaths, and abuſed their Truſt) but by Numbers of ſcandalous Vermine, who have for ſome Time paſt ſwarm'd in that Place, and acted as Brokers without Reſtraint or Authority, as they did without Honeſty. How tender is a Man's Property! And how often has it been ſacrific'd to the Perjury or falſe Evidence of theſe Wretches! And ſhall ſuch Villainy and Oppreſſion be detected, and the Perſons ſo offending againſt all Law, Juſtice and Conſcience, paſs with Impunity? Such ſordid and perfidious Creatures (the Inſtruments and Tools of greater Knaves, who delight in Miſchief and Diſcord, and endeavour to advance themſelves upon the Ruine of honeſt Men) know no other Principle than to get Money, and the Rule and Byaſs of all their Actions is Intereſt.

Since Stockjobbing or Gaming then has proved ſo fatal and pernicious to the Fortunes of Mankind, and is one principal Cauſe of the Confuſion and Calamities this Nation at preſent groans under, we may with Reaſon hope, from the great Juſtice and Prudence of our wiſe Legiſlature, who have this Matter under Conſideration, ſome effectual Law will be enacted, to puniſh theſe, as well as prevent the like impious Practices for the future.

Theſe are the Thoughts of a hearty Well-wiſher to publick Credit, and to the Peace and Welfare of his Country, and which, I preſume, may be of ſome Service, if admitted to a Place in your Paper. I remain, Sir, even in theſe degenerate Times of Corruption and Falſhood,

Yours in Integrity and Truth,

JUSTITIA.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

SIR,

THE great Duke of *Norfolk* who was baniſhed theſe Realms on Account of his Difference with the Earl of *Hereford*, afterwards King *Henry* the *Fourth*, upon his Departure, 'tis ſaid, left this cautionary Leſſon to all Courtiers, 'That Greatneſs 'abuſed by whiſpering Untruths, draweth, if 'diſcovered, Certainty of Deſtruction. The Words, I muſt own, are ſo ambiguous to me, that they ſeem to carry two very diſtinct Meanings, both which however are true in Fact.

The firſt Conſtruction of them is, that a *Prince*, traduced by Whiſpering and clandeſtine *Calumnies*, if the *Author* and the *Scandal* once come to Light, certainly *ruines* the *Party* who is pleaſed to be ſo free with his Character. And the other, that if a *Great Man* be once loaden with *Imputations* to his Diſadvantage, tho' the Circumſtances alledged are *falſe*, yet his *Infamy* ſpreading in the *Opinions* of Men, often becomes a Handle to his *Deſtruction*.

'Tis true, indeed, where a Man is marked out, and unhappily grown the Object of *popular Fury*, their *Prejudices* are not to be *removed*, tho' he *evades* their *Charge*: They are convinced in themſelves that he is *guilty*, and they will not reſt from *purſuing* him, till they can find the Means to bring him to *Puniſhment*. They look upon his *Acquittal* to be *Stratagem* and *Artifice*, and themſelves to be ſuch *Judges* of his *Demerits*, that, tho' ſometimes they may be deceived by *Fineſſes* and *Craft*, yet they are generally *ſhrewd Gueſſers* at *Right* and *Wrong* in Matters of *Fact*, and *Tranſactions of common Life*.

One Reaſon that makes *Aſperſions*, and *Suſpicion* of *Guilt* dangerous to any Man, is, that *Civil Commotions* have been more than once prevented by *giving up* the

the Perſons that are become *obnoxious* to the Populace. When the *Puniſhment* of *Delinquents* is preſs'd by a *Nation*, they but ill brook to have their *Remonſtrances* ſlighted: But can much worſe bear to have a STATESMAN *skreened*, if they apprehend he has injured them in their *publick Rights*, or *private Properties*.

In the Beginning of King *Charles* the *Firſt*'s Reign, when divers *Petitions* were preſented by ſeveral Knights of the Shires, complaining of *Ship-Money*, *Projects*, *Monopolies*, and *corrupt Miniſters* (the Neglect of which Petitions was the Forerunner of all that unhappy Monarch's Misfortunes) it is well known, that Mr. *Harbottle Grimſton*, ſpeaking upon the Subject of *Grievances*, declared in the Houſe of Commons, 'That the Dangers at home 'were greater than thoſe from abroad; and that 'the Diſeaſes and Diſtempers in the Body Politick 'were grown to that Height, that for a Cure Ex'amples ought to be made; ſo that the Cauſes and 'Authors of the Nation's Miſeries, might be as 'Treacle to expel the Poiſon of Miſchief out of 'others.

What was the Conſequence of this? The King began to be uneaſy for his Supply to be granted: The Commons ſat upon the *Grievances* without any Advances towards a Supply: The King preſſed the Neceſſity of *Speed* in their *Supply*; and a Motion was made in the Commons, that there might be an Order immediately made, 'That the firſt Thing 'the Houſe ſhould conſider of, ſhould be the re'ſtoring of the Nation in General to the funda'mental and vital Liberties, and then to conſider 'of the deſired Supplies.

Nor was this unfortunate King more ſucceſsful in his Applications to ſave the *Earl* of *Strafford*; both the Houſes of the Lords and Commons, by moſt Voices found the Earl guilty of Treaſon: The King interceded by himſelf and the Prince for his Life; and for divers Days could not find in his

his Heart to ſet his Hand to the Warrant for Execution. The Fate of it was, that the Parliament would not grant Mercy to the Earl, and would have Juſtice from the King, according to their Sentence, whether he would or no: They threaten, and were as good as their Word, to ſit idle, and do nothing for publick Safety and Settlement, the whole Realm being in Diſtraction, till the Stroke was ſtruck.

King *Richard* the *Second*, (unhappy always in oppoſing his Parliaments) owed the Loſs of his Crown to *protecting* his *Favourites* againſt the Call of *Juſtice*. When his Barons once took Arms, and aſſembled, as they declared, for the Good of the King and Kingdom, and to remove Traytors from the King, and whom they were ready to prove ſuch in ſingle Combat, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times: The King interpoſed in the Challenge, and ſaid the Difference ſhould be determined in the next Parliament. Two Days after, he cauſed a *Proclamation* to be publiſhed, the Tenour of which being uncommon, it may not be amiſs to tranſcribe Part of it.

'RICHARD, King, *&c.* We hereby make known 'to all our liege and faithful Subjects, throughout 'our whole Kingdom of *England*, that whereas '*Thomas* Duke of *Glouceſter*, *Richard* Earl of *Arundel*, '*Thomas* Earl of *Warwick*, have been, by certain 'Perſons who little underſtood the Truth of Af'fairs, *defamed* as *Traytors* to us and our Kingdom; 'we therefore having, as becomes us, with the 'higheſt Deliberation, and greateſt Diligence, 'weigh'd the Cauſe of ſuch Scandal, and moſt di'ligently to our utmoſt Power, ſearching to the 'Bottom for the Truth, with the Aſſiſtance of our 'Council, do not find any thing done or acted by 'them worthy of the Blot of *Suſpition*, much leſs 'any Scruple of *Evidence* of their being *guilty*: 'Whereupon we have decreed to declare the ſaid '*Defamation* to be falſe, unjuſt, wicked, and wholly

'void

'void of all *Truth*: And we do teſtify the ſaid
'*Duke* and *Earls* to be worthy of *good Fame*, and
'*innocent*, and not ſo much as *ſuſpected of any Crime*:
'and as much as in us lyes, and as we are able,
'we will approve and maintain them ſo to be, and
'do take them henceforwards into our ſpecial Pro-
'tection, *&c.*

I am Yours,
PHILALETHES.

A FABLE *of the* LION, *and other Beaſts.*

ONE Time a mighty Plague did peſter
All Beaſts Domeſtick and Sylveſter.
The Doctors all in Conſort join'd,
To ſee if they the Cauſe cou'd find;
And try'd a World of Remedies,
But none cou'd conquer the Diſeaſe.
The Lion *in this Conſternation,*
Sends out his Royal Proclamation,
To all his loving Subjects Greeting,
Appointing them a ſolemn Meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his Den,
He ſpoke, My Lords and Gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the Senſe
Of this devouring Peſtilence:
For ſure ſuch heavy Puniſhment
On common Crimes is rarely ſent:
It muſt be ſome important Cauſe,
Some great Infraction of the Laws,

Then let us ſearch our Conſciences,
And ev'ry one his Faults confeſs:
Let's judge from biggeſt to the leaſt,
That he that is the fouleſt Beaſt,
May for Sacrifice be given,
To ſtop the Wrath of angry Heaven.
And ſince no one is free from Sin,
I with my ſelf will firſt begin.
I have done many a Thing that's ill,
From a Propenſity to kill;
Slain many an Ox, and what is worſe,
Have murder'd many a gallant Horſe;
Robb'd Woods and Fens, and like a Glutton,
Devour'd whole Flocks of Lamb and Mutton;
Nay, ſometimes, for I dare not lye,
The Shepherd went for Company.
He had gone on, but Chancellor FOX
Stands up, What ſignifies an Ox?
What ſignifies a Horſe? Such Things
Are honour'd when made Sport for Kings.
Then for the Sheep, thoſe fooliſh Cattle,
Not fit for Carriage, or for Battle;
And being tolerable Meat,
They're good for nothing but to eat.
The Shepherd too, your Enemy,
Deſerves no better Deſtiny.

Sir,

Sir, Sir, your Conſcience is too nice,
Hunting's a princely Exerciſe:
And theſe being all your Subjects born,
Juſt when you pleaſe are to be torn.
And, Sir, if this will not content you,
We'll vote it Nemine contradicente.
Thus after him they all confeſs,
They had been Rogues, *ſome more ſome leſs:*
And yet by little ſlight Excuſes,
They all got clear of great Abuſes.
The Bear, *the* Tyger, *Beaſts of Fight,*
And all that could but ſcratch and bite:
Nay, ev'n the Cat *of wicked Nature,*
That kills in Sport her Fellow Creature,
Went Scot-free; but his Gravity,
An Aſs *of ſtupid Memory,*
Confeſs'd i'th' Road to Tunbridge-Fare,
His Back half broke with Wooden-Ware,
Chancing unluckily to paſs,
By a Churchyard full of good Graſs;
Finding they'd open left the Gate,
He ventur'd in, ſtoop'd down and eat.
Hold, ſays Judge Wolfe, *theſe are the Crimes*
Have brought upon us theſe ſad Times,
'Tis Sacrilege, and this vile Aſs,
Shall die for eating Holy Graſs.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. *Miſt*,

CATO having made Uſe of the *London* Journal to diffuſe his abominable Principles among the People, we convey to them the Antidote we have prepared for his Poyſon in your Paper. The People of *England* are the greateſt Cullies in Nature, they love thoſe who impoſe upon them, and abhor all thoſe who attempt to reſcue them from the Pleaſure of being cheated; let thoſe who peruſe our Writings have this Truth conſtantly before them, as they hope for Improvement from our Speculations.

ARISTARCHUS.

ARISTARCHUS *the Illuſtrious to the Great* CATO, *ſendeth Greeting.*

WHereas we have, for ſome Years, condeſcended to read Moral, Political, Critical and Theological Lectures, as each Subject happen'd to be in Faſhion, to certain Right Honourable, Honourable, Worſhipful and Gentle Diſciples, and to moderate in all Diſputes ariſing among them with great Candor and Impartiality: Nothing has of late Days created greater Trouble to us in the Adminiſtration of our high Office, than certain Papers levelled againſt the moſt villainous Betrayers of our Country, and publiſhed in your Name.

From the numerous Crowds attending every publick Execution, 'tis evident the People love Hanging very well; and that the Gallows is never furniſhed more to their Guſt, than when loaded with Perſons above the common Rank: He therefore who ſhall declaim to them upon ſuch an entertaining Subject, ſuch a darling Topick, may aſſure

assure himself of a favourable Ear while he is haranguing them, and a loud Hum of Applause when he has ended his Oration. Reflect seriously on this important Truth, O *Cato!* and be humbled in your Opinion of your Merit; the unusual Success of your Writings must not be attributed to any superior Excellency in your Performance, but to your happy falling in with the Humour and Temper of the People.

We, O *Cato!* entirely concur with you in Opinion, that a good round Number of Directors, with a sufficient Complement of capital Villains, illustrious, dignified, execrable Traytors, their Screens and Abettors, and a proportionable Quantity of inferior Rogues, their Instruments and Followers, would furnish out the most decent, and least pitied Execution *England* has seen for half a Century. Notwithstanding all this, cannot we, by any means, approve of your Letters; do not you therefore, who have not been amazed any time these six Months, shew any Marks of Astonishment at this our Declaration. From the Principles you lay down, you infer Conclusions logically true; nay, for the most part also ethically true, yet are those Principles generally false. We cannot but admire your fine Address in diffusing those venemous Principles! the popular Inferences deduced from them, make them implicitly believed by those who have not Caution and Penetration sufficient to observe and examine them: Such fondly imagine good Uses cannot possibly be drawn from a false Doctrine; and that where there is an abundance of evident Truth, there can be no latent Error. Confess ingenuously, O *Cato!* was it the sole End of your Labours to raise in the People a just Indignation against the detestable Authors of their Ruin, their (I fear) almost irreparable Ruin? Or had you it not equally at Heart to disseminate the long since exploded Notions of the Philosopher of *Malmsbury*?

We have been at great Expence of precious Breath to prevent your pernicious Fancies from ſpreading in the little Circle where we preſide, but ſhall, for the future, commit to Paper our Remarks on your political Works, out of a tender Regard to our Lungs, to the Memories of our moſt hopeful and ingenious Diſciples, who being Wits by Profeſſion, muſt needs have very ſhort ones; and to all the remaining Tribe of Mankind, who are either not ſo well dreſſed, ſo well bred, or ſo happy as to conſtitute Part of our Audience.

It is moſt unmerciful and ungenerous to inſult a dead Author, or to purſue a poor one, who is tumbling into Silence and Oblivion as faſt as he can; to add an impulſive Force to his native Lead, and make him fall with a great Noiſe, whoſe well-poiſed Weight of Dullneſs would have ſunk him eaſily, and by due Degrees, without the leaſt Diſturbance. Our truſty and well-beloved *B——— L——* of *London*, Bookſeller, can teſtify, that theſe are our real Sentiments, at whoſe Inſtance we keep concealed from the World, a whole Quire of Paper, cloſe writ, againſt the *Independent Whig*, becauſe that pert and unlogical Writer, the Moment we had tied up a Rod to whip him with, expired (to make uſe of a familiar Image) like the Snuff of a Candle. Leſt the Severity of our Stripes ſhould raiſe the Monſter to Life again, and fill up that Subſcription, which (as wicked as the Town is) all the Induſtry and Intereſt of the *Grecians* cannot effect, we determine to continue in Silence.

We have alſo ſuppreſſed a Corrective of the Conſiſtency of a Sheet of Paper prepared for the Prevention of Miſchief, might ariſe, from reading with an empty Head, a crude indigeſted Pack of Treatiſes, written by that pedantick, veteran Bully for Infidelity, *John Toland*, exoterically a *Nazarene*, eſoterically a *Turk*, a *Jew*, a *Papiſt*, *&c.* upon hearing that great Part of the Edition of *Tetradymus* was lodged in the open Shops at *Moorfields*, and a much

greater

greater Part disposed of to a Tobacconist in *Fleet-street*; finding also that all who for their Sins, or those of others, had the Misfortune to read it through, were as sick as my self of his eternal Tautology, Obscenity, arrogant, intolerable Self-sufficiency, bold Contempt of all ancient Writers, who contradicted his most singular whimsical Fancies; his prodigious Vanity in talking of himself, and making a Shew of Importance; his infamous and scurrilous Treatment of his most learned Adversary, with a thousand other Impertinencies and Absurdities, made us hope he would meet with no Opposition, especially from Persons of our Rank, which might encrease the Vanity of the Wretch, and make him, if possible, ten times madder than he is. Let not, however, any thing here said discourage that worthy Charity-School-Mistress who has him under the Lash for false Spelling, from proceeding against the Creature.

We have, Great Great *Cato*, within these six Months, been very much amazed at a Paper called *Terræ Filius*, stuff'd with a great deal of impotent Malice against the most learned Body of Men in the Universe, and more particularly against one of the brightest Ornaments of that Body. The true Spirit of the *Goths*, *Vandals* and *Saracens*, those Root and Branch Destroyers of Learning, which runs through it; a certain Sordidness of Stile, with several other peculiar Graces of Writing, made us hastily conclude it to be the Product of a sanctified Committee in *Salters-Hall*, or sprung from the illuminated Brethren in *Lombard-street*, who rail against Philosophy and vain human Learning: But we are since well assured it is the Labour of a poor indigent Fellow, expelled the University for scandalous Behaviour; he works for a Bit of Bread and a little Revenge; the poor Creature makes but a sad Hand of it; the Bookseller is obliged to call for Help in the News-Papers. We who are so charitably inclined as frequently to

ſend Relief to the Miſcreants in *Newgate*, never cenſure this poor Wretch; for it would be as indecent for a Gentleman and a Scholar to take Notice of ſuch a paultry puny Scribbler, as for a grave Lady of Quality to go and tear Caps with thoſe neceſſitous wretched Things that walk the Streets.

Permit, Great *Cato*, before we examine your Compoſitions, to call upon the moſt profound *Free-Thinker*, who, by the kind Indulgence of the Town, has lived three Years. Oh *London! London!* who will hereafter be proud of your Favours? This elder Brother of yours is too dull a Rogue to laugh at; he ſometimes advances ſtrange things, but 'tis through Ignorance and Stupidity: The Fellow certainly means well, and good Nature ſhould engage us to accept the Will for the Deed. His Viſions call back to our Mind the ſtrange diſjointed Dreams, uſed to attend our Slumbers in the innocent State of Childhood; when the Imagination, troubled with an intenſe Application to *Baxter's Hiſtory of Witchcraft*, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progreſs*, or ſome ſuch elaborate Piece, denied a ſound Repoſe. His Moral Eſſays and Miſcellany Poems make us recollect thoſe ſevere Whippings, that ſtern *Yorkſhire* Maſter of mine (whom I ſhall hate as long as I live) uſed to diſpenſe with great Liberality among his Lads, for careleſs Themes and Verſes. After all has been ſaid, the *Free-Thinker* is a very wonderful Perſon. No more, you Holiday Fools, throw away your Six-Pences, much better ſpent in comfortable Porter, to ſee a *Spaniſh* Miquelet ſwallow a Toad, a *German* Huſſar eating a poiſonous Snake with a good Stomach, or a *Swiſs* grand Devourer of Fire: We have a thing of our own Growth has ſubſiſted above a Year upon the *South-Sea* and the *Plague*, the two moſt deſtructive things in Nature. I ſhall let him paſs now, in hopes he will immediately drop his Paper with this ſhort Cenſure expreſſed in the Words of our merry Diſciple *Tom Dapperwit*.

Poor

Poor ſilly Wretch! a living Death he bears.

Now Great *Cato* we are ready to wait upon you The partial Favour with which the Town receives your Compoſitions, nor the leaſt Conſciouſneſs of your more exalted Worth, protects you from the ſame Scorn wherewith we treat your Brethren of the Quill. Be ſatisfied however when we have undeceived thoſe unthinking Fools, who miſtook the Great *Cato* for a Patriot; when we have ſtripped the Lion's Skin from off the Aſs's Shoulders, the Great *Cato* may boaſt he has provoked the illuſtrious *Ariſtarchus* to riſe up againſt him.

In your haughty Epiſtle of the 11th Inſtant (which unfledged Politicians read with ſtreaming Eyes, and we peruſed with Joy) concluding that the Great *Cato* (to ſay no worſe of him) reſolved to play the Fool no longer) you have theſe remarkable Words. 'To attain theſe Ends they have 'been content to part with their natural Rights, 'a great Share of their Subſtance and Induſtry, 'to quit their Equality, and ſubmit themſelves 'to thoſe who had before no Right to command them.' This is downright *Hobbiſm*; the Creed of a *Pineyard*, the ridiculous Doctrine of Original Contracts. Doctor *Echard* will ſhew the Abſurdity of this Poſition, and make you laugh heartily into the Bargain. Lord *Clarendon*, Archbiſhop *Teniſon*, Biſhop *Cumberland*, Baron *Puffendorff*, &c. will very gravely ſhew you the Falſhood of it; and for our poor Part, we ſhall content our ſelves to point out ſome unavoidably evil Conſequences attending upon it.

If the Sanction of civil Power is lodged alone in the Surrendry of each Man's natural Rights into the Hands of the Magiſtrate (as you maintain) then it follows, every Man has naturally a Power over his own Life; for he cannot transfer a Power to another, which he was not himſelf antecedently poſſeſs'd of; but the Magiſtrate aſſuming

and exerciſing a Power of Life and Death, Man muſt have a natural Power over his own Life, or in every Capital Puniſhment, the Magiſtrate is a Murtherer, and an Uſurper of an illegal Power; if Man has a natural Right to diſpoſe of his own Life, the Hangman is in a fair Way of being cheated of his juſt Dues, and the Apothecaries are likely to have a good Sale for their *Laudanum*.

Another pernicious Effect of this glorious Principle, if it were generally received and admitted as true, would be an Attempt in all our Colonies and Plantations of *Ireland* and *America*, to ſhake off their Yoke of Dependance upon us. Theſe People moſt certainly did not voluntarily ſurrender their natural Rights to us; and the ſtricteſt Caſuiſts maintain, That an Obligation made by Compulſion, is not valid. Is not the Great *Cato* then a moſt worthy Patriot, whoſe Principles lead to, and encourage Self-Murthers, Tyranny and Rebellion?

But the Great *Cato*'s righteous Indignation is inflamed to a mighty Degree againſt Miniſters of State, who forget themſelves upon their Elevation to a high Poſt, and look with Contempt upon their Fellow-Creatures moving in a lower Sphere; not conſidering that Thouſands of them are Men of ſuperior Merit and Underſtanding, and that it is not their Deſert, *but blind Fortune alone has given them their preſent Diſtinction*. A fine Atheiſtical Poſition! Alas! poor *Cato*! whither has your Paſſion hurried you? Some ſilly Rogues have got upon an Eminence, and their Heads are turned giddy; becauſe they have loſt their Senſes, *Cato* will renounce Religion. *Hobbes* and *Spinoza* never dar'd to expreſs themſelves ſo openly; but free-ſpoken *Cato* dares ſpeak the worſt that ever *Epicurus*, or any Atheiſt ſince him has thought. Speak ingenuouſly, *Cato*, don't you think it whimſical, to expect a World ſhould be well governed, that you aſſert to be guided by Chance? Leave off your Clamour, 'tis

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as abſurd in an Atheiſt to ſet up for a Patriot, as to be a Bigot; and inſtead of your prolix Letters, comfort your Friends with this old Proverb, *The worſe Luck now, the better another Time*; which is the only Conſolation rationally proceeding from your Principles.

Like a true Atheiſt, *Cato* falls foul upon the Clergy; lamenting certain Omiſſions at the Revolution, his greateſt Grief is, that *Schools of Literature were ſuffered to continue under the Direction of the Enemies of all ſound Literature and publick Virtue.* Who, after reading this Paſſage, can doubt of *Cato*'s extraordinary Zeal for our Conſtitution? Whilſt he is exclaiming againſt thoſe, whoſe Villainies cannot by any preſent Law be puniſhed in a proportionable Manner, he inſolently reviles the Prieſts of the moſt High God, by the Force of our municipal Laws, in Poſſeſſion of ſeveral valuable Privileges, without whoſe Miniſtry the viſible Church of God could not ſubſiſt: That Church! whoſe Danger produced the Revolution: That Church! upon whoſe Account the Succeſſion to the *Britiſh* Empire was ſettled in the preſent Royal Houſe: That Church! which his Sacred Majeſty, at his Coronation, ſwore to protect and defend: Finally, That Church! from which if any Prince ſhall ſeparate, he thereby forfeits (according to our preſent Eſtabliſhment) all Pretentions to the Allegiance of the *Britiſh* Nation. Great *Cato*, we ſhall let you paſs this Time, without any farther Caſtigation; for all the Pains we have taken with you, we beg only this ſmall Favour, that you would pull off your Mask, and clear the Reputation of that noble Peer who is ſuſpected to be the Great *Cato*, by Perſons of ſmall Penetration. All Men of common Senſe, and the leaſt Obſervation, conclude with us, that from your Conduct it is palpably evident, you are ſome Miſcreant well diſciplined in an Eccleſiaſtical Court, or cenſured by a Convocation for your Blaſphemy and Profanation of holy

Scripture.

Scripture. Be cautious of your future Productions, as you dread our critical Authority, and ſo we bid you heartily Farewell.

Given at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, *March* 26. 1721.

LETTER LVII.

SIR,

THERE are certain Errors peculiar to every Station and Period of Life; the moſt fatal one attending upon learned honeſt Men, is a Neglect and Contempt of the profligate, illiterate, open Publiſhers of flagrant and pernicious Principles. Whereas Experience convinces us, ſuch Fellows do much more Miſchief, than Villains of greater Capacities, and finer Pens. They write down to the Underſtanding of the Mob, who are incapable of ſubtile Diſtinctions, and abſtracted Reaſoning: And therefore have the wiſeſt Governments puniſhed with the utmoſt Severity the Authors and Publiſhers of ſeditious Papers and Ballads, tho' they had offended the Eight Parts of Speech, and every Line of Grammar, to as great a Degree as they ſinned againſt the Magiſtracy. It is well known, that the moſt active and powerful Inſtruments in ſubverting our Eccleſiaſtical and Civil Conſtitution in 1641, were Wretches ſcarce endued with common Senſe. *George Fox*, the Founder of the abſurd and dangerous Sect of *Quakers*, appears by his Writings to have been as low in Underſtanding, as in Birth, Employment, and Learning. That confident unreaſoning Animal, the *Independent Whig*, the Father of the *Hell-fire Club*, the *Sulphur Society*, the *Merry Mohocks*, &c. has withdrawn Thouſands of inconſiderate People from attending at religious Aſſemblies. Thoſe execrable Authors, *Machiavel*, *Hobbes*, *Algernoon Sidney*,

ney, &c. have not done ſo much Miſchief as *Cato*, the poor Retailer of their Principles.

What has been ſaid will, I hope, be a ſufficient Apology for me, to thoſe Gentlemen who may imagine I act below my Honour and Dignity, in contending with a thing of ſo little Conſequence as *Cato*. Does not Hiſtory inform us of a Nation deſtroyed by Rabbets? of Cities devoured by Rats? Surely, the Calamities of theſe People muſt be greatly augmented, by conſidering the vile Cauſes of their Ruine! Certainly, they would have thought it no ſmall Conſolation, to have periſhed by the Sword of an *Alexander* or a *Cæſar*. Would not a Citizen who could have delivered them from thoſe Diſtreſſes, have deſerved as well of thoſe States, as *Manlius* or *Cicero* did of the *Romans*, whom they freed from the Invaſion of the *Gauls*, and the traiterous Deſigns of *Cataline*? Are not our preſent Troubles conſiderably aggravated, by reflecting that Directors, raſcally peddling *Jews*, Brokers, Knights of the Induſtry, the Scum, the Off-ſcowring of the Earth, have made a rich and potent Nation poor and miſerable? Yet no Perſons were ſo much abuſed as thoſe who ſeeing thro' the Cheat, would honeſtly have undeceived their Neighbours. I am ſomewhat apprehenſive I may meet with the like Treatment for oppoſing *Cato*, who is now as much the common Idol, as a Director was a Year ago. The Squires of the Alley have only cheated us out of our Wealth, upon the ſpecious Pretence of clearing the National Debts: *Cato* endeavours to cheat us of our Souls, under the popular Cover of bringing Rogues to Juſtice.

I ſhall draw up the following Charge againſt *Cato*, every Particular of which I will maintain and make good in my ſubſequent Letters, reſerving to my ſelf a Right to exhibit further Articles againſt him. *Cato* aſſerts, That the Commons alone are the Legiſlature; by which Propoſition the Prerogative of the King and the Rights of the Lords are injured.

jured. He ſawcily and inſolently preſumes to direct the great Council of the Nation now aſſembled in Parliament. He endeavours to alienate the Affections of the People of this Realm from his moſt ſacred Majeſty, by attempting to make his Majeſty and his Miniſters little in the Eyes of the People, by ſleering and ironical Encomiums on them, which the moſt undiſcerning among the Vulgar know to be the keeneſt, ſevereſt Reproaches, and the moſt biting Sarcaſm. He lays down Poſitions deſtructive of all Government in general, but more particularly of our Conſtitution. He excludes the divine Providence from any Share in the Direction of human Affairs. He reviles and abuſes the Reverend Clergy of the Church of *England* by Law eſtabliſhed, in the moſt ſcurrilous Terms. He foments Diſcontents in the Minds of the People, and does all that in him lyes to ſtir them up to Plunder and Sedition. Finally, the whole Tenor and Deſign of his Letters is to deſtroy Religion and Government, and introduce Atheiſm and Anarchy.

When I have removed *Cato*'s Rubbiſh out of the Way, I will in five or ſix Letters offer ſuch Conſiderations to my Countrymen, as may make them eaſy under their Misfortunes; and when I have brought them to Temper, will, for their Diverſion, tye up a large Bundle of the fine Rhetorical and Oratorical Flowers that lye interſperſed among *Cato*'s Writings, and ſhew the Town what pretty things they have been ſo fond of.

There lyes now before me the Preface to the ſecond Edition of *Cato*'s Political Letters, which Piece, as a Critick, I affirm to be the Great *Cato*'s own Performance. I know it to be his by theſe Marks and Tokens. It contains a great deal of Words with very little Matter, and no Connection: It is plentifully ſtored with Scripture Phraſe, a Trick *Cato* learnt of his Maſters in Iniquity, the Rebels of Forty One, who always play'd the Devil with the Word of God in their Mouths. It

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is written with an inſolent, aſſuming, commanding, dogmatical Air; entirely *Cato*'s Manner! And laſtly, it is ſtufft full of his own dear Praiſes and Commendations.

In this moſt exquiſite Compoſition I find the following merry Sentence. "I do not think, that "the ſtrongeſt Treatiſe upon the Liberty of the "Preſs could ſo well ſhew its great Importance "to Civil Liberty, as the univerſal good Recep-"tion of theſe Papers has done." With all my Induſtry I can find out but one Interpretation to put upon this Sentence, which (tho' I have a very vile Opinion of the Author) I am loath to impute to him. I cannot think him ſo vain a Rogue, as to imagine he is able to perſwade the Nation, we ſhould have been Slaves, if *Cato* had not turned Pamphleteer; and that Mr. *Aiſtabie* and Sir *George Caſwall* might poſſibly have been Conſtable and Lieutenant of the *Tower*, inſtead of being Priſoners in it: Yet he muſt mean this or nothing at all. Thoſe who are charitably diſpoſed may believe the latter: I aſſure them it is a common Trick with him.

All Men of common Honeſty and common Senſe complain of the Licenſe of the Preſs; but I ſhould be guilty of a great Abſurdity to infer from thence, that *Cato* ſhould diſlike it. It has been complained of in both Houſes of Parliament, as injurious to Peace, Order and Tranquillity of Civil Society; the Clergy in a private and publick Capacity, in common Converſation, in their Diſcourſes from the Pulpit, when aſſembled in Convocation, lament the many Evils flowing from the unbounded Liberty of the Preſs; very truly maintaining the ſcandalous Corruption of Faith and Manners to be greatly ſupported, cauſed, and confirmed by it. But ſuch is *Cato*'s Vanity and Self-ſufficiency, that I ſhall never propoſe to cure him of any diſtemper'd Fancy, by ſhewing, that all Men of Underſtanding differ in Opinion with him. Upon this

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Topick I am now diſcuſſing, I believe there may be a Conſideration offered which may make our confident Writer a little fearful of the Truth of his Poſition. If *Cato*'s Memory be not as bad as his Principles, he may recollect, that within a few Years ſome Gentlemen have been ſeduced by this ſtrange Opinion he advances, to commit ſuch Extravagances, as our Governours could find no eaſier Engines to rectify, than the Gallows, Pillories, Fines, and Impriſonment; which of theſe Methods of Cure may be moſt ſuitable to *Cato*'s Indiſpoſition, let the Sages of the Law determine. Moſt certainly that Law which makes ſeditious Words ſo criminal, that many Families, many young Gentlemen have been utterly ruined by them, muſt proceed in a ſevere manner againſt ſeditious Writings, which are undertaken coolly and deliberately; whereas Words are often ſpoken paſſionately, inconſiderately, Wine and Oppoſition making Men often drop Expreſſions contrary to their real Sentiments.

To this memorable Sentence he tacks what follows. "The Freedom with which they are "written has been encouraged and applauded "even by thoſe, who in other Inſtances are Ene-"mies to all Freedom." The ſubſequent Paragraph informs us, that by the *Enemies to all Freedom*, he means, *Tories*, *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*; in this Inſtance the Fellow palpably betrays his evil Deſigns againſt the Conſtitution, by glorying in their Applauſe, whom he often ſtyles the Enemies of it.

Again, ſays he, "Men when not byaſs'd by "preſent Gain, or the preſent Hopes of Gain, are "naturally honeſt." I thank him for his kind Opinion of human Nature in this Place, ſo contrary to the Principles of his Maſter *Hobbes*, and what he himſelf often advances. But 'tis long ſince Inconſiſtency and *Cato* have been Strangers. But *Cato* ſhews how ſmall his Knowledge of Mankind is

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by this Aſſertion; 'tis too general, too poſitive. Had he underſtood human Nature, he would have thrown ſome qualifying Adverb into it. Had he affirmed, that preſent Gain, or the preſent Hopes of Gain generally, or moſt powerfully prevail upon Men to deſert their natural Honeſty, he and I would have agreed as well upon this Matter, as *Dennis* and *Gildon*, or any Pair of Loggerheads in Town. Prithee *Cato*, good old Gentleman, put on thy Spectacles, look about thee upon a clear Day, and if thy Eyes be not as dim as thy Underſtanding, thou mayeſt perceive Thouſands who would ſtrip off every Rag of natural Honeſty, for very diſtant uncertain Hopes of Gain, and others who would keep it as cloſe to them as a *Scotchman* does the Itch, though Mountains of Gold were offered to them; notwithſtanding which, they would part with it moſt readily for a little dear ſweet Bit of Revenge, to dry up the Tears of a wheedling Whore, to ſatiate their Ambition, or gratify a Bottle Companion, and ſeveral other Conſiderations which you may find out when your Eyes are open. Some other Matters in this notable Preface I ſhall examine at a more convenient time.

That Son of a *Lapland* Witch, *Duncan Campbell*, who gets the firſt Quarter's Wages of every ſilly Chambermaid that comes up to Town, can (as I have been informed) write the Name of any Perſon at firſt Sight, without the leaſt Intimation concerning him: This muſt be allowed to be ſomewhat very extraordinary; yet I have got a Trick worth ten of it; by the time I have read two or three Paragraphs of any Man's Works, I can give a Painter Directions to draw his Picture. I have never ſeen *Cato*, but, upon the Credit of my Art, I declare to the World, he is a Weaſel-fac'd old Fellow, 5 Foot 8 Inches high when dreſt, wears a dark Wig, is of a dusky ſallow Countenance, ſhews more Tricks in his Face in the Revolution of a Minute, than *Clench* of *Barnet*, a Poſture-Maſter, or

or a *High-German* Artiſt can ſhew in an Hour. In the ſmall Compaſs of a Minute, he repreſents to the Life, Pride, Envy, Malice, Famine, Turbulence and Uneaſineſs of Mind, *&c.* the ſtrongeſt Marks of a violent Death remaining fix'd and ſettled under all thoſe Changes. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee a Man of his Years put to open Shame, and therefore have determined to break his Heart by the 24th of *Auguſt*; at which time I recommend it heartily to the College of Phyſicians to have his Body opened; for, beſides ſeveral uncommon Obſervations to be made on the peculiar Structure of his Brain, they will find the Liquor contained in his *Pericardium*, to be ſo exceſſive bitter, and ſo prodigiouſly black, that one Drop of it thrown into the *Thames* ſhall produce ſuch an Alteration in its Taſte and Colour, that it ſhall reſemble one of the fabled Rivers of Hell 'till next Flood. If *Cato* dares affirm I have made a diſadvantageous Repreſentation of his Perſon, I challenge him to meet me next Court-Day at the *South-Sea Houſe*, where I wage my Reputation, Honour, and Wit, againſt his, that he ſhall not find five Voices to declare for him; now let him exclaim as much as he will, and prate and talk of ill Uſage, I hope no Gentleman will believe one Word he ſays, when I offer ſuch a fair Way of accommodating any Difference that may ariſe in this Affair, and allow him greater Odds in the Bett than ever was ſeen at any Cock-Pit.

I thought to have kept to my ſelf the firſt Motive that induced *Cato* to turn Pamphleteer; the old Put had heard that weak unſettled Governments had been forced to buy off factious Demagogues with Places and Preferments. Since *Cato* writ his firſt Letter, he has dreamt of nothing but Council-Boards, Peerage, White-Staves, Blue-Ribbands, and crouded Levees. It is pleaſant to obſerve, as ſoon as he awakes he calls the Maid, and aſks if any Secretary of State, or Lord of the Council has been

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to wait upon him that Morning; when ſhe tells him, there was no Body but the Taylor and the Cook, who deſired he would diſcharge their reſpective Bills, and not put him and themſelves to Trouble: He ſwears and ſtorms (when honeſt Men are ſaying their Prayers) and when he is out of Breath, he flies to Pen, Ink and Paper, with Heart full of Reſentment, and writes what he is not able to ſpeak. Then he dwells upon that repeated Inſinuation (but our dull Miniſtry will not take the Hint) that there are only two neceſſary Ingredients in the Compoſition of a good Stateſman; Firſt, Honeſt Affections; Secondly, Moderate Qualifications. If any Man will take his Word that he is Maſter of the firſt of theſe, I will paſs mine he enjoys the latter to a very great Degree. But, Friend *Cato*, think, if it be poſſible for you ſo to do; might not an ignorant Miniſter lead his Maſter into as great Miſtakes as a knaviſh able one? Might not ſuch a Fool be the Property of inferior Villains of greater Cunning? And would not he be deſervedly puniſhed with the utmoſt Severity, whenever his Conduct was enquired into, to prevent ſuch Sots from meddling with Matters above their Capacity for the future?

Beſides, no Man would be ſuch a Slave as to ſerve in Conjunction with you, if you were employed any Way ſuitable to your Ambition; the leaſt thing you would think worthy of you, would be to reſide at a Foreign Court. Now we will ſuppoſe you ſent to a Prince that has the greateſt Veneration for his Majeſty, the King of *Denmark* for Example; your Inſolence and Pride would be ſo inſupportable, that the greateſt Reſpect the People you negotiated with might have for your Superiors, would not protect you from their Scorn and Contempt. Upon your Return with Diſgrace you might have the additional Satisfaction of finding another

another Court and Nation to libel as well as your own.

Dear *Cato*, I have ſo profound a Veneration for you, that I would willingly keep you out of Harm's-way: Now Pride is a very naughty Thing, and will do you a great deal of Hurt, and you are in great Danger from it, on Account of your numerous Admirers; the beſt Way to ſave you from any Miſchief may proceed from hence, is to let you know what Sort of Things your Admirers are. They are ſuch as ſigh, groan, and foam at the Mouth on hearing *Sam. Wright*, *Tom. Bradbury*, and *Harris* of *Goodman's-Fields*, utter unintelligible Nonſenſe! and are no Ways affected at the moving Eloquence, Concinnity of Geſture, apt Muſical Pronunciation, and harmonious Expreſſion of the Reverend Dean of *Canterbury*; nor convinced by the ſolid, rational, clear, logical Diſcourſes of the Dean of *Ely*, Doctor *Lupton*, Doctor *Biſſe*, Doctor *Mangey*, &c. Such as are delighted with a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe, or a Country Crowd, and nothing touched with the divine Compoſitions of *Corelli*, performed by *Geminiani*, *Ayleworth*, *Carbonelli*, and *Dubourg*. Such as are raviſhed with a Ballad of *Robin-Hood* and the *Pindar* of *Wakefield*; but put *Spencer*, *Milton*, or *Waller* into their Hands, will tell you they can find no Fun in it. Such as are tickled with the Scrolls of *Amhurſt*, *Dennis*, or *Gildon*, eſteem them Poets, Criticks, and Wits; yet fall aſleep over the maſterly Works of *Prior*, *Congreve*, and *Pope*. Finally, ſuch as prefer the Letters in the *London* Journal to *Addiſon's Spectators*, ſuch whoſe cenſure is Fame, whoſe Applauſe is the greateſt Scandal and Reproach. Farewel old *Cato* till next *Saturday*, when you ſhall hear further from your beſt Friend

From my Houſe in *Hanover-Square*, *April* 16. 1721. ARISTARCHUS.

To all Scavengers within the Bills of Mortality.

You are hereby ſtrictly charged and commanded to remove that Nuiſance, that Lump of Dirt the *Terræ-Filius*, from out of the Sight and Smell of all his Majeſty's loving Subjects, and commit him to the next Dunghil, to the Place where you find him: For ſo doing, this ſhall be your ſufficient Warrant and Authority.

ARISTARCHUS.

LETTER LVIII.

——— *Amoto quæramus ſeria Ludo.* Hor.

To all the good People of England, ARISTARCHUS *wiſheth Health, Happineſs, and ſound Underſtanding.*

THE Mountebank erects a Stage, provides it with Buffoons and Tumblers for your Diverſion; in bombaſt Speeches lets you into his Deſign of deſtroying the wicked Combination of Doctors and Apothecaries, againſt your Money, your Time, and your Health. He has, the ſole Benefit of Mankind thereto exciting him, found out a little Pacquet of Phyſick, that cures all Diſeaſes without Fee or Bill: And as nothing contributes more to Health than uninterrupted Chearfulneſs, this Great Good Man! this generous Conſervator of publick Health! prepares the beſt Medicine for Melancholy can be invented. Now, you will hardly think it, this fine Gentleman in Velvet, employs his Fools for no other End, but to tickle your Ears, and blind your Eyes, while he picks your Sixpences out of your Pockets, and diſperſes his Poyſon among you.

Thus

Thus his more pernicious Brother the Soul-Quack, who in his Conventicle mimicks the facetious *Jack Pudding* with equal Learning, Modeſty and Authority, by apiſh ridiculous Geſtures, and about an Hundred unmeaning Cant-Words, uttered in a Tone as particular to him as his Impudence, promiſes to ſhew you a ſhort Cut to Heaven, without any Rites, Ceremonies, Liturgies, Abſolutions, Benedictions, Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons, which fooliſh People, for above 1500 Years imagined to be neceſſary Marks to guide them in that long Journey. But honeſt *Jack-in-a-Box* has found them out lately to be ſo many Incumbrances that will tire you before you get half Way. Follow me, Boys, ſays he, I'll lead you through an undiſcovered Road, ſo ſhort, and ſo eaſy, you may dance all the Way, and ſo direct, you may travel blind-fold; and can any body be ſo ill-natured, to ſuſpect that one who makes you ſo many pretty Promiſes, has no other Aim but to open the Hearts and Purſe-Strings of the pious Siſters towards him?

Cato, after their Example, endeavours to lead you, by the moſt popular Pretences into the moſt dangerous Errors, and worſt of Evils.

The honeſt wiſe Man, from his Obſervation upon Fools and Knaves, picks up the moſt valuable Part of his Knowledge, that is, Experience. Thus from Dung, the Filth, the Ordure, and Corruption of Animals, the All-nouriſhing Earth recruits her waſted Vigour; and by how much the Compoſt is more putrified, ſo much the greater Strength and Beauty does ſhe communicate to Herb, Flower, Plant, Grain, and Tree.

Having prefaced thus much in the modern Way, I come now to apply. That ſure Guide Experience, which I found out by ſtrictly watching the forementioned Gentlemen and Thouſands of their Fellows, tells me, the Way to fix your Attention, is to play the humble Droll. I have practiſed that Strata-

tratagem with Succeſs, and having already gained my Point, ſhall ceaſe to purſue it; for the future expect nothing from me, but the ſame Sort of Truths I have already imparted to you, cloathed in their proper Dreſſes, clear Reaſoning, and perſpicuous Expreſſion. I ſhall beſtow upon my Adverſaries (and ſuch are all the Enemies of Truth) the hardeſt Arguments I can find, but ſhall abſtain even from the ſofteſt, gentleſt, and juſteſt Reproaches; that I decline ſuch a Manner of Proceeding, cannot now be attributed to an Inability, or Deſpair of Succeſs, in the loweſt, meaneſt Way of Writing, but to a Contempt of it.

Paſſing by *Cato* for the preſent; the next Subject I go upon, is to treat ſomewhat largely on the End, Deſign, and Authority of Capital Puniſhments, and publick Executions. Meditating on publick Executions, by the Rule of Concatenation of Thought (which I learned from the ingenious Projector of the *Eſh-pool*) I am led to the Conſideration of ſeveral Executions I have ſeen, read, and heard of. Among ſeveral which I have recollected upon this Occaſion, one appears to me of ſo extraordinary a Nature, that I doubt not it will make a pleaſing Entertainment to the Reader; it may alſo point out a proper Flight for the ſoaring Muſe of our ſecond *Shakeſpear*, my worthy Friend, the ingenious Dr. *Young*, and rivet him in the good Opinion of the judicious Peer, who eſpouſed the Cauſe of the incomparable *Revenge*, with a noble and worthy Ardor. Let any Dealer in Fuſtian at his Peril preſume to meddle with my Goods; in a more particular Manner, I forbid all *Caledonian* Bards to beget a Pigmy Tragedy on the Body of my Iſſue.

A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, about the latter End of King *William*'s Reign, ſaw a Lady ſuffer Death at *Vienna*; obſerving her Behaviour to be very extraordinary, he followed the Friar who attended her upon the Scaffold, to his Convent,

vent, from whom he had the following Relation. Sir, the unhappy Lady, who is the Subject of your preſent Enquiries, was the only Child of a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and called *Amelia*: It were ridiculous in an old Friar to mention *Amelia*'s Beauty to a gay young Cavalier, who has ſeen her, and moſt probably is deſirous to know more of her Concerns, purely upon that Account. Yet I aſſure you, Sir, Beauty was one of *Amelia*'s pooreſt Qualifications; ſhe was learned, eloquent, polite, and what is ſtill more valuable, rigidly virtuous in every Particular of her Life, but that which was the unhappy Occaſion of cloſing it, in ſo untimely and publick a Manner.

In the Neighbourhood of this fair Unfortunate dwelt a Gentleman, whoſe principal Wealth conſiſted in a numerous and beautiful Iſſue. *Conſtantine* one of his youngeſt Sons, was indiſputably the moſt lovely Youth in all *Auſtria*; 'twill be ſufficient for you to know he had a certain Bloom in his Countenance, an Air, a Mien, a Shape more exquiſitely formed, ſomething ſofter, ſweeter, and more delicate than any thing you beheld in *Amelia*: He had a Mind ſtill nearer related to the fair Sex than his Perſon; he was timorous, gentle, good-natured, irreſolute, and inconſtant. He never rid the great Horſe, hunted the Stag, or exerciſed Arms; his Sports were all effeminate, he worked at the embroidery Frame, played Cards, ſung, danced, and touched the Harpſichord to Admiration. When it was reported there was a Love Affair between him and *Amelia*, idle Wits have ſaid, they exchanged Souls without a Figure.

Amelia having the more manly Spirit, ſhe opened the Love Scene: As *Conſtantine* had never beheld any thing more beautiful than her, but himſelf, he readily gave into an Overture of this Kind, managed with the fineſt Addreſs, and all that neceſſary Art, ſo unuſual a Proceeding required, by one whoſe Fortune was much ſuperior to his Preten-

Pretenſions. When ſhe had entangled the Boy in the Silken Bonds of Love, ſhe met him every Day, in order to inſtruct him; ſhe put Books into his Hands, required him to read them on Pain of her Diſpleaſure, exacted an Account of his Improvement by them, explained the Difficulties he met with, corrected his Judgment, and refined his Taſte. If provoked by his unmanly Deportment, or Neglect of his Studies, ſhe ſometimes ſeverely reprehended him; guſhing Tears would obſcure his bright Eyes, *Amelia* with eager Lips would catch the flowing Griefs, hang over him enamoured, convert her Reproofs into the tendereſt Expoſtulations, and infuſe kind Careſſes among her wiſe Admonitions; ſhe uſed him as an indulgent Parent would a favourite Child, whom he educated himſelf. Three Years were ſpent in this pretty Faſhion, when the wealthy Widow of a Miniſter of State caſt her gloaſing Eyes on our lovely *Adonis*. She no ſooner ſaw him, than ſhe was all on Fire; the Flames of Love were no ſooner kindled in her, but ſhe revealed them to his Father; he conſidering how much her Fortune exceeded *Amelia*'s, and that his Pride would be reſcued, from begging of her Father, to confer a Favour upon his Family, he laid his Injunctions upon his Son to make Tenders of Affection to the rich Widow inſtantly. The Boy fled to *Amelia*, and ſighing told her his Father's haſty and ſurpriſing Reſolutions. *Amelia* heard him ſmiling, inſtructed him how to manage the Widow, and behave towards his Father, bidding him return at Night, and make her merry with the Tranſactions of the Day, claſped him in a fond Embrace, and purſued him with her Eyes.

Conſtantine ſtraightway repaired to the Widow's Houſe, where he found her in a Readineſs to receive him. He could not ſpeak, Shame, Confuſion, Indignation dwelt upon his Face: A Lady of her Experience and Conſtitution was not to be

kept back from her Pleaſures by idle Forms; ſhe ſaw the Diſorders of his Soul thro' his Countenance, and graſped the unwilling, ſtruggling, lovely Boy in her ſtrong Arms; ſucked his ſweet Breath, and devoured his Lips with earneſt Kiſſes. At every Pauſe ſhe made to breath, he cryed I love none but my *Amelia*! ugly Thing I hate you! you are neither ſo young nor ſo handſome as my *Amelia*'s Mother. This warm Engagement was ended by his Father's Appearance; the afrighted Youth skulk'd behind him like a little Bird that creeps under its Dam's Wings, upon any apparent Danger.

Madam declared to the old Gentleman the Tranſports of her Soul were ſo great, that ſhe eagerly longed for the Conſummation of her Happineſs; told him, there was a Father of our Order in the Houſe, ſinging a *Requiem* to her departed Husband, who ſhould break off that Buſineſs to adminiſter to them the Sacrament of Matrimony. The Father commanded *Conſtantine* inſtantly to lead the Widow to her Chapel; the fooliſh Boy reluctantly obey'd, not having Courage and Reſolution to undergo a Stroke, or a harſh Word, rather than marry the Woman he hated, and deſert the fair One he loved, if a Creature of ſuch Milkineſs of Blood can properly be ſaid to love or hate.

Poor forſaken *Amelia* ſat up till Dawn of Day, counting the tedious Hours, and fondly imagined every little Noiſe ſhe heard was the Sound of her *Conſtantine*'s Feet. To make the ſlow-pac'd Minutes glide away ſwiftly, ſhe read the loves of *Hero* and *Leander*, as divinely ſung by the old *Grecian* Bard *Muſæus*; from thence ſhe turn'd to *Ovid*, the darling Food of Love-ſick Minds: Opening the Book, ſhe fell on the ſtrange Story of *Eccho* and *Narciſſus*, then paſs'd to the fair *Ariadne*'s doleful Tale, deſerted on a ſtrange Land by faithleſs *Theſeus*; with ſeveral other Narratives that over-

overflow'd with female Woe. She had not been long in Bed when her Maid rowz'd her from a diſcompos'd Slumber, to acquaint her with *Conſtantine*'s Folly; ſhe heard her without any ſeeming Diſorder, and anſwer'd only with a ſcornful Smile, ordering the Curtains to be drawn again, that ſhe might proſecute her Sleep.

Soon after her Father entered her Chamber, telling her he had frequently been importuned by his Friend and Fellow-Soldier *Frederick*, to permit him to make his Addreſſes to her: That out of Tenderneſs to her, he never would comply, knowing from the Beginning of her Affair with *Conſtantine*, *Frederick* was wiſe, valiant, wealthy, not to be called either old or unhandſome: But *Conſtantine* was——— here ſhe interrupted him, unable to hear any Ill ſpoken of him ſhe ſo long loved. Sir, ſays ſhe, I beg Pardon for offending ſo much Goodneſs, in entertaining a Matter of that important Nature, without your Privity; I am now, Sir, ready to demonſtrate, there ſtands nothing between me and the Duty and Obedience due to you. After this her pleaſing Declaration, the Nuptials with *Frederick* were forwarded withall decent Speed.

As ſoon as *Conſtantine* could get looſe from his luſtful Bride, he fled to the Apartment of the beauteous *Amelia*; he ſent her Woman in to beg Admiſſion; but while he waited at the Door, he heard her receive theſe Orders, Go, charge that Fool to trouble me no more. *Conſtantine* return'd home, and, not loving to torment himſelf with the dull Fatigue of Thinking, his Spouſe's Flattery and the Opportunity he now had to indulge his Fopperies to the utmoſt Bent, ſoon made him eaſy.

Not ſo with the poor *Amelia*; ſhe was troubled, ſhe could not poſſeſs what ſhe deſir'd; ſhe was troubled that an unworthy Perſon ſhould interpoſe between her and her Deſires; ſhe was yet more troubled, that ſhe could not pay her Heart

where it was due, to *Frederick*, a Man worthy of it; ſhe was moſt of all troubled that the Author of her Diſquietude was unworthy of her leaſt Concern; ſhe ſtudiouſly avoided the Sight of him, leſt it ſhould augment and confirm her Uneaſineſs. About a Year after their Marriage they accidentally met in the Imperial Gardens; after ſome ſharp Reproaches on her Side, and womaniſh Tears, and more than womaniſh Excuſes on his, the manly Heart of *Amelia* melted towards him. If you would convince me, ſays ſhe, O *Conſtantine!* that Perfidy had not as great a Share in your unaccountable Behaviour as Folly: Swear to me, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, that if your Wife ſhould die, you will remain in the State of Widowhood till I can lawfully ſupply her Place, and I will bind my ſelf to you in a like Vow: Do this, and I will forgive you; do this, and I will begin again a Round of happy Days from the firſt Moment I can behold a Dawn of Hope my *Conſtantine* may yet be mine. He ſwore without Heſitation, and *Amelia* was ſatisfy'd.

In their fifth Matrimonial Year *Conſtantine*'s tranſitory Spouſe left this uncertain Life; with much a-do the gay Trifler fool'd away two Years of ſingle Life, when perceiving *Frederick* was in no great Haſte to quit this wicked World, he importuned *Amelia* to compaſſionate his unruly Appetites, and five ſmall Children that call'd aloud for the Regulation of a prudent Wife; but ſhe, inflexible to his Intreaties, would not releaſe him from his Obligation.

About a Month ago he demanded my Ghoſtly Counſel and Advice in this Affair. Upon Deliberation, I aſſured him, the Oath being in its own Nature unlawful, could not bind, but called for Repentance, as a raſh Oath. He heard my Determination with Joy, and ſought *Amelia*, to acquaint her with it. When he had reported my Judgment to her, ſhe charg'd him to examine into his

his Heart ſtrictly, to bring all the Errors of his Life to View, confeſs them to me, and receive Abſolution and the Euchariſt; then meet her in the Arbour at the lower End of his Garden; and if he continued in his cruel Reſolutions, ſhe would there releaſe him.

In three Days after, he made a long, particular and tedious Confeſſion to me, ten times as full of Impertinence as Guilt. When High Maſs was ended, he went punctually to his Aſſignation. Well, ſays *Amelia*, with a Countenance full of Sorrow, My dear *Conſtantine*, are you unalterably fix'd in your cruel Reſolutions? He reply'd, I am indeed, *Amelia*: Indeed I am. Why then, ſays ſhe, nothing remains but a parting Embrace, one Farewell, for ever. Since you are reſolv'd we ſhall not live for one another, I have determin'd we ſhall die for each other: So ſaying, ſhe drew out a Piſtol, and while he circled her in his Arms, ſhot him to the Heart. The Noiſe of a Piſtol in the Garden brought his Servants out, who found *Conſtantine* juſt ſlain, and *Amelia* all bath'd in Tears upon the Ground by his Side.

She commanded them to carry the Body into the Houſe, and conduct her to the Magiſtrate, to whom ſhe confeſſed the ſtrange Action ſhe had done, deſiring I might be appointed to prepare her to follow *Conſtantine*, when the Sentence of the Law ſhould ſend her after him. A Prince, who viſited her in Confinement, aſſur'd her, he would procure the Emperor's Pardon for her; ſhe thank'd him in the moſt graceful manner for his offer'd Service, but begg'd for Pity's ſake he would not meddle in ſuch an Affair: All the Favour ſhe deſir'd, was to be laid in the ſame Grave with *Conſtantine*. I am perſwaded, had the Priſon Doors been left open, ſhe would not have gone out. She applied her ſelf with the utmoſt Diligence to her laſt Concern, begged Pardon for what ſhe had done, of her Husband, her Father, *Conſtantine*'s Father and

his Children. You obſerved, Sir, with what Chearfulneſs, or rather with what Joy, ſhe ſubmitted to Death the King of Terrors. She directed the Executioner to do his Buſineſs when ſhe dropped her Book. When ſhe was fixed in a dying Poſture, ſays ſhe to me, My Reverend Father, do you really believe *Conſtantine* is among thoſe who depart in Peace. I told her, I had as good Reaſons to believe ſo as a Man could poſſibly have. Now attend to the moſt ſurprizing Part of her Story. Be he happy (ſays ſhe) or miſerable, may I be his Companion to all Eternity; then let fall her Book, and the Executioner at one Stroke ſevered her Head from her Body.

Thus, in the Twenty Sixth Year of her Age, fell the unhappy *Amelia*, worthy of a better Fate; a Woman of many Excellencies; many Virtues; Great indeed were her Faults, but they were Faults of raging Love; her Virtues were all her own. The Impetuoſity of her Deſires are not to be queſtioned; but certainly ſhe cannot be enough commended, for having never attempted to quench her amorous Flame by actual Pollution.

There are many inſtructive Leſſons to be learned from this Tragical Story. You ſeem to me, Sir, ſufficiently compoſed and ingenious to make them for your ſelf. For my Part, I will retire to my Cloſet, and implore the Divine Goodneſs, to grant to every one who has ſeen, or ſhall hear of the lamentable Piece of Juſtice this Day exerciſed, abundant Grace to make that Uſe of it, for which publick Capital Puniſhments were firſt intended.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

The brainleſs Stripling, who, expell'd to Town,
Damn'd the ſtiff College, and pedantick Gown,
——— *Now twice a Week*
Spells uncouth Latin, *and pretends to* Greek.
Mr. *Tickell*'s Verſes to the *Spectator*.

Mr. *Miſt*,

'TIS melancholly to reflect how contracted is our Foreſight, how blind we are to future Events, how ignorant of Contingencies! I thought nothing more certain, (Fool that I was!) than to have obliged you and my gentle Readers of this Day, by ſtating the Caſe of capital Puniſhments on ſure Principles, and applying the Doctrines thence naturally reſulting to our *South-Sea* Traytors, of all Denominations.

But I am obliged to ſuſpend this uſeful and glorious Work for one Week, at the Importunity of that teazing Rogue my Diſciple *Dapperwit*, who has extorted from me a forc'd Permiſſion to publiſh his Defence of me againſt the dreadful Accuſation of that incomparable Writer the *Terræ-Filius*; from whom I have received as hard Uſage as the Univerſities, whoſe Example I reſolve to follow, in not contending with ſo gentile and potent an Adverſary.

The inſinuating Rogue drove me from my ſtrong Determinations, by repreſenting to me, with the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations; he impoſed upon himſelf the Confinement of a whole Hour to his Cloſet, in which time he was denied to half a dozen pretty Ladies, purely to draw up my Defence; and could I be ſo barbarouſly cruel as to make him labour to no Purpoſe?

For once I will follow this Maxim, of eternal Obligation with all indolent Men, *Give a Fool his Will, to get rid of him.* I do hereby ſtrictly charge and command all my Followers not to vindicate me, either by Speech or Writing, whenever they find me attacked by ſo polite and formidable a Genius as Mr. *Terræ-Filius*; however, I muſt in Juſtice to the merry Mortal *Dap*, profeſs, he has dealt ſo valiantly with my bold Antagoniſt, that it is highly probable he will throw no more of his Dirt at

Your truſty Friend,
ARISTARCHUS.

To the Terræ-Filius.

Egregious Sir,

I Have the Honour (unworthy as I am) to be a Diſciple of the illuſtrious *Ariſtarchus*. It was, with no ſmall Concern, that I obſerved you were not afraid, in your witty Compoſition of laſt *Saturday*, to uſe a Perſon of his high Rank with very little Reſpect. But as it is moſt difficult to diſcern when you ſpeak to *Ariſtarchus*, and when to Mr. *Miſt*, they being ſometimes two diſtinct People, and, in the Revolution of an Ogle, one individual Man; conſidering further, that you are bleſt with a ſtrange Faculty of caſually adorning where you deſignedly caſt Filth: I ſhould not have troubled you with this Addreſs, but to obviate the Miſtakes of ignorant People, who might otherwiſe take it upon Truſt from you, the Champion of Dullneſs, that my great Maſter, like ſeveral great Men of all Ages, was of a mean Original.

I do not wonder, worthy Sir, you ſhould know ſo little of my Maſter's Family, becauſe they always have kept the beſt Company; and it is likely therefore, neither you, nor any of your Acquaintance, could ever be admitted where they viſit.

The

The first of this illustrious Line the Heralds-Office speaks of, was one *Aristarchus*, by Trade a Critick, who like the Founders of several great Families, bore Arms by the Name of his Trade. This Gentleman (who was the very Reverse of *Zoilus*, Monsieur *Perault*, *Dennis* and *Gildon*) being a subtle cunning Fellow, bought up all the Fragments of *Homer*'s Works he found in the Hands of the Rhapsodists; then sat down, and, with indefatigable Industry, stitch'd them together in the Order we have them; purged them of the Nastiness they had contracted in passing through the hideous Hands of ignorant Ballad-Singers, restored them to their native Simplicity, and presented them to his Prince, who gave him a large Pension, a Patent for the sole Publication of them, and conferred the Honour of Knighthood upon him.

In those good old Times a Man of Ingenuity might be honoured and rewarded, though he had not a Seat in either House: The Learned will perceive I side with *Chaucer* against Mr. *Dryden*, in placing the Institution of Knighthood among the Acts of the Heroes, knowing very well *Theseus* received the Order from *Hercules*, who dubbed him with a Club, as we do with a Sword.

But, to return from this Digression: *Aristarchus* left a great Reputation and a pretty Estate behind him, upon which his Issue has lived very comfortably upwards of two Thousand Years, which might easily be done, they being the smallest Family in the World. *Aristarchus*, in a hot Fit, met with an ill-natured Fool, on whom he begot two lusty Boys, who have propagated their Kind so miraculously, that there is scarce a Parish in *Europe* without a Slip or two of this hopeful Stock. It is remarkable, that the illegitimate Offspring could never bear any thing belonging to the old Knight, from whence they descend, but the Name, nor shake off the evil Qualities they derive from the Mother. These Wretches (with many of which,

I am credibly informed, you are intimately acquainted; and, ſome tell me, you are recognized Head of the Clan,) have brought a great deal of Scandal upon the worſhipful Houſe of the Criticks, among People who are not skillful Heralds enough to diſtinguiſh the armorial Bearings of Houſes of the ſame Name.

I could, mighty Sir, reckon up a hundred, at leaſt of the legitimate Race, who were Perſons of Diſtinction; but I will not quite deſtroy you to Day: I know you could not ſtand the Shock of a Repetition of the Names of ſo many worthy Perſons, therefore ſhall mention only one of them, whom you have abuſed, without knowing why, or wherefore.

Ariſtarchus, ſurnamed *Anti-Bentleianus*, in Imitation of the noble *Romans*, who were called *Coriolanus*, *Aſiaticus*, *Africanus*, *&c.* from their Victories, was a pretty ſort of a Fellow, and vindicated *Horace*, who was related to the Family, from the manifold groſs Abuſes of the learned *Richard Bentley* of *Trinity-College*, *Cambridge*.

Ariſtarchus, my Maſter, is not to be let into Mr. *Bentley*'s Merit by you; he is well acquainted with all that Gentleman's begotten and adopted Children; he has a kindred Affection for ſeveral of them, and acknowledges them to be his Relations; he can tell you all the fine things *Grævius*, *Gronovius*, *Fabricius*, the learned Editor of *Ariſtophanes*, and ſeveral other famous Foreigners, have ſaid of him.

It is ſurprizing, learned Sir, that you ſhould revile the illuſtrious Houſe of the Criticks, and, in the ſame Breath, applaud Mr. *Bentley*, who ſets ſo high a Value upon himſelf, and is only valued by others, purely for being of that Honourable Houſe. That you ſhould call Criticks Foes to bright Men. Surely! when at *Oxford* you might have heard of ſuch Perſons as *Horace*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, Mr. *Dryden*,

Dryden, Mr. *Addiſon*, Dr. *Parnelle*, *&c.* who, to my certain Knowledge, were very bright Fellows, loved none but bright Fellows, yet they were Criticks.

Since the witty *Terræ-Filius* plumes himſelf, on having, with Mr. *Bentley* ſuffer'd academical Cenſures, and Chaſtiſements from an *Ariſtarchus*: I, who am the beſt natur'd Creature in the World, will tell you another Circumſtance wherein you reſemble him: You have entirely miſtaken your Man, as well as Mr. *Bentley*, who fell foul on Dr. *Colbatch* for the ſmart Correction he had received from Dr. *Middleton*. Believe me, Sir, Mr. *Miſt* is no more anſwerable for the Uſage you have found at *Ariſtarchus*'s Hands, whom Mr. *Miſt* has never ſeen, than *Dick Franklin*, or even Mr. *Miſt* himſelf is, for the ſcandalous Aſperſions you have caſt upon the Univerſities. Now, my Dear, your whole Jeſt is loſt. I congratulate you, however, on this your new Reſemblance of Mr. *Bentley*, and ſhall, with *Ariſtarchus*, be wonderfully pleaſed when we can trace in you a remote Likeneſs of that great Man's profound Learning.

Egregious Sir, you have not been ſo confident as to deny your Writings to be Dirt; why then are you ſo enraged at the learned *Ariſtarchus* for ſending them to their proper Habitation, the Dunghil? Or, could he poſſibly commit them to Hands more ſuitable than thoſe of the Scavenger?

'Tis wondrous ſtrange, that the ingenious *Terræ-Filius* could fancy, that one ſo grave, ſo learned, ſo wiſe as *Ariſtarchus*, could entertain ſuch a childiſh Notion, as to think an expell'd Perſon ever after incapable of ſpeaking Truth, and writing common Senſe. *Anthony a Wood* told him, long ago, that in *Oliver*'s righteous Reign, Truth and common Senſe were the only Cauſes could drive a Gentleman from his *Alma Mater*, who, to make uſe of your Expreſſion, was become a common Bawd that glory'd in her Shame. Since thoſe bleſſed Times it has happen'd, that almoſt one in fifty

of

of thoſe rotten Members the Univerſity cuts off from her Society, has, paſt Contradiction, become a Man of ordinary Senſe and common Honeſty. When *Ariſtarchus* mentioned your Expulſion, 'twas to ſatisfy the World, you were no legal Evidence againſt the Univerſities, every body knowing the Vagrant never praiſes the Town he has been whipt out of. The reſt of your Paper demands the Correction of the Beadle's Laſh, rather than of a Gentleman's Pen.

A certain old Gentleman, who frequents *Will's Coffeehouſe*, is always commending King *Charles*'s Time, when he was a young Fellow, and drives a great Trade in Similitudes; he expreſs'd himſelf the other Day in Diſcourſe, upon the wicked Papers had infeſted the Town lately, after this Manner. Let us ſuppoſe Religion to be a brave ſound Tree, which bears delicate natural Fruit, and a vaſt Variety of engrafted. Now, ſays he, the *Terræ-Filius* is a Maggot, nibbling at the beautiful Bloſſoms; the *Independent Whig* is a filthy Worm, that inſinuated it ſelf into green Fruit, and rotted it, before it had Sun or Time to ripen; *Cato* is a blind Mole, that traverſes about the Roots of it, endeavouring (if I may ſo ſpeak) to ſap its Foundations.

Frank Lyſet, who is one of the greateſt Wags in Nature, and knows how to fret the old Fellow, told him they were the Offspring of the wicked Wits of *Charles* the Second's Time. How do you know that, Spark? replies the old Man in a Huff. Becauſe they are ſo like them, ſays *Frank*. True, indeed, anſwers the old *Tangerine*, they do reſemble them; but 'tis as the Son of an old batter'd Rake, does his Sire; he inherits all his Vices and Diſeaſes, without that pert Briskneſs, which made the Reprobate his Father, juſt, not intolerable.

How can I forbear congratulating the Schools of the Prophets, their moſt learned, ingenious, and worthy Profeſſors, with the illuſtrious *Ariſtarchus* my

my Maſter: That the Panegyriſt of *Blunt* and *Ingram* is become their publick Defamer. What did they want to the Conſummation of their Glory, but, that the infamous and abandoned ſhould in as publick a Manner declare their Deteſtation of them, as wiſe and good Men have ſought, to teſtify to them their Love and Reſpect? Be then your Happineſs fully compleated; for he who has not been aſhamed to commend Monſters, to praiſe *South-Sea* Directors, purſues you with impotent Malice, and open Virulence.

When I conſider, Dear *Terry*, that Miſcreants are the Objects of your Praiſe, and that Men of the moſt exalted Character, are treated by you with the moſt ſcandalous Surrility; I lay down this Rule for thoſe whoſe unhappy Fate leads them to peruſe your languid Compoſitions; read him as you would *Hebrew*, or as Witches read their Prayers, and he will neither miſinform your Judgment, or miſguide you in Fact. Pray give my Service to Mr. *Meadowcourt*, and let me know what Proviſion is made for that honeſt Gentleman, ſince you publiſh'd his ſevere Treatment to the World.

My deareſt *Terry*, I wiſh thee good Books, a good Dinner, honeſt Friends, who will adviſe thee to read, before thou pretendeſt to write; and when thou putteſt Pen to Paper, to do it, like a Gentleman and a Chriſtian. If you will not take me, who have wiſhed you ſo many kind Wiſhes, for your hearty Well-wiſher, it is no Fault of, worthy Sir,

Your moſt devoted, moſt humble,
And moſt obedient Servant,

Dapper Wit.

LETTER

Ridiculum, acri
Fortius & melius, magnas plerunq; ſecat res. Hor.

To ARISTARCHUS *the Illuſtrious Cenſor of* Great Britain *and* Ireland. *The humble PETITION of* Cuthbert Humble *of* Humble-Down *in the County of* Northumberland *Eſquire.*

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner having moſt deſervedly a very good Opinion of himſelf, deſerted his *Hall-Houſe* in the County aforeſaid, to come to Town to ſeek a civil Employment; being in the fulleſt Manner ſenſible he was capable conſcientiouſly to diſcharge at leaſt a dozen of the greateſt Charges in the Kingdom in Perſon, or by Deputy.

That it was your Petitioner's Misfortune not to reach *London* (his Horſe falling Lame on the Road) till all the good Places were happily (for the Publick) diſpoſed of in one moſt deſerving Family: Your Petitioner therefore not being willing to wait, till all that worthy Houſe be gratified according to their Deſerts,

Humbly prayeth,

You would be graciouſly pleaſed to appoint and conſtitute him, the ſaid *Cuthbert Humble* Eſq; Inſpector General of all publick Inſcriptions whatſoever, whether they be Motto's, Epitaphs, Sign-Poſts, *&c.* Whether they notifie to us the Virtues of a deceaſed Inhabitant, or the Employment of a living one.

Your Petitioner humbly begs Leave to be of Opinion, that ſuch an Officer would baniſh all unnatural, ridiculous and abſurd Devices, prevent Tautology, and the unneceſſary Effuſion of *Engliſh* Words, which raſcally Painters, and Stone-cutters, who often work by the Letter, are ſure to multiply; would preſerve the Integrity of Orthography, and maintain

maintain all the three Concords in perfect Agreement: Who to the great Scandal of the learned, to the Prejudice of his Majesty's good Subjects, and contrary to the Peace and Dignity of our Sovereign Lord the King, are perpetually false and at Variance.

Though your Petitioner humbly apprehends he has a Title to this necessary Office, as first Claimant; yet has not your most humble Petitioner the Impudence to sollicit an Employment, only on the Merit of being well qualified to execute it. He therefore in all Humility beseeches your censorial Authority, to accept of a Collection of Gold-Medals, he has picked up in his Travels, to take his Present and Petition into your most gracious Consideration.

And your Petitioner as in Duty bound shall ever, *&c.*

Granted. The Medals a very material Incident.

LETTER LX.

SIR,

YOU are desired by several of your unknown Readers, to let the following Verses, with the Notes on them, be published in your next Journal. They were occasioned by the reading Mr. *Hugh St———pe*'s Poem sacred to the Memory of Earl *St———pe*, and are designed to discourage that incessant Scribbler, from presuming to attempt any thing farther in Poetry, *invita Minerva, & reclamante toto Pieridum choro.* I am, Sir,

Your very Humble Servant,

MISAULERES.

A (a) DIALOGUE between WILLIAM PENKETHMAN, Player, and HUGH ST——PE Poet.

P. (b) HOW *now* (c) *Friend* St——pe? *Why ſo melancholy?*
You're always us'd to be alert and jolly.

S. (d) *You know my clever* (e) *Talent at inditing,*
Some Verſes on (f) *my Couſin I've been writing.*

P. (g) *Some Verſes, Sir?*——(h) *I wiſh you a good Night.*
But hold——(i) *Pray lend 'em me:* (k) *I muſt go ſh——te.*

NOTES on the foregoing DIALOGUE *by Dr.* B——ey.

(a) The Word *Dialogue* is derived from the *Greek* Word Διάλογος, which ſignifies a Diſcourſe between two or more Perſons. The ſhorter this Diſcourſe is with an impertinent Poet, the better.

(b) The Author, *no doubt*, in this *Exordium* had an Eye to a Dialogue amongſt the Satires of *Horace*, which begins thus: *Unde & quo Catius*, &c. Or *perhaps* to theſe Words of *Terence*, *Ehem! quid triſtis es?*

(c) Reader, beware here of being led into a Miſtake. Mr. *Penkethman* does not call Mr. *S——pe* Friend in a ſerious, but in a jocular Manner: For ſuch Poets as Mr. *S——pe* can be no Friends to Players.

(d) Here my Pupil *Horace* might be a Party in the Dialogue, and ſpeak thus: *Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe ego mira poemata pango.*

(e) Hap-

(*e*) Happy had it been for poor ſtarving *C—rl*, if this Talent of thine had been ever hid in a Napkin. *Sed tenet inſanabile multos* (*heu! nimium multos!* may *C—rl* ſay) *Scribendi cacoethes.*

(*f*) *En frontem nebulonis! En centuplex æs!* For above ſix Weeks together I've been ſearching into ſeveral Hundreds of Manuſcript and Printed Books in the Heralds Office; and after infinite Pains and Care, I don't find that this ſawcy Poetaſter is deriv'd either from the *Original* Stem of the ancient *St——pes*, or from the *Corrupted* Branch of the *Modern Standgapes*. *Tune, furcifer?* Are you a Couſin to the Great Lord *St——pe?* No Sirrah! You are deſcended from *Bavius* or *Mævius*, or ſome ſuch vile Poets, who were the Plague and Infamy of the Age they liv'd in. *Merum pecus es!* You are a mere Scribbler, in the Judgment of *myſelf*, and every *other* learned and judicious Critick.

(*g*) How have I perplex'd myſelf to find out, whether theſe Words, *Some Verſes, Sir*, ſhould be read with a Note of Exclamation or Interrogation? At one Time I thought they ſhould be read as theſe exclamatory Interjections in *Terence*, *Ridiculum! monſtrum! facinus fœdum!* &c. At another Time I judg'd they ought rather to be ſtopp'd like interrogatory Expreſſions of this Sort, *Quid ſibi vult homo? Tune ineptus es? Satin ſanus es?* &c. After a long Conteſt with my ſelf, I fix'd upon the interrogatory Note. And *I am ſure I am right.*

(*h*) Mr. *Penkethman* found an eaſier way of ſhaking off his Impertinent, than my Pupil abovementioned. Poor *Horace!* It was a whole Day that thou waſt tear'd, before the Catchpole ſeaſonably interpoſed to give thee thy Freedom, and take thy Enemy Priſoner. Not but our *Penkethman* too might have met with Deliverance, from *a like friendly Hand*, if he had been *coſtive* enough to have read over the Verſes.

(*i*) It

(*i*) It is well obſerved of *Beroalzarius* in his fifth Book *De rebus naturalibus*, that *nihil tam inutile videtur; ut non aliquando utile fiat.*

(*k*) Reader, take your Pen, and blot out (*e*) the laſt Letter in the Word *ſh—te*. The true Reading is *ſh—t*. The Word here is the Preſent Tenſe of the Infinitive Mood of the Verb *ſh--t*; which is not formed into *ſh—te*, but *ſh--t*; as the moſt acurate Criticks, Grammarians, and Etymologiſts agree. *But hold*——(as Mr. *Penkethman* ſays)——*Reclamant Poetæ.* You ſpoil the Rhyme, ſay they. It muſt be *ſh—te, Rythmi gratia.* But I ſay, let the Rhyme be ſpoil'd. It ſhall not be *ſh--te*, tho' the Poets ſhould bawl their Hearts out. What have I to do with Poets, but to chaſtiſe and correct them? Even *Horace* himſelf without my Correction would not be worth a F--rt.

LETTER V.

Ecce! iterum Criſpinus.—— Juv.

To Our SOVEREIGN LORDS *the* People.

My Worthy Maſters,

WE are aſſured, upon no leſs Authority than Holy Writ, that Oppreſſion makes a wiſe Man mad; it has been for ſome time a very dubious Queſtion with me, Whether the Loſs of your Wealth, or the Deprivation of your Senſes conſequent thereon, is moſt to be lamented. When I behold you waſting your moſt precious Time and Money, now more precious than ever, on Opera's, *French* Drolls, and *Cato*'s incoherent Compoſitions; my Rage is doubled againſt thoſe perfidious Villains, who make you fly to Songſters, Harlequins, and a ſolemn Buffoon, to divert the melancholy Conſideration of thoſe unhappy Circumſtances the execrable Traytors have involv'd you in.

The

The *Italians* and Eunuchs (as I hear) are looking out for Principalities in the Empire, to purchaſe with the Money you have ſo laviſhly beſtowed upon them; and when they can find good Bargains, will moſt ungratefully forſake you. The *French* Refugees from the Plague and the Gallies, have left off acting for this Seaſon, to return to their former Occupation of Province-ſtrolling, having raiſed a Fund ſufficient to bribe the *Procureurs* and *Archers*, from proſecuting or moleſting them. *Even the immortal Cato* is upon the Point of *expiring*. I had aſſur'd you he could not outlive the Twenty Fourth of *Auguſt*, but am now under ſtrange Apprehenſions the Thread of his Life may be much ſhorter: For laſt *Saturday* he began to rave in a moſt diſmal Manner; and a Delirium's too often the Symptom of approaching Death.

It is your own Fault that you loſe your ſqueaking and tumbling Fools, by heaping too much Wealth upon them. I muſt intreat you then not to be too ſevere upon me for ridding you of your Political Fool; the Monkey was to the full as miſchievous as ridiculous; and it was the higheſt Prudence to chain him. He bears his Manacles with as reſtive an Impatience, as *Bajazet* did his; and tho' we ſhould find it neceſſary to commit him to an Iron Cage, whatever Fears you may have of his cracking his Skull againſt the Bars, I will give City Security, he ſhall never daſh out his Brains.

Tho' he makes but a poor Defence for himſelf (to give even the Devil his due) it muſt be own'd he is paſſing eloquent in his own Praiſes, like a young Grandee of *Spain*, who lately patch'd up a miſerable Play out of the Works of the celebrated *Lopez de Vega*, and plac'd the Name of a fooliſh Scholar of *Alcala* before it; tho' all the Judicious remarked, he had not remembered to throw one beautiful Incident into his Dramatick Performance; yet they applauded his Skill in not forgetting

getting one Circumſtance might do him Honour, in the Dedication he penn'd to himſelf.

Cato in one Paragraph, makes himſelf an *eminent Author*, *Food for Vermin*, the *Sun* that ſhines upon his weekly Brethren, and ſtarves us; the *Monarch* who governs, feeds, ſuccours and oppreſſes us. Theſe Thoughts are very pretty, and I would give a Penny to any Body would bring me to the *French Grub-ſtreet* Author, from whom he ſtole them; for it is notorious in all the low Writers of that fantaſtick Nation, that they cannot blot Paper on any Subject, without the *Sun* and the *Grand Monarque*. I muſt acknowledge, the Compariſon of himſelf with an abſolute Monarch, is very apt and juſt; for like ſuch a one, he ſcorns to give a Reaſon for any thing he ſays.

See what it is to be conſpicuous! cry'd out the Highwayman and Murtherer, when he beheld the numerous Crouds attending him to *Tyburn*. In his Words *Cato* begins his Rant: Wonder not, that he ſhould uſe the Expreſſions of ſuch a Miſcreant, when *Sydney*, his *Ariſtotle* in Politicks, is a Perſon who ſuffer'd under the Hangman's Hands; when this his Saint and Martyr was a Rebel, and when his moſt worthy Correſpondent is the Worſhipful *Jack Ketch* himſelf. I hate Ingratitude, and would therefore have *Cato* return 'Squire *Ketch* humble and hearty Thanks for his kind Tenders of Service, but would have him avoid ſuch ſcandalous Company: No Motive, not even Intereſt, *Cato*'s own Principle, being ſufficient to vindicate ſuch an unworthy Commerce, to Gentlemen, who know I have promiſed him he ſhall never come under his Diſcipline, and are ſatisfy'd I am a Perſon of Honour.

Cato tells you in the Beginning and Cloſe of laſt *Saturday*'s Paper, he cannot be anſwer'd. He may be as ſubtile as a young Prig, who held forth for two long Hours in a Conventicle againſt Epiſcopacy. When he had finiſh'd his Cant, he defy'd any Man to anſwer the weakeſt Argument in his long-

long-winded Diſcourſe. The cunning Rogue was ſure to be ſafe, and therefore daring; for he had not an Argument in his whole Harangue. I ſhall inſtruct the diverting Mr. *Clench* of *Barnet*, the next time he entertains you, to challenge all the Artiſts in Mood and Figure, to anſwer the incoherent Talk of his drunken Man, which will be an extraordinary Improvement of that whimſical Performance.

Cato complains to you, that he has been abuſed, becauſe he cannot be anſwered. But I appeal to you, my Maſters, is it poſſible Abuſe can be received from a Perſon below Contempt, any more than a Fellow can be confuted, who has never argu'd. In the Name of Wonder! what Anſwers does he expect? He ſays the Directors are Rogues, their Skreens and Abettors greater. I ſay the ſame, and will do what he has not yet done, nor is able to do, prove them to be Traytors, and highly deſerving of the Gallows; not by trifling Alluſions to *Roman* Practices, but from the moſt certain Dictates of Reaſon, and the eternal Proportions of Things.

I will not flatter you with fulſome Commendations of your ſound Judgment, which all the Philoſophers and Hiſtorians I am acquainted with teſtify to be moſt flagrantly falſe. Tho' I ſhall advance nothing without the Concurrence of the moſt approv'd Authors, yet will I not like *Cato*, lard my Papers with impertinent Quotations from the Claſſicks, which I might eaſily do, having a Couſin among the King's Scholars at *Weſtminſter*, who is reputed to have the richeſt Common-Place-Book in the College; one worth two of *Gildon*'s.

Pompous Quotation is as certain a Sign of an ignorant, unlettered Pedant, as unneceſſary Profeſſions of Modeſty is the Token of a Whore; perpetually drawing the Sword, the Mark of a Bully; or always pulling out the Purſe of Guineas, the Token

Token of a beggarly Puſher of his Fortune. Such wretched things, overwhelmed with Conſciouſneſs of their own Defects, are always upon their Guard to prevent the Suſpicions of others, and by their Sollicitude confirm them: While the Learned, the Chaſte, the Valiant, the Wealthy, (or what is tantamount) the Contented, always act freely and unconſtrained.

I cannot recollect above a Dozen Quotations in all the Writings of the Great Biſhop *Smalridge* I have been ſo happy to meet with; yet was he one of the moſt learned Men of our Age. Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* was alſo very ſparing in this Way; and I hope it will be no Offence to affirm one, or both of theſe Prelates were better Scholars, and finer Writers, than the Great *Cato*.

I ſhall cauſe all the Paragraphs in my Letters to follow each other in a natural Order; which Method I beſeech you not to find fault with, becauſe your *Cato* never knew it, being an utter Stranger to Connection.

It is pleaſant to obſerve the Creature charging me with Inconſiſtency, for ſhewing him to be inconſiſtent. He has not once offered to prove the Interpretation I have fixed to thoſe Sentences cited out of his Papers, to be forc'd. This was the only Way I had to cenſure him; for, to attempt to confute a Man who never argued, were as abſurd as to ſet up to conquer a Vapour, or ſubdue a Shadow.

As thoſe Patriots who have made *Cato* and *Ariſtarchus* Authors, have left you, my Maſters, little Trade or Buſineſs to employ your ſelves upon; let me intreat you to compare *Cato*'s Letter of the Sixth of *May* with mine of the Fifteenth and Twenty Second of *April*, and you will find my Allegations againſt him confirm'd out of his own Mouth, that he ſtill remains an Atheiſt, a Republican, a Reviler of the Church of *England* and its Reverend Clergy; *maugre* his weak Defence, which he might, with

with as great Propriety of Speech, have called a Vindication of Dr. *Clarke*'s Scripture Doctrine, or the Biſhop of *Bangor*'s Sermon.

I ſhould have treated this paultry Letter (ſo paultry, that *Cato*, as bold as he is, was aſham'd to ſet his Name to it) with its deſerved Scorn and Neglect, had he not uſed me in the Cloſe of it, in a Manner ſo baſe, as none but *Cato* could be guilty of. I am call'd a Liar, for my Conjectures about his Perſon: when that infamous Libel, the *Account of* Denmark, the ſcurvy Tranſlation of *Hotoman*'s *Francogallia*, with its pitiful Preface, plainly denote who the Great, the Immortal *Cato* is: Since judicious Criticks have by Affinity of Stiles, aſcertain'd Writings to their proper Owners, which had been in the Poſſeſſion of other Perſons for ſome Centuries.

I am proud of the Honour of being abuſed by him, who inſulted an ALLY KING, was kick'd out of his Court for it, and upon his Return Home with Diſgrace, impudently abuſed a whole Nation with unpardonable Scurrility: By him, who affronted a Convocation, and profan'd the Scriptures in a Breath: By him, who ſet himſelf againſt *the ſacred Majeſty of our late ever Gracious Good and Pious* QUEEN ANNE, *of Glorious, Bleſſed, and Immortal Memory*; and now baſely tramples upon her *Aſhes*, whoſe *Value*, by an unaccountable Way, Day by Day becomes more conſpicuous.

I ſhall take no other Satisfaction of *the Thing*, than to retort the Lye upon him; demanding, by his own Rule, if he does not forfeit the Character of an honeſt Man, by affirming me to be an humble Hireling, an Adherent to the Skreens, and a weekly Journey-man of the Preſs. I declare to you, my Maſters, I am in no Degree acquainted with a *South-Sea* Traytor, of any Denomination. Mr. *Miſt* has received my Letters without the leaſt Knowledge of the Author, yet I will give any one a hun-

a hundred Pieces for the Copy Money has been paid for *Cato*'s Letters.

I would ask this ſhrewd Gueſſer, by what Rules he judges whether a Piece be writ for a *Morſel*, or no? I have read all the Criticks from *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* down to this preſent Year 1721, and they give me no Directions in this Affair. *Dryden* and *Otway* wrote purely for the *ready Penny*; yet ſhall their maſterly Works be for ever rank'd among our Claſſicks, while the heavy Compoſitions of two noble Lords ſhall ſink into the Gulph of Oblivion, with thoſe of *Cherilus*, *Bavius* and *Mævius*.

When a wicked dull Piece is born into the World, there are Now-a-Days ſo many concerned in getting the Brat, that it is difficult to know who the Baſtard belongs to. In this much admired Work under my Cenſure, the Great *Cato* himſelf works off the rough Draught. A *Grecian* Atheiſt, who was one of the Directors or Truſtees for diſpoſing of forfeited Eſtates in *Ireland*, peruſes it; and where *Cato* has been forgetful, ſeaſons it with ſomething bitter againſt Religion and the Conſtitution: From him 'tis handed to two old Curs, whom I have coupled together more than once; they are ſlow in Speed, deep in Cry, and looſe in Hold: Creatures curſt with native Dullneſs, who condemn the beſt Books, and write the worſt; are ſevere on the moſt worthy, and herd with the Reproaches to human Nature; who ſcandalize a good Cauſe when they ſeem to eſpouſe it. To theſe Worthies is it given in Charge, to correct falſe Spelling, all other Grammatical Errors, and to furniſh *Cato* with Scraps of *Latin*. Leſt it ſhould be deficient in Scurrility, the Wit, the Perfection of modern Writers, it receives the finiſhing Stroke from the united Force of the abovementioned, and ſome more worthy Aſſiſtants.

I am obliged to call upon the critical Part of this Society, to enquire for what Reaſon they ſuffered ſo notorious a Blunder, as that in the ſecond

cond Paragraph of *Cato*'s first Letter, to make its Escape thro' three Impressions: One of them has writ an *English* Grammar, and I assure him he would shew his Parts to great Advantage, and oblige Numbers of his Readers, if he could make Sense of the following Piece of a Sentence in their last Journal. *It is a dismal Reflection, that Justice must sometime be fought for Inch by Inch before it can be obtained, and at last not half obtained.*

One Sun-shiny Day this learned Herd made a Flight at Wit, and soared as high as a Pun; so excessive was their Joy, so eager their Transports, that to describe them justly, is *worthy the Pen of the immortal Cato*: It was inserted in next Journal, and to shew its Superiority over the rest of its Brethren, who were less *Spiritual*, was distinguished by Capitals.

My worthy Masters, I humbly beg your Pardons for having twice turned out of the Road, to lash a Couple of Impertinents; let young brainless Coxcombs rail, and old testy Fools rage ever so incessantly, they shall for the future give me no more Provocation; for I would no more censure such Writers, as have not the Ingenuity to confess and retract their Errors, or at least to lie quiet under the Lash, when they find they have not Skill to defend themselves; than I would fatigue my self with kicking the impudent Coward, who has not the Honour to ask Pardon for, nor the Courage to draw his Sword in Vindication of his Offence.

Besides, *Cato*'s little Stock of Matter is just spent, and he will have no fresh Ground to work upon, unless supplied by your abused faithful Slave,

The Censor ARISTARCHUS.

P. S. I return Thanks to above one hundred and fifty kind Correspondents of this Week, and assure them, *Cato* and Company are not hired by the Directors and their Accomplices to write Booty against them. I know the Gentlemen, and am per-

ſwaded they do their beſt. I refer them to my Letter of the 22d of *April* for their further Information.

A PROLOGUE, as it was ſpoken by Mr. *Elrington*, at the *Theatre-Royal* in *Dublin*, on *Saturday* the 1ſt of *April*, 1721, in the Behalf of the diſtreſſed Weavers.

GReat Cry and little Wooll——is now become,
The Plague *and* Proverb *of the* Weavers *Loom.*
No Wooll *to work on, neither* Weft *nor Warp,*
Their Pockets empty, and their Stomachs ſharp.
Provok'd, in loud Complaints, to you they cry,
Ladies relieve the Weavers, *or they dye.*
Forſake your Silks *for* Stuffs, *nor think it ſtrange,*
To ſhift your Cloaths, ſince you delight in Change.
One thing with Freedom I'll preſume to tell,
The Men will like you ev'ry Bit as well.
See, I am dreſs'd from Top to Toe in Stuff,
And, by my Troth, *I think I'm fine enough;*
My Wife admires me more, and ſwears ſhe never
In any Dreſs beheld me look ſo clever.
And, if a Man be better in ſuch Ware,
What great Advantage muſt it give the Fair!
Our Wooll *from* Lambs *of Innocence proceeds,*
Silk *comes from* Maggots, Callicoes *are Weeds,*

Hence

Hence 'tis, by ſad Experience that we find,
Ladies in Silks *to Vapours much inclin'd,*
And what are they but Maggots in the Mind?
For which I think it Reaſon to conclude,
That Clothes may change our Tempers like our Food.
Chintſes *are gawdy, and engage our Eyes*
Too much about the Party-colour'd Dyes.
Altho' the Luſtre is from you begun,
We ſee the Rainbow, and neglect the Sun.
How ſweet and innocent's the Country-Maid,
With ſmall Expence in native Wooll array'd;
Who copies from the Fields, her homely Green,
While by her Shepherd with Delight ſhe's ſeen?
Should our fair Ladies dreſs like her in Wooll,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful?
Without their Indian *Drapery they'd prove,*
And Wooll *would help to warm us into Love.*
Then, like the famous Argonauts *of* Greece,
We'd all contend to gain the Golden-Fleece.

The EPILOGUE ſpoken by Mr. *Griffith.*

WHO *dares affirm this is no pious Age,*
When Charity begins to tread the Stage?
When Actors, who, at beſt are hardly Savers,
Will give a Night of Benefit to Weavers.
Stay,———but let me ſee how finely will it ſound,
Imprimis, *from his Grace a hundred Pound?*

Peers, Clergy, Gentry, all are Benefactors;
And then comes in the Item *of the Actors.*
Item, *the Actors freely gave a Day,*
The Poet had no more who made the Play.
But whence this wond'rous Charity in Players,
They learnt it ſure at Sermons, or at Prayers.
Under the Roſe, ſince here are none but Friends,
To own the Truth, we have ſome private Ends.
We'll dreſs in Manufactures *made at home,*
Equip our Kings and Generals *at the Comb.*
We'll rigg in Meath-Street, Egypt's *haughty* Queen,
And Anthony *ſhall court her in Ratteen.*
In blue Shalloon ſhall Hanibal *be clad,*
And Scipio *trail an* Iriſh *purple Plad.*
In Drugget dreſt of thirty Pence a Yard,
See Philip's *Son amidſt his* Perſian *Guard;*
And proud Roxana *fir'd with jealous Rage,*
With fifty Yards of Crape ſhall ſweep the Stage.
In ſhort, our Kings and Princeſſes within,
Are all reſolv'd the Project to begin;
And you, our Subjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the Faſhion of the Court.
O! *cou'd I ſee this Audience clad in* Stuff,
Tho' Money's ſcarce we ſhould have Trade enough;
But Chints, Brocades *and* Lace *take all away,*
And ſcarce a Crown is left to ſee the Play.

Perhaps

Perhaps you wonder whence this Friendſhip ſprings
Between the Weavers *and us Play-Houſe Kings.*
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame Beginning,
Pallas *firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning;*
And pray obſerve how this Alliance fits,
For Weavers *now are juſt as poor as Wits:*
Their Brother Quill-Men, Workers for the Stage,
For ſorry Stuff *can get Crown a Page;*
But Weavers *will be kinder to the* Players,
And ſell for twenty Pence a Yard of theirs;
And to their Knowledge there is often leſs in
The Poets *Wits than in the* Players *Dreſſing.*

LETTER LXII.

Occidit miſeros crambe repetita Magiſtros. Juv.

Mr. *Miſt*,

I Have obſerved that none of our weekly Writers, ſince the Demiſe of the *Spectator*, of immortal Memory, ſeem to have been acquainted with any of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, profeſſed by the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, excepting one, which tho' very much practiſed in them all, was held in Reputation no where but in *Sparta*.

He muſt be a Perſon of very ſmall Reading, who does not immediately perceive that I mean the Art of Stealing, the Science of Filching. I will not, Sir, like your Friend *Cato*, affirm any thing without *Proof*; therefore deſire you would obſerve, how pleaſantly the *Free-Thinker* tranſcribes whole

Pages from Dr. *Hodges* on the Plague, a Tale of a Tub from that prolix injudicious Collector of ſad old Stories *Gerard Brandt*; and tranſlates a Fable, a Story, or ſome ſuch thing from a *French* Writer. The *Independent Whig* ſubſiſted very comfortably on Patches ſtolen from *T*———'s *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*, burned by the common *Hangman*. That egregious Fool the *Terræ-Filius*, on *Wedneſdays* and *Saturdays*, crams his Belly as full as it can hold with Beef, Cabbage, and *Porter*; by ſtealing from that Fanatical, voluminous Rebel *William Prynne*, from *Serjeant Miller*'s extraordinary Pamphlet, and the wiſe Tattle of College Bed-makers, Porters, and Butlers.

But of all cunning Rogues of this Sort, commend me to *Cato*; he ſteals from ſuch poor Fellows, as a Man of common Generoſity would be enclined rather to beſtow Charity upon, than take any thing from them; he is ſuch a thorough-bred Thief, that like Mr. *Bayes*, he ſteals from *himſelf*, the moſt indigent Wretch in Nature. Thus one Letter ſteals from another, and the whole Collection from that miſerable, inconſiſtent Libel, *The Account of Denmark*. A Felon will find but little Mercy from the induſtrious, but the cruel Rogue who ſtrips the needy, will certainly be convicted, tho' all his *Jury* were *Thieves*.

I frankly confeſs to you, that I am ſo much a Fool as to follow the Faſhion, tho' it runs counter to my own Judgment: Therefore I conſtantly read *Cato*'s *Epiſtles*; I cannot juſtly tell you, whether the Stupidity or Impudence of the Fellow confounded me moſt, when I peruſed his laſt Letter. *I would willingly* (ſays he) *propagate and preſerve the following Order of Council, as a Monument of his Majeſty's great Zeal for Virtue and Religion*, as if the moſt *worthy Action of his Majeſty's Reign* was not to be remembered without his Aſſiſtance. It is difficult to determine, whether the *King* or the *People* are moſt abuſed by this Piece of Arrogance; it repreſents

ſents the *King* ſo little, that his beſt Orders are not to be taken Notice of without the Aid of a little News-Writer; and the People ſo ungrateful, as to be regardleſs of the *wiſeſt Step* has been taken for their Preſervation theſe *ſix Years paſt*.

You muſt not expect me to deſcend to a particular Examination of this Letter, which it is probable, your worthy Friend *Ariſtarchus*, may be ſo imprudent as to do. I ſhall only obſerve from the *Author*'s being a *bitter Whig*, that the whole of it is a modeſt Apology for the abominable Societies cenſured by *King* and *Council*. This muſt be evident to any one who underſtands *Whiggiſh Logick*. Says the *Tory*, the Diſſenters are Perſons of vile Principles and wicked Practices, as their own Books, Diſcourſes, and Hiſtory teſtify: They are bad Subjects, and worſe Chriſtians, therefore ought to be looked to carefully. The *Whig* replies, the Papiſts are undeniably People of worſe Principles, and more dangerous Practices; therefore the Diſſenters are good Subjects, good Neighbours, good Chriſtians, and muſt be put into Places of Truſt.

Cato argues in the ſame *Mood* and *Figure*. The *King* and *Council* ſay, theſe abominable Societies increaſe and draw down the Vengeance of God upon this Nation: But the *Directors* and *Accomplices* draw down heavier, and more certain Vengeance, (*which learned Divines deny*) therefore there never was a *Hell-Fire-club*, *&c.* or if there was, there is no Danger to the Publick to be apprehended from it. *Cato* is not to be blamed, to defend thoſe, whoſe Actions naturally reſult from his Principles: He invents the *Theorem*, and they apply the Uſes.

As he was in his Letter ſo kind, as to propagate and preſerve this *famous Order of Council*; in his Poſtſcript he condeſcends to direct that moſt *honourable Board* how to detect the Offenders, who put them to the Trouble to draw up that Order; a Man would be apt to expect upon this Occaſion,

ſomething as grand as the Diſcovery of the Longitude: But what does this Pupil of the refined *Machiavel*, the ſubtle *Hobbes*, and the Politick *Sidney*, advance worthy of his Maſters; only, *Let a Reward be publickly offered for the Diſcovery of any of their Members, to be paid on their legal Conviction*; now this is a Trick his Friend *Jonathan Wilde* has made uſe of for ſeveral Years: What firſt comes into the Butler's Head, when any of his *Silver-ſpoons* are gone aſtray; and what my *Lady*'s careleſs Woman firſt puts in Practice when ſhe has incurred her Miſtreſs's Diſpleaſure, for ſuffering her *Ladyſhip*'s pamper'd, high-fed *Lap-Dog*, to make an Elopement from her ſoft Embraces, to hunt after thoſe of B———h of evil Converſation. It is aſtoniſhing that any Mortal ſhould be ſo ſilly as to propoſe a Method ſo trite, ſo vulgar, ſo common, under the pompous Name of an Expedient.

"It is baſe and diſhoneſt to feign Crimes that "are not; and where they are, it is barbarous and "diabolical to father them upon the Guiltleſs." I am ſure it is diabolical to read ſuch a barbarous Writer; for Pity's ſake, dear *Cato*, quit your Pretenſions to Rhetorick, and ſtudy Grammar; or none will applaud your Eloquence, beſides *Dutch* News-Writers; and ſpite of a thouſand Faſhions, I and all I can influence, ſhall ceaſe to be your Readers, though we ſhall always continue your Admirers.

Now, Mr. *Miſt*, I am at Leiſure to beſtow a little Advice upon you: Take my Word for it, *Spark!* you are in a fair way to loſe all your Cuſtomers, a much heavier Sentence than that which was put upon you laſt Term. *Cato* was driving the *Directors* and their *Friends* to the Gallows as faſt as he could, at the ſame time endeavouring to ſend a great many inconſiderate People to the *Devil*; what Buſineſs had you, at the Inſtigation of your Friend *Ariſtarchus*, to ſtop them in that eaſy Journey. *Cato* has told them, he is abuſed for

ſcour-

ſcourging Rogues; the People who love to be cheated, believe him, and turn about with angry Looks upon you for your unſeaſonable Advice: It is a hard Caſe, that one who opens upon the *South-Sea Traytors*, may not be permitted to bark a little, at *God*, *Religion*, and *civil Power!* and none but a *Creature* of the *Court*, an *Adherent* to *Screens*, a *Hireling* of the *Directors*, but would patiently bear it.

When I hear *Cato* complain, that he endures Calumnies on Account of publick Spirit; he puts me in mind of one *Tyrrel*, a *Popiſh Prieſt* Catcher, who was executed at *Dublin*, for having only four and twenty Wives: This pickled Rogue, when he was at the Tree, declared he ſuffered for the *Proteſtant Religion*; becauſe ſome of the Evidence againſt him were *Popiſh Prieſts* who had married him; he gain'd Credit ſo far by this Affirmation, that one of the heavieſt Charges againſt Chancellor *Phipps* for *Male-Adminiſtration* in the Government of *Ireland*, was, his not reſcuing that *Martyr* from the *Gallows*.

If you print any more of *Ariſtarchus*'s Letters, I tell you, Mr. *Miſt*, you are an undone Man; he is a bookiſh Fellow, and does not know the World; a Fool that thinks a clean chaſte Style, bright warm Thoughts, and cloſe, eaſy, familiar Reaſoning, will go down with the People of theſe Days. *Intolerable Coxcomb!* does he ſee any Body endued with ſuch Faculties pleaſe the People? Is *Cato*? Was the *Independent Whig*? Was, *&c.* troubled with theſe Vices? *Unſufferable Blockhead!* I have no Patience when I think of him.

If you ſhould have Occaſion for an Under-workman any time you have too much Buſineſs upon your Hands, I can help you to an honeſt *Presbyterian* Tub-thumper, who has loſt his Voice with bawling to his Flock. Tho' he is diſqualified for a Schiſmatical Bell-weather, the Man might do your Buſineſs very well, and will work cheap: He has got no naughty Habit of Reaſoning, which

is a very calm thing, and makes no Noiſe; but is plentifully ſtored with powerful Nonſenſe; whoſe Influence, in the Place he lately exerted it, you may not be experimentally acquainted with; but I have ſeen you ſometimes at the Theatre, where you might often have remarked, how quietly a Player is diſmiſſed, after having pronounced the moſt natural Thoughts clothed in the pureſt Language; whilſt with Thunderclaps of Applauſe he pours forth diſjointed Fancies in dropſical bombaſt Expreſſions, with Vehemence of Tone and Geſture. Thus in Dancing, the free, eaſy, gentile Motion of the Performer is diſregarded, whilſt Diſtortions, lofty Bounds, and violent Agitations of the Body, are beheld with Ecſtaſy.

In ſhort, I have collected one little Rule from Experience, which may ſerve inſtead of Volumes to the publick Performers, whether they be *Writers*, *Dancers*, or *Players*. *BE VEHEMENT*; but they will ſay perhaps, we ſhall, by ſo doing, diſpleaſe all good *Judges*. To this I anſwer, *Readers* and *Spectators* are innumerable, *Judges* but few; 'tis your Trade to pleaſe the *many*, therefore look to't. I am, Mr. *Miſt*,

Yours ſincerely,

Dionyſius Longinus.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

——— *Sic parvis componere magna ſolebam.* Virg.

Tantam vim honeſtatis eſſe, tantumque eam rebus omnibus præſtare & excellere, ut nullis nec ſuppliciis nec præmiis demoveri poſſit, ex eo quod rectum eſſe decreverit.

Cicero.

Mr. *Miſt*,

HAving received the greateſt Satisfaction in this Time of publick Calamity, from the Advancement of one of our *moſt worthy Patriots*, to the greateſt Charges in the Nation; it could not, but be a mighty Addition to my Pleaſures, to learn from the laſt Week's Papers, that ſo excellent a Perſon was to be called up to the Houſe of *Peers*; it is not in the leaſt to be doubted, that he will adorn that moſt *auguſt Aſſembly*, in as conſpicuous a Manner, as any who have been ſummoned there *this Reign*, with all that *honeſt Zeal*, that *unbiaſſed Integrity*, that *Conſtancy*, *Diſintereſtedneſs*, *unſhaken Loyalty*, &c. For, to ſum up all his *righteous Qualifications*, would be to draw up an *Elenchus virtutum*, which ſo happily diſtinguiſhed him among our honourable Repreſentatives, who though they muſt be wonderfully rejoyced at the Honours conferred on ſo *deſerving a Member*, yet will they part with him with that reluctant Joy, a Man quits a uſeful and agreeable Friend, who removes to a diſtant Country for his Honour and Advantage.

The Choice this *truly great Man* has made of a Title, muſt be univerſally applauded. Whenever he is addreſſed to by the Name of WALSINGHAM; whenever he ſigns that Name to any publick Affair, he will conſider, would the great *Walſingham* act

act as he does. This Caution in him is much to be admired; tho' all who are acquainted with his *untainted Character* will acknowledge it to be of that ſame over-ſcrupulous Nature, with that of thoſe ſevere Recluſes, who having dedicated themſelves to the ſtricteſt Exerciſe of religious Duties, furniſh their Cells with a Death's Head and a Coffin, to put them in Mind of their Engagements, who die daily.

The *unexampled Modeſty* of this *wonderful Perſon*, prohibits my making his *Panegyrick*; I ſhall therefore, from *Cambden*'s Hiſtory of Queen *Elizabeth*, give a Character of Sir *Francis Walſingham*, her principal Secretary of State, high in her Favour, a watchful Servant over her Safety, and the greateſt Engine of State, and of the Times. I muſt however admoniſh my Reader, that how beautiful ſoever *Cambden*'s Account of this honeſt, able, vigilant Miniſter of State may appear to him; it is as much below the Dignity of our new *Walſingham*, as his Deſcription of the renowned Queen *Elizabeth*, would ſeem unworthy of his preſent *Glorious Majeſty* KING GEORGE.

'Sir *Francis Walſingham* (ſays *Cambden*) was a Perſon exceeding wiſe and induſtrious, and had performed ſeveral honourable Embaſſies; a ſtrong and reſolute Maintainer of the purer Religion, a diligent Searcher out of hidden Secrets, and one who knew excellently well how to win Mens Affections to him, and to make uſe of them for his own Purpoſes; inſomuch as in Sagacity and officious Services he ſurpaſſed the Queen's Expectation; and the *Papiſts* found Fault with him as cunning and ſubtle, in cloſe carrying on his Deſigns, and enticing and decoying Men into Dangers, whilſt he diligently ſtudied to diſcover their ſecret Practices againſt Religion, his Prince and Country, and that to his great Charges; inſomuch as he weakened his private Eſtate thereby,

'by, and brought himſelf ſo far in Debt, that he 'was privately buried in the Evening in *Paul*'s 'Church, *London*, without any Funeral Solemnity.

This Character, with a ſmall Variation, (which every underſtanding Perſon will know how to make,) fits our preſent *Patriot* to a *Hair*. Whilſt buſy factious Pens are abuſing *England*'s *Worthies*, under the Characters of the Traytors of Antiquity: All honeſt Men will excuſe my Zeal in extolling the *Wonder* of our Age, by ſhewing how much the moſt applauded and *uncorrupt* of all his Predeceſſors in the Service of his Country, falls ſhort of him.

I am, Sir,

Your ſincere Friend,

BRITANNICUS.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

SIR,

I Once more beg a Place in your Paper, to add ſomething, by Way of *Supplement*, to a moſt popular Pamphlet called *Cataline*, or the Caſe of the *Conſpirators*. This Author has ſaid little of MARCUS CRASSUS, who has been always in my Judgment the worſt of that accurſed *Gang*; tho' I have formed my Notions of this Man from a Thouſand little, mean, infamous, ungrateful Actions his *Hiſtory* is ſwelled with; I apprehend, I need only to ſelect one Inſtance out of them, to draw thoſe who are unacquainted with Hiſtory into my Opinion.

Thoſe who have read *Catiline* muſt remember into what wretched Circumſtances thoſe deteſtable *Traytors* had brought the People. MARCUS CRASSUS his *Son in Law*, his *manumitted Slaves*, and other Dependants, being the principal Agents in the *helliſh Conſpiracy*; we muſt not imagine CRASSUS, whoſe darling Paſſion was Money, would be without a large Share of the Plunder, conſequent upon the *Treaſon* of his Followers.

When the *Senate* was labouring to cloſe the gaping Wounds of the Publick, the City was alarmed at a Cauſe brought into the *Forum*, by ſeveral Builders, againſt the wealthy CRASSUS. The City had built a Palace for CRASSUS, upon a Triumph he obtained, which coſt as many *Roman Talents*, as amount to 300,000 l. of our Money. CRASSUS had for ſeveral Years after the erecting of his Palace been adorning it, which brought on a Charge of 70000 l. more. Some of the Workmen he employed ſued him for their Wages; the *Prætors* gave Sentence againſt CRASSUS, who from them appealed to the *Senate*, affirming, that whatever

ever Expence he could laviſhly throw away upon his Palace, by Virtue of a Decree of *Senate*, it was to be anſwered out of the publick Coffers.

Cruel and barbarous CRASSUS! who, whilſt he had five Millions lodged among the *Veneti*, the *Belgæ*, the *Ligurians*, every Penny of which, was the Spoil, the Plunder, or the Gift of the Publick; was ſo inhuman, as to demand the Payment of his Debts out of the Treaſury, then not ſo full as his own private Purſe: At a Time, when the Cries of Poverty were univerſal, when CRASSUS was in a Habit of Body incapable of reliſhing any one Pleaſure of Life, and when he had no Son to inherit his ill acquired Pelf.

'Tis to me a Wonder that the Senate did not uſe him as they did *Q. Annius*. 'Tis however a Piece of Juſtice to continue the Infamy of *Traytors* thro' all Ages. Pleaſe to publiſh this Letter, and Thouſands will know that *Marcus Craſſus*, the wealthieſt of the *Roman Senators*, was a mean-ſpirited, abandoned Villain, who never heard of him before.

Yours, and my Country's Friend,
BRITANNICUS.

LETTER LXV.

Ὁ μὴ ἀκειβοδίκαιος ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον, ἀλλὰ ἐλαττωτικὸς καὶ περ ἔχων νόμον βοηθὸν ἐπιεικής ἐστιν.
Ariſtot. Ethic. lib. 5.

THE celebrated *Critick Longinus*, in the Beginning of his admirable Treatiſe of the *Sublime*, obſerves of one *Cecilius*, that he wrote on that lofty Subject, in a low, mean, groveling Style. This Folly of *Cecilius* has been the Mirth and the Surprize of all ſucceeding Ages, even of this in which we live, where an Abſur-

Abſurdity of the ſame Nature is put in Practice in a higher Degree by all People of *Faſhion*.

I know not a more faſhionable Doctrine than that of *Moderation*. *Atheiſts*, *Deiſts*, *Arians*, FALSE BRETHREN, *Hereticks* and *Schiſmaticks* of all Denominations, preſs it upon us with Heat, Virulence and Paſſion; ſo ridiculouſly do the Maintainers of this Doctrine aſſert *Meekneſs* with *Violence*, and declaim againſt *Perſecution* with *Fire* and *Faggot* in their Hands. For my Part, I never enter into an Argument with a *moderate Gentleman*, on his darling Topick, without ſecuring his Cane, leſt I ſhould be knock'd down for my Oppoſition, in the true Spirit of *Moderation*; of that *Moderation*! which has been the fruitful Mother of Hereſies, Riots and Rebellions.

Let your Moderation be known unto all Men, is a Text in the Mouths of all, more particularly of thoſe, who believe no other in the whole Bible; but theſe Creatures would do well to conſider, that what we render *Moderation*, is expreſs'd by a Word which admits of ſeveral Significations in the New Teſtament, according to the Diverſity of Matter about which it is converſant; in 1 *Pet* ii. 18. it ſignifies Meekneſs; in 1 *Tim.* iii. 3. and *Tit.* iii. 2. Peaceableneſs; *Acts* xxiv. 3. Clemency; 2 *Cor* x. 1. *James* iii. 17. it ſignifies Equity in Law; and, in their celebrated Text, Equity in a more enlarg'd Senſe; not only with reſpect to Law-Suits, but all Differences and Controverſies, of what kind ſoever that happen to ariſe. He who will give himſelf the Trouble to conſult *Suidas* and *Heſychius*, will find this Word taken and uſed by profane Writers in all theſe various Acceptations.

Ariſtotle in that little Piece of *Greek* which I have prefix'd to this Letter, thus deſcribes a moderate Man. He who doth not purſue another at Law with Exquiſiteneſs and Strictneſs, but remits ſomewhat, and extenuates the Fact, although he have the Law on his Side, which would bear him out if he

he did uſe Rigour. I don't know a *Moderate Man* in *England* can lay claim to any Share in this Deſcription.

Some have been inclin'd, from the various Significations of the Word we render MODERATION, to think, that it doth not denote any one ſingle Virtue, but a great many collectively, and is of like Nature with *Tully*'s *Decorum*; which is not this or that particular Virtue, but ſomething that doth qualify and circumſtantiate all other Virtues, as to the Habit and Operations of them; it is an Affection of Virtue it ſelf in general, and accompanies and graces every one in particular: It is to Virtue, what the Manner is in Muſick, the Stroke in Painting, and the Air in Dancing.

But, to avoid Confuſion, I will give you my particular Senſe of this Matter. *Moderation* is a Virtue that teaches and inables us in all Matters of Conteſt and Controverſy, to maintain and aſſert our Principles and Opinions, whoſe Truth we are perſuaded of, with Temper.

Now the common Notion Men have entertain'd of Moderation, is very wide and different from this; for by a moderate Man, conſidered in a Lay-Capacity, is commonly underſtood, one who will ſeem devout at Divine Service, and appear for the Church of *England* on a *Sunday*, and the other ſix Days work hard againſt it; one who talks much of Union and wiſhes for it, but yet ſees no harm at all in Schiſm; one who thinks he doth God good Service, and takes a good Courſe to promote Peace, by frequenting unlawful Meetings, and yet he is clearly too for the Religion eſtabliſhed by Law; one who is in with all Parties, and vigorouſly aſſiſts them in all their Deſigns to ruin the Nation; one who looks upon the Biſhops as neceſſary Evils, and the Ceremonies as heavy intolerable Yokes, under which their Necks and Conſciences ach and groan, and had much rather be without them all, if he could; though, at the ſame time, he profeſ-

ſes

ſes himſelf, and would be thought to be a Son of the Church of *England*. The Truth of it is, theſe are moderate Church-Men in one Senſe, that is, they have a very moderate Eſteem of, and a very moderate Love for that Church, in whoſe Communion they pretend to live, and reſolve to die, ſo long as ſhe is up: But if ſhe were down, they could contentedly enough ſurvive her Ruin, and perhaps they might live the longer. This is Matter of Fact viſible to every Eye, and confirmed by daily Experience.

Now this Moderation is ſo far from being a Virtue, that it's the quite the contrary, *a great Vice*, and of very miſchievous Conſequence to the Publick. Moderation, as it is a Virtue, teaches a Man to maintain his Principles and Opinions, whoſe Truth he is perſwaded of, with Temper; but this either leads to *Scepticiſm*, creates in Men looſe and vagrant Minds, acted by no ſteady and fixed Principles, renders them indifferent to, and unconcerned about all Truths, careleſs whether any thing be certain and eſtabliſhed or no: Or elſe (which is as bad or worſe) teaches them to act contrary to their Principles and Profeſſion, and the inward Perſuaſion of their Minds; and then, as to that good Temper wherewith a *moderate Man* ought to manage all Debates, that's not at all conſider'd in the common Acceptation of the Phraſe; for by how much the more fiercely and vehemently any one ſtands up for *Toleration, Liberty of Conſcience* and *Fanaticiſm*; by ſo much he is accounted the more *Moderate*, provided he be but very cold and remiſs in aſſerting the Cauſe of the CHURCH, whereof he profeſſes himſelf a Member. In ſhort, a moderate Man, in the common Notion, if examined, is but a ſofter Name for a very Great R———.

Moderation, in the vulgar Senſe, differs in the Extent of it, from that preſcribed here by the Apoſtle: It's only a Virtue on one Side, and eſteemed

med a Vice in any but a Church-man; all the ſeveral Parties among us exact that of us, which they will by no Means practiſe themſelves. They are all ſtiff and ſtout, and maintain their ſeveral Poſts reſolutely; they won't ſtir a Foot, nor bate an Ace of their Pretenſions. If any profeſs'd Diſſenter, and covenanted Member of a Conventicle, ſhould frequent out Churches, ſpeak kindly of our *Liturgy*, join with us in our publick Prayers, receive the *Sacrament* according to the Church of *England*, unleſs it be to qualify himſelf for a *Place*, and ſerve the CAUSE; this would be ſtiled Lukewarmneſs, a looking towards ROME, a hankering after the Fleſh-pots of *Egypt*, a halting between two Opinions, between GOD and *Baal*, an Argument of a carnal Mind, a Decay of Grace, and Apoſtaſy from the Faith; with ſuch kind of opprobrious Names and Characters do they ſtigmatize all who ſeem favourably enclined to the Religion eſtabliſhed by Law; that is, all that are moderate of their Way, in their Senſe of a moderate Churchman.

I beſeech you all, *my deareſt Countrymen*, by the Meekneſs and Gentleneſs of Chriſt; for the Honour of the Chriſtian Religion in general, the Credit of that moſt excellent CHURCH whereof ye are Members in particular: for the ſake of our dread Sovereign Lord the King; for the Safety, Peace and Happineſs of your Country; as good Chriſtians, as true Sons of the CHURCH, as LOYAL SUBJECTS, as true *Engliſhmen*; be exemplary and remarkable for this excellent Virtue of Moderation, at all Times: Upon all Occaſions of Controverſy, whether publick or private, maintain your LOYALTY and PRINCIPLES, and all Cauſes whoſe Truth you are perſwaded of, with Calmneſs, with a cool, gentle Spirit, with courteous Behaviour, and with Courage and Reſolution; without being fierce and furious on the one Hand, without

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Remiſſneſs, ſordid Neutrality, and ſinful Compliances on the other.

I am
My Country's devoted Servant,
DECIUS.

LETTER LXVI.

Hæc ſatis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama ſuperbum
Tradit, & inflatum, plenumque Nerone propinquo.
Juvenal.

THAT extraordinary Value which Men are apt to put upon themſelves, on Account of any real or imaginary Excellency of Mind, Body, or Fortune, and the Contempt with which they regard all thoſe who on Compariſon ſeem inferior to them in thoſe Qualifications, on which they have grounded the Eſteem they have for themſelves, conſtitute that Vice which we call PRIDE: Which is of all the numerous Train of Imperfections, to which the depraved Nature of Man is expoſed, That which aſſaults him moſt dangerouſly. There is no Paſſion that ſteals into the Heart more imperceptibly, and covers it ſelf under more Diſguiſes. There is no Condition of Life exempt from its Attacks: It takes as ſtrong a Poſſeſſion of the Heart of the poor, low, dependant Cottager, as of the Prince, who ſits abſolute on his Throne: 'Tis a moſt baſe Alloy, from which the pureſt Metals are not throughly refined.

As there is no Vice which ſo readily poſſeſſes the Heart of Man, or extends its Conqueſts ſo far; ſo will it be found, that there is none other equal to it in miſchievous and unhappy Conſequences. From whence! are thoſe pernicious and damnable

Hereſies?

Hereſies? From whence! thoſe unnatural and diſtracting *Schiſms*, which rend and deſtroy the *Peace* and *Unity* of the *Chriſtian Church*? Are they not of *Pride*? Deſtructive *Wars*, *Faction*, *Rebellion*, *Sedition*, *Uſurpation* and *Tyranny*, are the vile Offspring of that filthy Parent. Are not Murmuring, Repining, and Diſcontent, at the Diſpenſations of the ALMIGHTY, both in publick and private Affairs, deriv'd from this baſe Original? To enumerate all Evils proceeding from Pride, were to give an exact Catalogue of all the Sins and Calamities human Nature is incident to.

To the Great Searcher of Hearts, this Vice appears in all its native Horror and Deformity: and is, in a moſt particular Manner, odious to him. In the Eyes of Man, no Sin is ſo deteſtable; becauſe, how wicked ſoever the Generality of Mankind may be, none but ſuch as are in the higheſt Degree abandon'd, delight in other Mens Sins. Luſt, Revenge, Malice, and ſeveral other Vices, may lye ſo concealed under the Management of an artful Perſon, that few, nay, perhaps none, but thoſe who feel the evil Effects of thoſe vile Diſpoſitions, ſhall in the leaſt ſuſpect they are lodg'd in his Breaſt. But *Pride* is ever ſhewing it ſelf, knows not its own Deformity. Tho' the luſtful, the revengeful, the malicious, are not leſs fond of their Vices than the Proud Man of his Pride: Yet they can perceive, that the World does not look upon them with the ſame Eye of Complacency that they themſelves do; but Pride is a blind Vice, it fancies its greateſt Faults Perfections, and expoſes its unhappy Poſſeſſor to the Contempt and Hatred of all Beholders.

Since then *Pride* is ſo abominable in its own Nature, ſo pernicious in its Conſequences, and ſo odious in the Sight of God and Man; I hope, *I may without Offence*, endeavour to diſſwade my Reader from the Practice of it.

I chuſe to argue againſt Pride, by ſhewing the Folly of it, rather than from any other Topick; becauſe 'tis obſervable, nothing is more provoking and mortifying to any Man, than to be eſteem'd a Fool; Men bearing with greater Impatience the moſt minute Reflection on their Underſtandings, than the greateſt on their Integrity, Morals and Faith.

The Folly of Pride will moſt clearly appear, by examining into the moſt plauſible Pretences which proud, and conſequently fooliſh Men, alledge in Defence of it: And theſe are all principally either Birth, Fortune, bodily Qualifications, or Learning.

Juvenal, *Monſieur Boileau*, and all the greateſt Writers, in almoſt every Age, have expoſed with all the Strength of Wit and good Senſe, the Vanity of a Man's Valuing himſelf upon his Anceſtors, and have endeavoured to ſhew, that true Nobility conſiſts not in Birth or Titles, but in Virtue only.

The Diſtinction of Men into noble and ignoble, is neceſſary for the orderly Government of Societies; therefore, to deny a Man the Reſpect which the Laws of the State appropriate to him, is as unjuſt and abſurd, as for the Perſon inveſted with theſe Honours, to arrogate to himſelf more than the Laws have conferred upon him.

He who proclaims to every one he meets, by his Looks, his Geſtures, his Actions, *I am a better Man than you*, juſtly expoſes himſelf to Ridicule: For we have all the ſame common Nature; we are all endow'd with the ſame Faculties, all deſcended from the ſame Original; we are all brought into the World, preſerved in it, and iſſue out of it by the ſame Methods.

That this Diſtinction among Men is but a Difference of Conveniency, appears from the Laws of Nations, who regard a foreign *Nobleman* on the ſame Footing with their own *Plebeians*.

To cool the Vanity, and ſubdue the Pride of theſe fooliſh Men, let them conſider to what narrow Limits their Honour is confin'd. Who amongſt us reverences theſe great, mighty, potent *Aſiatic Monarchs*, who are removed from us by a vaſt Diſtance? Let them weigh this well, and they will diſcover of what wondrous Importance they are to the World.

Theſe proud Men would do well to conſider, that as many Families have been raiſed at all Times by ſervile Flattery, Compliance againſt Conſcience, Adultery, proſperous Rebellion, and the Violation of all the Moral Virtues, as have been promoted to Honours by the Obſervation and Practice of them.

Admit however, that all their Anceſtors have been truly virtuous! truly deſerving! yet, methinks, it derogates much from the Worth of any Privilege, to enjoy it in common with baſe unworthy Perſons.

Let ſuch a proud Man ſtill reflect, in what Rank of created Beings he ſtands; and he will find as many Orders tranſcending him in Excellency of Nature, in Power, in Glory, as there are Degrees of irrational and vegetative Creatures, beneath him. He who dwells ſeriouſly on this Contemplation, can never deſpiſe thoſe who enjoy the ſame common Nature with him. But perhaps, what are commonly called the Goods of Fortune, Riches, Wealth, and Affluence, may put in a much better Plea for the Pride ariſing from thence, than Birth and Honour have done. We ſhall ſee how true this is on a fair Examination.

Wealth is indeed deſirable ſo far, as it relieves a Man from the wretched State of Dependency; as it enables him to raiſe up the Oppreſſed, comfort the Afflicted, and relieve the Needy: As it makes him in a Political State, what Hills and Mountains are in a Natural one: To receive the Showers and Dews of Heaven, and roll them down

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to water and refesh the humble and lowly Valleys. He who employs his Riches in such noble and worthy Uses, abstracted from the blest Advantages of a Futurity, will, and ought to be respected.

He who is insolent and arrogant, on Account of his Possessions, deserves the Hatred and Contempt he unavoidably meets. This Fool knows not the proper Use of what he has; no wonder then that he mistakes its Value. There is something in this kind of Pride as odious as it is absurd. Like all other sorts of Pride, it takes its Birth from Comparison. The Argument therefore I shall make use of to convince it of Folly, shall be comparative. The Gold, the Jewels, the Wealth contain'd in the Coffers of the richest proud Man are as nothing, when compar'd with what lies bury'd in the high Hills, and conceal'd under the Waves of the Sea; yet who pays Obeisance to the stony Rocks? or humbles himself to the great Deep? Though they merit as much to be reverenc'd, as the Man who makes no Use, or an improper one of his Fortune.

Tho' the proud Man should call himself Master of greater Parcels of Land than all around him can lay claim to; let him consider, what vast Tracts of Earth lye uncultivated, neglected and deserted, and how small a Portion of it is in his Hands. Let him reflect how small a Proportion this Globe of Earth holds to all the System of Matter; and he will find it infinitely less than his own little Possessions in respect of the whole Earth.

Great must be his Wisdom, who exalts himself above his Fellow-Creatures and despises the most excellent of all material Substances. The Workmanship of an All-wise and Almighty Hand, a Being to endure to all Eternity, because, on Comparison, it appears he has not so big a Lump of the vilest and least perfect *Matter*, as the proud Despiser: When at the same time, nothing is so uncertain as the Continuance of Wealth. If the wisest

wiſeſt among Men was not miſtaken in this Obſervation, *Riches will make them Wings, and flee away.* Bad Oeconomy may ſtrip a Man of his Poſſeſſions; Wars may drive him from them; a forged Title may eject him out of them. Beſides all this, I ſhould be glad to ſee the Man who has acquired an immenſe Fortune, without deſerving the Gallows for his Pains.

But perhaps bodily Qualifications (which may be reduc'd to three Heads, *Beauty*, *Strength*, and *Activity*) can maintain their Pretenſions to *Pride* in a better Manner than Birth and Riches have done.

Theſe perſonal Accompliſhments are, all of them, greatly to be deſir'd. *Beauty*, as it is a ſilent Recommendation, as it produces Good-will and Affection in all Beholders. The other two, as they enable us to perform all the Offices of Life, with more Advantage to our ſelves and Benefit to the Publick; yet cannot the Charms of bright Beauty, powerful as they are! caſt any deluding Gloſs upon Pride, to hide its Deformity: Strength is not able to keep it down, and Activity has no Sleight to convey it away.

The Lily and the Roſe, common, and of little Value as they are, may ſhame the fineſt Complexion. Whom does not the *Elephant* exceed in Strength, and the *young Roe* excel in Swiftneſs? How prodigious then muſt be their Folly, who deſpiſe others, for not matching them in ſuch Qualities, as they themſelves are exceeded in by Plants and brute Beaſts?

How ſmall a Matter creates the Difference between Beauty and Deformity? A very little in the Tincture of the Skin, and leſs in the Formation of the Features. Add to this, that Sickneſs may blaſt the blooming Flower of Beauty, enervate the Strong, and confine the Nimble: But this is moſt certain, that Death will take away all Diſtinction between the Fair and the Ugly, will throw down

the Mighty in Strength as eaſily as the Feeble; and overtake the Swift as ſoon as the Cripple.

We ſee, that bodily Qualifications cannot ſupport their Title to *Pride*, let us hear then what *Learning* ſays for it ſelf on this Occaſion.

Reaſon being the eſſential Difference between Man and other Animals, it being the Link, whereby we are faſten'd to other intellectual Beings above us, and the Image of God himſelf, which he ſtamp'd and impreſs'd upon us at our Creation; the greateſt Diverſity that can poſſibly be between Man and Man, is in regard to the Improvement of this Faculty. No wonder then, that Knowledge puffeth up, when ſo many Trifles exalt Men in their own Opinions!

Yet, upon Examination we ſhall find, that Learning can give no better Excuſe for Pride than thoſe other Pretenders who have been already brought to the Bar, and condemned. If we abſtract thoſe ſaving Truths which flow from the Fountain of Truth, we ſhall find little of Certainty or Evidence in the World. With what Labour have the painful Searchers into Knowledge, advanced by ſlow Paces, into the endleſs Maze of Science? What has been the Conſequence of their Diſcoveries? but to be detected of Error by thoſe who have follow'd in the ſame Paths. The *Bodley Library* always preſents to me as gloomy a Scene as *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, and fills me with the ſame pleaſing Melancholy.

Large and wide-extended are the Fields of Knowledge. No Man has Strength to labour the whole. Nay, it requires uncommon Abilities, to cultivate one Spot thereof, with any tolerable Succeſs. Our noble Philoſopher Mr. *Boyle*, aſſures us, that an induſtrious and skillful Enquirer might ſpend a long Life in the Study of a ſingle Mineral, without diſcovering all its Qualities.

In ſhort, Learning is no more than refin'd and poliſh'd Ignorance. Its true End and Deſign is

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to assist us in contemplating God in his glorious Attributes, and beholding him in his wonderful Works: To confess him to be omniscient, and to humble our selves in his Sight, declaring we know nothing. Wherefore, when Pride seems to arise from Learning, we are not to esteem it as its legitimate Issue, but to abhor it as a monstrous Birth: And it is great odds, but upon a strict Search we shall discover, that the Person in whom Pride is found, is rather a superficial Scioliſt, an empty Pretender, than a Man of true solid Learning.

There still remains a Pretence to Pride unexamined, which is as often urged (by People of Fashion more especially) in these great Cities, as any of the others I have already obviated; and this is a daring to defy the Omnipotent, a bosting of their Capacity and Inclination, to perpetrate Acts of Lust and Intemperance. In the latter, the little Sparrow, the stinking Goat, and the filthy Swine, let them do their utmost, will far outdo them. As these are a Set of miserable People, out of the Influence of Shame and Reason, I recommend them to the Prayers of my serious Readers, that they may by the Infinite Mercy of that *Divinity* which they blaspheme, be convinc'd of their Folly here on Earth, lest they be made sensible of it by that *Hell-fire* which they impiously scoff at.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

DECIUS.

LETTER LXVII.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de Seditione quærentes? Juv.

A Writer, who has for ſome Months been the Admiration of the undiſcerning Vulgar, among other indecent Liberties, has been pleaſed to revile the Memories of ſeveral of our deceaſed Monarchs. The Prince he has more particularly ſingled out to be the Mark, whereat to level his opprobrious Language, is King *Charles* II. of Glorious Memory; in the Courſe of whoſe long and happy Reign, this turbulent, rebellious Nation enjoy'd greater Bleſſings than it had ever felt in any preceding one.

The firſt Part of his Charge againſt this truly great Prince, are his perſonal Failings. God forbid, that I ſhould attempt to be an Advocate for any Vice! Sin is of ſo horrid a Nature, that it will admit of no Excuſe: Yet certainly the Crimes of King *Charles* II. will bear an Extenuation better than thoſe of any other Prince Hiſtory has made me acquainted with.

His principal Frailty, or to expreſs it in the Apoſtolical Language, the Sin which ſo eaſily beſet him, was too great a Devotion to the fair Sex. Though herein he ſubmitted to Temptations, he fell before the ſtrongeſt and moſt violent of that ſort, Man was ever attacked by. Powerful Enemies had he within himſelf; Youth, a ſtrong vigorous Conſtitution, an infinite Gaiety of Temper, a violent Tendency to Mercy, Gentleneſs, and Tenderneſs, and a Capacity in every particular to be agreeable to the Ladies. To join this rebellious Force within himſelf, his Court was furniſhed with ſeveral of the fineſt Ladies, that perhaps the World ever ſaw. It is to be wiſhed, that his Virtue

tue had been ſtrong enough, to reſiſt ſuch powerful Aſſaults; for then, theſe Nations would have had, in him, the greateſt Prince that ever appeared in the World.

He was deeply skilled in the moſt oppoſite Parts of Learning, Mathematicks and Poetry: No Man could have writ better. He was a profound Statesman, which nobody will conteſt, who conſiders in what manner he diſpoſed of his Nieces; and if we will give Credit to Perſons of undoubted Authority, who converſed intimately with him, could he have abſtracted himſelf from his Pleaſures, he was in himſelf ſo ſufficient, ſo well verſed in civil Policy, that he would have needed the Counſel of others no farther than for Information in Matters of Fact.

He had a profound Judgment, a quick ready Wit, a boundleſs Invention, and a tenacious Memory. To theſe extraordinary Endowments, we muſt join Qualities in him, that do not always attend them; a ſweet Affability, and an unconſtrained Humility. He was a tender Father to learned and witty Men; if modeſt Merit ever went unrewarded by him, it was owing to the Abundance of Merit in his Time, and the Impoſſibility of his knowing every one that deſerved his Favour. Notorious Crimes were overlook'd by him, if ſhadowed by the leaſt Merit. A notorious Inſtance we have of this, in the Caſe of *Milton*, that virulent Rebel, whoſe Offences he readily offer'd up to the Muſes.

In ſhort, his Reign was the *Engliſh Auguſtan* Age. It was impoſſible for any Man, who breath'd the Air of his Court to be a Fool, or any one who converſed with him, to be a Rebel.

The Writer, who has led me to draw this poor Character of this amiable Prince, is continually clamouring againſt him, for ſuffering the Execution of Colonel *Sydney*, and Lord *Ruſſell*. For my Reader's Satisfaction in this Point, I refer him to the

Hiſtory of the *Rye-houſe Plot*, by Biſhop *Sprat*, the moſt beautiful and beſt atteſted Narrative I have ever ſeen. He who peruſes it carefully, will, if not ſtrangely prejudic'd, acknowledge frankly, there could be no Place for Clemency towards the Contrivers of ſo helliſh and unnatural a Conſpiracy; more eſpecially in the Caſe of Mr. *Sydney*, who had before been a ſignal Object of Mercy.

To traduce this excellent Prince, he has Recourſe to the *Memoirs of the Kirk of* Scotland, the moſt falſe, infamous, malicious, ſcandalous Libel I have yet beheld. It is a Defence of Schiſm and Rebellion, and an impudent Commendation of the Aſſaſſination of good Archbiſhop *Sharp*. The Style and Truth of the whole Piece teſtify, that its Author, once in his Life wrote Truth, when, in his Title-Page, he calls himſelf a *Presbyterian Teacher*.

Our admired Author, in his wondrous Treatiſe upon Libels, has fallen upon one in particular which he ſeems to have throughly ſtudied; for his Reflections upon it are clothed in more opprobrious Language than any to be found in it. In the Judgment of the collected Wiſdom of the Nation, the Libel of *May* 27, ſtruck only at the Perſon of his Majeſty; but every Fool can ſee, that our famous Author, in his every Compoſition, endeavours to ſubvert the Conſtitution utterly, by inſinuating vile, whimſical, republican Principles.

Another Calumny caſt upon King *Charles* II is, that he was a concealed Papiſt, and died in the *Romiſh* Communion. Thus King *William* was traduc'd, with a Deſign to exclude Her late MAJESTY from the Throne.

I cannot help admiring at their conſummate Aſſurance, who affirm King *Charles* was a Papiſt: Do they think any true *Engliſhman* ſo mad as to believe them? when the moſt ignorant Perſons in theſe Realms are as conſcious of the Abſurdity, in ſuppoſing a Proteſtant Kingdom could

could be well administer'd by a Catholick King, as is

Their Humble Servant,
ATTICUS.

LETTER LXVIII.

SIR, *T— C— D— June* 10, 1721.

THIS Day our worthy P——— being at Dinner with his Housekeeper, was seized with such terrifying Convulsion Fits, that the poor Gentlewoman instantly fell in Labour, and miscarried. As all who beheld him despair of his *Amendment*, he has been induced to make his Will. His real Estate he has left to the eldest Son of Mrs. *Anne N—le*, deceased, late his Housekeeper; his ready Cash, which he has distributed into equal Portions, and lodged each separately in an old Stocking, he has thus bequeathed; to the younger Children of Mrs. *Nanny N—le*, each an old Stocking; to his present Housekeeper and Son, three old Stockings; for funeral Expences, and a Sermon by B———p C———r, the next best Preacher in IRELAND to himself, one old Stocking; to Mr. R———rs, Mr. *R—w—n*, to *D—el* and *Be—ish*, his *Jackalls*, an old Stocking to be equally divided among them, or (what will please them much better) let the greatest R——— take all. For defraying the Charge of printing his whole Stock of Sermons, in Number Eleven, one old Stocking; one more to any Man who shall be able to read them; and two to that great Man who shall be able to make Sense of them; the Profits of the Copy to finish the famous new Library. By a Codicil annexed to his Will, he has appointed those hopeful Youths *H—gh V—gh—n* and *Carbunculus S———th* to preach a funeral Sermon,

if B----- C———rr ſhould be out of the Way, and ſpeak the *Latin* Oration.

In Gratitude to his Parents, the Pariſh of *Kilkenny*; he has left to the Church-Wardens of the ſaid Pariſh, for the Uſe of the Poor thereof, one old Stocking.

Thus has this Man of moſt profound Learning, unexampled Sanctity of Manners, and Perſon beautiful as his Mind, diſpoſed of his worldly Goods; he continues in a deplorable Condition, and, poor Creature! he is not ſenſible of the wretched State he is in. I hope, in a Packet or two, to acquaint you with his Relief from the Troubles of an uncertain, wicked World, and am,

Dear *Robin*,

Yours entirely,

T. F.

To Mr. Robert C——ke, *at St.* Dunſtan's *Coffee-Houſe*, Fleet-Street, London.

LETTER LXIX.

SIR, *Coventry, June* 13, 1721.

I Would gladly be informed if the modeſt Gentleman Mr. *William Tong*, who has made his publick Appearance in *Metzo-Tinto*, be that numerical *Will Tong*, who formerly kept a canting School in this City; of whom take the following Story, which is unqueſtionably true.

A Country Fellow had the Misfortune to wed with one of the *Godly*, a thirſty Soul of Mr. *Tong*'s Lectures; rummaging his ſmall Houſe one Day, he found two Pieces of Gold concealed very artfully; he encloſed two Pieces of Copper in the ſame Paper he found the Guineas, and left them in the ſame Place.

On

On the next Sabbath my Dame went to *Coventry*, and when *Sweet William* deſcended from the Tub, ſhe made him an Offering of her Gold; he bleſt her for not forgetting *Sion*, and graciouſly diſmiſs'd her.

She had not gone far before inquiſitive *Will*, as ſoon as he had taken the Cloak off the Pieces, found their Complexion exactly the ſame with his own; he called her back, and rating her furiouſly for mocking him; ſhe fell down upon her Knees to him, (an humble Poſture he would not uſe to GOD) begging Forgiveneſs, teſtifying Surprize, and declaring ſolemnly ſhe had covered Gold with that Paper, and, how the Pieces became Copper, ſhe could not tell, unleſs Gammer *White*, an old Woman, who bore her Grudge, had bewitched them.

Maſter *William* puſhing her from him rudely, called her a *falſe*, *ſcandalous*, *malicious*, *infamous*, impudent, lying Woman; avaunt, Satan (ſays he) come no more into the Aſſembly of the Saints; profane not the Society of the Godly! get thee behind me!

The poor deluded Creature, ſtung with his Reproaches, fell into a Fever, and, before the next Sabbath, the honeſt Clown her Husband was delivered of his Sermon Pop-Gun, and has been able to pay his Rent ever ſince, with a great deal of Eaſe.

I am, Sir,
Your hearty Well-wiſher,
OLD ENGLAND.

LETTER LXX.

SIR,

I Have a long time paſt bore the moſt tender Affection can be imagined, to a ſweet-temper'd pretty young Lady, whoſe Father's Seat in the Country is contiguous to mine. The dear Thing has not been ungrateful to me. She has made me Returns of Tenderneſs, greater than I expected, much greater than I deſerved.

I was to have been within theſe two Months (in which Time I ſhould have ſettled all my Affairs, to the Satisfaction of my Charmer's Father,) the happieſt Man in the *Britiſh Iſles*. When yeſterday Morning, my deareſt *Chloe*, (for ſo I have called her, ſince my firſt Acquaintance with *Horace* and *Prior*) with two Town Ladies, ſurprized me agreeably with a Viſit, when I thought ſhe had been at an Hundred Miles Diſtance from me.

Her envious Companions had ſtrangely diſfigured the pretty Creature with Patches. *Chloe* has ten thouſand Charms, each of which, ſingly, might cover ten thouſand Faults. Who, if he could ſee Faults in *Chloe*, could have the Courage, or rather the Ill-nature to tell her of them?

About an Hour after *Chloe* had left me, for my own Amuſement, and the pretty Rogue's Diverſion and Inſtruction, I ſat down and wrote the following Lines.

To CHLOE wearing Patches.

OLD *ugly* Flavia *Patches wears,*
To hide her furrow'd Trace of Years.
With Patches pimpled Phyllis *covers*
Her Imperfections from her Lovers.

But

But why? ah why! ſhould they diſgrace,
And hide ſo much of Chloe's *Face?*
Where each a CUPID *muſt diſarm,*
Each conceal a native Charm.
Chloe, *for Shame, all Arts deſpiſe!*
Miſtruſt not thoſe all-conqu'ring Eyes:
No more thy Angel Beauty ſhroud,
But ſhine, like Heav'n, without a Cloud.

Chloe was reading theſe Lines with her uſual good Humour, when her youngeſt Brother, entering her Chamber, ſnatch'd them out of her Hands; this Youth wants to be an Officer of the Guards; he was always an Enemy to Study, and has no Notions but ſuch as he picked up in the Coffee-Houſes near *Charing-Croſs*; but of all his Notions, none ſo ſtrange as thoſe he has entertained concerning Honour and Affronts: He has always ſided with a boiſterous Collonel who is my Rival; and, not underſtanding what I wrote, call'd it an Affront, and ſwore he would fight me; for, you muſt know, Sir, a Man of Honour muſt fight when any thing is ſaid or writ that his narrow Intellects cannot comprehend.

But, what is worſt of all, *Chloe*, who has the beſt Senſe of any Body, has alſo the greateſt Modeſty, inſomuch that ſhe ſubmits her Judgment to every poſitive Perſon. This *Chloe!* this dear *Chloe!* accuſes me of Falſhood, of Contempt, of a thouſand Crimes, and will not permit me to appear before her. I ſhall, for this dear Maid avoid her Brother, though no Man has ever injured me ſo ſenſibly, though there is no Offender I could ſo willingly chaſtiſe.

My Letters are ſent back unopen'd; I have no Way of vindicating my Innocence, but by publiſhing

liſhing it: By this Means the Boy may ſee his Error, and my dear *Chloe* perceive how much ſhe has injured me.

Inſert this in your next Journal, for, to live a Week under the Load of her Suſpicions and Diſpleaſure; to be baniſhed ſo long from beholding the Heaven of her Beauties, would conclude the now wretched Life of

The diſtracted

T. B.

LETTER LXXI.

SIR, *St. Paul's School, June* 12, 1721.

I Here ſend you a Tranſlation of two Epigrams, and an Ode of *Horace*; my Maſter thought it convenient to whip me ſoundly for my Poetry, and I paſſively ſubmitted to the Puniſhment until I read the *Free-Thinker* of this Day. I am now, Sir, of Opinion, that either I was uſed unjuſtly, or that Mr. *Free-Thinker* deſerves the Birch as well as I.

Sir, I know how ill a Judge a Man is in his own Cauſe, therefore beg you would lay my Caſe before the World, who will decide the Suit I have with my ſelf impartially. In Compliance with this Requeſt, you'll oblige all the *fourth Form* of our *School*, and more particularly

Your humble Servant,

Poor little TOM SATCHEL.

Of

Of *Leonella* and *Acon*, each blind of an Eye.

HIS Right Eye Acon *wants, and* Leonel
The Left, or elſe they would the Gods excel.
Thine to beſtow, fond Boy, let me perſwade,
So thou a Cupid, *ſhe's a* Venus *made.*

On a Boy killed with an Iſicle.

WHere, with immod'rate Rain, Capena's *Gate,*
Firſt by AGRIPPA *built, is always wet;*
A pendent Iſicle, in Shape a Launce,
Stabb'd a poor Boy that walk'd along by chance;
And when it left him breathleſs on the Ground,
The ſlender Weapon melted in the Wound.
What cruel Actions will not Fortune dare?
Where ſhall not we Death's conqu'ring Fury fear?
If Death in Water be, 'tis ev'ry where.

To PHIDYLE. Horace, Ode 23. lib. 3.

WHEN the new Moon renews her fainting Light,
And, with new Splendor beautifies the Night,
If you, my pretty Maid, the Gods adore,
Impetuous Storms ſhall hurt the Vines no more.
Yet more! with Freedom ſhall the fruitful Field,
Thick yellow Harveſts to the Tillers yield.
In the moſt ſickly Seaſon of the Year,
Our tender Sucklings no Diſeaſe ſhall fear.

For

For whatsoever sacred Beast is fed
In snowy Algidus, *or th'* Alban *Shade,*
Is a sure Victim to the Gods decreed,
And shall on their unspotted Altars bleed.
Mind not great Sacrifice; do thou alone
Thy Gods *with* Rosemary *and* Myrtle *crown.*
Poor Sacrifice them sooner will appease,
Than all the Pomp ill-gotten Wealth can raise.
They love sweet Innocence, and never mind
How large the Gift, but how it was design'd.

LETTER LXXII.

Est Natura hominum novitatis avida. Plin.

THE *Frenchman Sorbiere*, in his rude and trifling Remarks on the *English* Nation, observes of my beloved Countrymen, that they are an idle People, because they spend half their time in taking *Tobacco*, seeing how the World stands, and settling the Affairs of the Nation. When I behold an ignorant Fellow forming a Judgment upon Matters he does not understand, my Indignation is justly raised against him; but, when I consider the Whimsicalness of his confident Decisions, I always find something in them so extravagantly merry, that I am enabled to qualify my Wrath.

Who can, with Patience, observe how disrespectfully the *French* Pedant treats Coffee-Houses? Coffee-Houses! the Schools of Politicks, of Wit, of polite Learning; and, if the *Independent Whig* had

had been attended to, they might have sav'd us the Expence of Churches and Universities; who (I say) considers these things throughly, and does not think poor *Sorbiere* was rather an Object of Pity than Anger?

For my Part, I have always thought that voracious Appetite my Countrymen have after News, to be a particular Blessing to them; and none deserve better of the Publick, than those skillful Sages, who dress up their Intelligence in such a Manner, as to gratify the Taste of their Fellow-Subjects. As for those Creatures who cry out against the Multiplicity of News-Papers, I know not what Name to give to so odious a Crime as they are guilty of; the worst I can think of, is one I learned of *Cato*, *Treason against the People*, which, according to him is the vilest sort of Treason.

Were it not for News-Papers! how many Thousand fine Speakers would lose the Use of their Tongues? which, at present, thank the Powers! are sufficiently voluble. Were it not for News-Papers! What would become of Herds of fine People, whose Transition from Amusement is constantly to Vice? In short, manifold are the Advantages the Publick receives from News-Papers; by their Assistance we are preserved from degenerating into Brutality, we are soften'd, civiliz'd, nay humanized. If a Lady or Gentleman lose their dear Spouses, the whole Nation is taught to grieve for, in Concert with them. If Persons of any Distinction are marry'd, we are call'd upon to rejoyce with the happy Pair. Fires, Executions, Casualties, Deaths, Promotions, *&c.* are constantly solliciting our Affections of Joy and Pity; teach us the Uncertainty and Vanity of all sublunary things, and direct us to noble and higher Prospects. If then any Lady has a bad Husband, any Parent an undutiful Child, my Advice is, send them to the Coffee-House; the Concern they will learn for the Affairs of the Universe, will naturally lead them

them to a close Attention to their own Peculiar; and he who is taught to have Compassion for whole Nations and Provinces, will be tender of his Family; for it is impossible that he who is become a good Citizen of the World, should not be a provident, good-natur'd Member of a private House.

Of all the little Parcels of Intelligence that feed the Inhabitants of this politick Nation, some are vended daily, others every second Day; some come abroad by Peep of Day, and others never appear till the Evening. Upon the Strength of these, how many ingenious Men subsist comfortably in the Quality of Authors? How many substantial Citizens raise Estates, and employ Numbers of Workmen upon them in their Printing-Houses? If we take in the Croud of Coffee-Men, Mercuries, Pamphlet-Shop-Keepers, and Hawkers, we shall find above five thousand People by this Article kept from being burthensome to the Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*.

How detestably wicked then was the Advice given to the Coffee-men, to remove several Papers as Nuisances? Fools that they were! not to know that their own Downfal must attend that of the News-Papers. 'Twas like the pernicious Advice given to the *Sybarites*, to drein a Lake near their City, which smelt offensively; which Work when they had accomplish'd, their Enemies who had been separated from them by it, march'd over and enslav'd them. If there was no News, who would go to the Coffee-house? If there was no Coffee-house, where would Parliaments be directed? Diets advised? The Conduct of Princes examined? The Management of able and honest Ministers applauded, and evil, corrupt ones censured? Where alas! should I, unhappy I! when I am advanced to a White-staff, the Seals, or some of those little Places the great Men of the Nation have been always struggling for, which an infallible Gypsie promised

promiſed me in my Hanging-ſleeves. Oh! where ſhould I receive Advice, to conduct my ſelf unblameably?

Among the Dealers in Intelligence, I declare impartially, I think no one deſerves the Regard of the Publick more than Mr. *Nathaniel Miſt*. To his Sagacity and Ingenuity we owe the Recapitulation of the Occurrences of the whole Week, with Comments, Explanations and Annotations on all the ambiguous Parts thereof, for the Uſe of young Politicians. It is very prudently publiſhed on a *Saturday*, for the Service of thoſe whoſe cloſe Application to Labour excludes them from meddling with any Concerns but their own, on all the preceding Days of the Week. Then the Day following being an idle Day, People would want ſomething to do, if they had not his Digeſt of News to employ themſelves on.

Beſides all this, he places a Letter at the Head of his Paper, to exerciſe the Underſtandings, as well as ſatisfy the Curioſity of his Readers. To fill up this Space, he generouſly invites all publick-ſpirited Perſons, who are reſtrained from inſtructing or diverting their Fellow-Citizens. On Account of Modeſty, his Paper is a Bow, with which all Adventurers in the Writing World, may ſafely try their Strength. Without the Uſe of this Inſtrument, *Atticus* had never commenc'd Author.

I ſhall make bold to aſſure my Reader, that when ſome Troubles, under which this *Journal* at preſent labours, ſhall be compoſed, Care will be taken to make it the beſt Paper of this kind was ever ſeen in this Nation.

There is a certain *Frenchman*, one *A. Boyer*, who publiſhes a thing Monthly, which he calls the *Political State*, &c. I believe not one in a Thouſand of my Readers have ever heard of it. Though I greatly diſlike his Method, as being too ſtale for News, and too recent for Hiſtory; yet I ſhould have

have taken no Notice of him, had not he frighted me in an Advertiſement, by threatning to publiſh the Hiſtory of this moſt glorious Reign.

I can't think, this Gentleman has ſo little Modeſty, as to publiſh it in *Engliſh*; yet ſhall I beg his Leave to inform him, that the Capacities of an Hiſtorian and a Lexicographer are widely different; and that to treat the great Tranſactions of theſe Times in a juſt Manner, requires no leſs eminent a Pen (if ſuch a one could be found) than that of the Great, Good and Noble Hiſtorian of the Great Rebellion.

My Reader may take it upon my Honour, that no more private Scandal, though ever ſo well atteſted, ſhall find a Place in this Paper. Two Letters of this kind, that may be found in the laſt Week's *Journal*, had not been printed, could proper Perſons have attended the Preſs. Things of this Nature are below the Dignity of our Work; 'tis no leſs than an Affront to the Publick, to preſent them with the little Tricks of inconſiderable People. Mr. *Tong* may therefore aſſure himſelf, Care ſhall be taken to give him all the Satisfaction he ſeems to deſire. I am the Publick's

Moſt Humble Servant,
ATTICUS.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

SIR,

I Am now an insipid old Man, but give me Leave to tell you, Mr. *Mist*! that in my Youth I was a brave Fellow. My Father was an honest *Cavilier*, and lost his Estate, (as many a loyal *Welchman* did) for the *Royal Cause*: But for some private good Services in the glorious Reign of King *Charles* II. I got Possession of it again, and routed the Intruders. Methinks I still see the much-lov'd *Monarch* between his two Royal Brothers, enter his Metropolis! The delightful Remembrance of that happy Day, is almost enough, without *Medea*'s Art, to renew my Youth. All I can do now, is to commemorate the Day with Jollity, and distinguish my Loyalty by the verdant Leaves in my Hat; but formerly I could excercise the tough Plant about the Ears of some of the adverse Party. But Age (maugre all my Chearfulness) has advanc'd on me; yet in spight of it, I still retain the Impressions I receiv'd in my Youth. I am a true Assertor of *Monarchy*, and detest all *Republican Principles*; and tho' I fear the Sparklings of Wit are quite extinguish'd with the Fire of Youth, yet I have some Desire to be playing with it still.

We are inform'd, that there are all over *England*, no small Number of the Sect of *Heraclitus*; but for my Part, (old as I am) I have more Inclination to be a Follower of *Democritus*, and laugh at the Follies of Mankind. The other Day, as my Grandson, (who is my *Amanuensis*) was reading to me in *Jeoffrey* of *Moumouth*'s History of our Ancestors, a Kinsman came to visit me. He immediately ask'd *Llewellin*, which of all those brave *Welchmen* he admir'd most? He answer'd, I am charm'd with *Pendragon*'s Valour, and *Merlin*'s Learning! 'Tis natural

ral for you (replies my Kinſman) to be pleas'd with *Merlin*, for you are lineally deſcended from him. I check'd the Spark for offering to impoſe on the Boy; but he excus'd himſelf, by alledging, that it was now *alamode* to adopt new Anceſtors: And that it was firſt introduc'd by the *South-Sea* Gentry. Sir (ſays he) there is a certain *South-Sea* Squire, whoſe lawful Father and Grandfather were Handycraftsmen, but now he has taken it into his Head, that he is a Deſcendant of the Lord ——— I anſwer'd, That nothing but *Merlin*'s reputed Father, the great Author of Lies, could make them talk of the Deſcendants of *Merlin* and Lord ——— ſince 'tis well known, that neither of them left any. And as for my Grandſon, I told him, he had no Occaſion for a *New* Pedigree, his old one being ſufficiently honourable.

This Diſcourſe ſtarted ſeveral Reflections in my Mind on this unaccountable Vanity of electing our Fathers: I could not but fancy, that theſe new Gentry, who derive their Gentility, as *Venus* does her Birth, from the Sea, would fain like her too, have no leſs than a *Jove* to their Father. The *South-Sea* Squire, whom I ſhall call *Corvino*, I ſuppoſe has a Mind to emulate the *Macedonian* Hero, *Alexander* the Great, when he had conquer'd ſeveral Kingdoms, to which he had much the ſame *Right* as *Corvino* has to his ill-acquir'd Wealth; ſcorn'd his Father *Philip*, and would be declar'd the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*. This vain-glorious Ambition caus'd ſome Hiſtorians to be very exact in their Scrutinies, who have left it recorded to Poſterity, that he was the Son of neither; and that his Mother *Olympias* had Reaſon to know, that his Natural Father was *Nectanebus* the Magician. *Corvino* the Great's lawful Father, was a Mechanick, his adopted one a Lord, and (if Fame be not a Liar) his Mother, as well as *Olympias*, knows he naturally belongs to another, who to confeſs the Truth, was never reckon'd a Conjurer.

When

When *Alexander*, was by his fawning Paraſites declar'd a God, my old Friend, inimitable *Jack Dryden*, tells us,

With raviſh'd Ears,
The Monarch hears;
Affects to nod,
Aſſumes the God,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

So *Corvino*, at an Aſſembly where ſome abject Flatterers were admiring his late-gotten Wealth and new Pedigree,

With lordly Grace
And ſpruce Grimace,
Affects to leer,
Aſſumes the Peer,
And takes as ſuch his Place.

The ambitious Conqueror after he had ſubdu'd the known *World*, wept for more. The avaritious Adventurer, when he had got too much Ground in *England*, look'd with a covetous Eye upon our little *World* this Side the *Dee*. But gracious Heaven permitted him not to extend his Power ſo far! The *Dee!* for which, with old *Drayton* I will ever give it the Epithet of *Holy*, did what the *Ganges* could not do to *Alexander*; it put a Stop to the Acquiſitions of the formidably Great *Corvino*.

'Tis my Opinion, Mr. *Miſt*, that when People bear their proſperous Fortunes with a good Grace, they ought not to be ridicul'd; but when they quite forget themſelves, they are the proper Subject of Satire. Is it not provoking, to ſee an arrogant Upſtart aſſume ſuch prepoſterous Airs and Grandeur?

Grandeur? Believe it, my old Veins glow with Reſentment! and were I now what I was forty Years ago, Hem! I ſay no more.

The learned *Camerarius* tells us, that a Countryman being choſen King of *Bohemia*, he cauſed his Wooden Shoes, *&c.* to be hang'd up in his chief Caſtle. I wiſh our new Gentry were obliged to adorn their Halls with ſomething denoting their Fathers, or their own former Profeſſions; what Hammers and Chiſſels, Gloves, Shoes and Saddles, ſhould we ſee diſplay'd above their fine Tapeſtry! As for us in this Country, we could not be apprehenſive of any Diſgrace from ſuch a Cuſtom; for whatever Wonders and Revolutions the powerful Influence of the Moon upon the *South-Sea* has occaſioned in *England*; be aſſured, we old *Britons* remain *in ſtatu quo*, and the ancient Eſtates are ſtill in the Poſſeſſion of their ancient Proprietors: The Fluxes and Refluxes of the *South-Sea* having not in the leaſt operated on our *Terra Firma*. I wiſh I have not given you Reaſon by my Prolixity, to accuſe me of the general Infirmity of old People, that of being too talkative. But at preſent I will not add any more, than that

I am, Sir,

Your Reader and humble Servant,

ARTHUR RODERICK.

Wrexham, June 10.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

SIR,

A Diſſenting Gentleman of my Acquaintance, lately put into my Hands the *Hiſtory of* New-England, written by *Daniel Neal*, a Teacher of his own Perſwaſion. This Author, towards the Cloſe of his Work, informs us, that Six Thouſand Presbyterian Families have lately ſettled upon that Continent, having been driven from the North of *Ireland*, by the Cruelty of their High-Church Landlords, who raiſed their Rents upon them in ſo extraordinary a Manner, that they could not live on their Farms.

He proceeds to ſhew what great Diſadvantages the Proteſtant Cauſe may receive in *Ireland*, by ſtripping that Nation of ſo many Proteſtant Subjects, intimating, that there wanted ſomething to make the Diſſenters eaſy in that Kingdom.

Since I read this Hiſtory, I have made it my Buſineſs to enquire into the State of the *Iriſh* Diſſenters, from Perſons of the greateſt Knowledge in the Affairs of that Nation, and of undoubted Integrity. Upon the whole, I find Mr. *Neale*, either through Miſinformation, or ſome worſe Cauſe, has entirely miſrepreſented the Matter in every Particular.

I ſhall beg a Place in your Paper to ſet theſe Affairs in a true and a clear Light. And firſt let me obſerve in Mr. *Neal*'s Favour, that he has very much diminiſhed the Number of thoſe who tranſported themſelves; for, beſides ſeveral other Exportations, there ſailed at once out of the Rivers of *London-derry* and *Colrain*, Twenty two Ship-loads of Saints.

As to the Raiſing of Rents, it is well known, that the *Iriſh* Gentlemen think it but a ſmall Improvement

Improvement of their Estates, to raise them *Cent. per Cent.* upon the Determination of all such Leases as were made before 1690. The Farmers, it is true, who live upon new Bargains, are little better than Slaves to their Landlords: This is a universal Calamity; but, as Mr. *Neal* has represented it, you would imagine it a Grievance which affected the Dissenters in particular. Give me Leave to draw up a short Account of the heavy Persecutions the *Irish* Dissenters labour under.

Ever since the Revolution, their Teachers have enjoyed Twelve Hundred Pounds *per ann.* of royal Bounty, to support such of them as go into Places that cannot maintain (because of the Paucity of Schismaticks) a settled Minister. For the Truth of this, the Representation of the *Irish* House of Lords to her late Majesty, of ever blessed Memory, is a sufficient Voucher. Their Teachers assemble in Synods, whenever they please; they have their Seminaries to educate Youth in Philosophical Learning; and even while the Schism Act (which extended to *Ireland*) was in Force, their Schoolmasters continued unmolested.

The Province of *Ulster*, from whence the late Colonies have been detached to *New England*, is one half Presbyterian. The Linnen Manufactory, which is the only free Trade left to *Ireland*, being, in a manner, wholly confined to it; for which Reason, and its Vicinity to *Scotland*, it is over-run with Dissenters. Thus these poor persecuted People! have all the Trade of the Nation in their Hands, have Members of Parliament, Justices of the Peace, Magistrates of Corporations, and Officers of the Militia among them. So far are the Gentlemen of *Ireland* from making any Distinction on Account of Religion, that excepting two or three Gentlemen of Note, who turned the Catholicks off their Lands, I defy Mr. *Neal*, or those who furnished him with Materials to build up his History, to produce one remarkable Instance. Most of

of the Church Lands in *Ulster* are tenanted by rank Presbyterians, the Farmers of Tithes, or, as they themselves express it, the Tithe-mongers, are generally the same sort of Persons. In the Name of Wonder! what would these People have? They have, if we may not say all the Trade of the Nation, at least all that of the Northern Parts; for an *Englishman*, or a Churchman, cannot live upon Trade among them. I can think then only of one Expedient to satisfy them, to put them in Possession of those Lands and Tithes, which, with great Profit, they now occupy.

But to bring this Matter to a final Issue, the Presbyterian Teachers preached and perswaded them to this Migration; for what Ends and Designs they themselves best know. The deluded Enthusiasts were taught, that the Judgments of God hung over the accursed Land. *Ireland* was, or *Sodom*, or *Egypt*, just as the Toy took them in the Head. The Spirit warn'd them to flee into *Canaan*, and they would imitate the *Israelites* of Old, and spoil the *Egyptians*. Few amongst them fled without leaving the Bulk of his Debts unpaid: To have paid any thing to a Church-man had been a high Disgrace, if not a Sin. Their Flight was generally so secret, that, upon the Departure of an *American* Fleet, a Man might make it a reasonable Question to himself, when he went to Bed, whether he should ever see his next Door Neighbour more. But to comfort all who do not understand Mr. *Neale*'s Design, which is only to raise a Clamour, I assure them the Protestant Cause is not likely to suffer by their Departure out of *Ireland*; for their Places, who march'd off laden with Booty, are taken up by a superior Number of *Scotchmen* of the same Profession, as naked as those Gentlemens Progenitors, who have now deserted *Iretania*, were upon their Arrival in it.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

The Fanatick-Hater.

P. S. One *Cornwal* preach'd away no leſs than fourſcore Families; for their Encouragement, he promiſed to go over with them, and be their *Paſtor*, but deſerted them by the firſt Opportunity. This I will maintain to be true, notwithſtanding any confident Advertiſement he may publiſh.

LETTER LXXV.

SIR,

I Was over-joy'd when I read your Vindication of our late Sovereign, and my gracious Maſter, of glorious Memory, in your laſt *Saturday's Journal*, from his being a con cealed Papiſt, and dying in the *Romiſh* Communion; for I know the contrary, being on my Knees at his Bed's-foot when God was pleaſed to take him from us. The King, awaking from a Slumber, ſaid, What's a Clock? Biſhop *Kenn*, who attended in his Sickneſs, ſaid, Sir, you are not now to enquire about Time, but to think of Eternity; for, with Grief of Heart, I muſt tell your Majeſty, you are dying; I do therefore, in the Name of the bleſſed Jeſus demand, if you die in the Communion of the Church of *England*, as by Law eſtabliſhed? The King, with ſeeming Earneſtneſs, drew his Hand from between the Duke of *York's*, who was then on his Knees by his Majeſty's Bed-ſide, and raiſing himſelf up, looking on his mourning Subjects at his Right Hand (the Bed-Chamber and Anti-Chamber being crowded) ſaid, I DO. Then looking forward, ſaid, I DO. Then turning to the Left Hand, ſaid, I DO. Theſe, I believe, were the dying Words of our good King, for I heard no more, though I was near, and gave my utmoſt Attention. I appear'd daily at *Whitehall* Coffee-Houſe, after his Death, to ſtop

the

the Barkings of the Pr———n King-killers then, as you loyally defend his Sacred-Aſhes from the rebellious Race of W——gs now.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

LOYALTY.

If you think fit to inſert this, I will appear to juſtify it againſt all Oppoſers, upon your Summons in the Journal.

LETTER LXXVI.

———Nuſquam Libertas gratior extat
Quam ſub Rege pio.———

SIR,

THERE is no greater Sign, that the Nation is really miſerable, and ſenſible of its Misfortunes too, than the Spirit of Politicks which now ſo univerſally reigns amongſt us. This has been always the Effect of a national Calamity in a free-born People: Univerſal Miſery cannot be ſuppos'd to proceed from a trivial Cauſe, and therefore the Conſtitution is blam'd. Every body that has ſuffer'd, thinks he has a Right to find Fault, and conſequently to correct. Thus the Infection ſpreads from the Body to the Mind, and we ſeldom grow poor, but we grow factious too.

'Tis generally in this unhappy Seaſon, when our Minds are exaſperated with the Senſe of our Misfortunes, and our Underſtandings clouded with the Paſſion of Revenge, that ſubtle Politicians take the Advantage of ſowing their evil Principles amongſt us. They firſt join with us in the common Cry, and ſooth us in our Deſires of Juſtice and Revenge; thus they gain our Affections, and when

they have made us fit for their Purpoſe, they propoſe their own Methods to us; which, in that Hurry and Confuſion, we are not able to diſtinguiſh, whether they are good or bad; or, whether the Remedy we are going to apply, be proper for, or rather, not worſe than the Diſeaſe.

The popular and ſpecious Title of Liberty is again riſen up amongſt us. She is dreſt up in her moſt beautiful Colours, and engaging Attire, ſo that, I am afraid, my Countrymen are very far enſnar'd by the fair Deluder. But I would have 'em conſider, that as there is a true Liberty, ſo there is a falſe one; and as generally, the moſt flagrant Vices are concealed under the Habit of Virtue and Religion, ſo the moſt oppreſſive Tyranny too often carries the Shew of Liberty along with it. Moſt People have an Idea of Commonwealths not unlike that which Poets and young People have of the Golden Age; where they fancy, that without either Labour, Sollicitude or Chagrin, People paſt their Time in the innocent Pleaſures of Love, Muſick, and other ſoft Delights. So the World imagines, that a Popular Government is all Sweetneſs and Liberty, precarious, and depending upon their Votes, free from Oppreſſion and Slavery, and conſtant to known Methods. But all this is a very wrong Conception. They are inveſted with ſovereign Power, and muſt and do uſe it for their own Preſervation, as abſolutely as any Sovereign Prince in the World; and whoever will ſeriouſly conſider the State of any Republick now in *Europe*, muſt own, that neither the Governours themſelves, nor the People govern'd by them, have any ſuch excellent Prerogatives, as can juſtly give them a Superiority over the Government of a wiſe Prince, and a well-diſpoſed People, in a Limited Monarchy.

A Prince governing by Law, and having high Prerogatives, by which he may do all the Good he has a Mind to, which yet he cannot abuſe, to act againſt

againſt Law; and who is obliged often to conſult with his People, in what relates to common Safety, by whoſe Aſſiſtance he muſt be enabled to put in Execution the good things he deſigns, is certainly the beſt Expedient for preventing the two Extremes in Civil Society, Confuſion and Slavery. Thus our preſent Conſtitution is wiſely temper'd with the limited Prerogative of the Crown, and the juſt Liberties of the People. 'Tis like an *Iſthmus*, placed between thoſe two dangerous Seas of Abſolute Monarchy and a Commonwealth; and if it ſhould be unhappily overflown by either, Tyranny and Oppreſſion will follow, and 'tis not much Matter from which Side the Storm comes, if it lies hard upon us, and the diſmal Effects of it are the ſame from both Quarters.

But that it may not be objected to me, that I am fighting with a Shadow, or oppoſing only an imaginary Adverſary of my own Conception; I ſhall give my Reader ſome Reaſons, why I am apprehenſive of this growing Evil amongſt us. In all Companies we find our preſent Uneaſineſſes cheriſh'd and fomented by Reflections upon our Laws, which cannot bring publick Traytors to publick Juſtice. 'Tis every where inſinuated, that deſperate Diſeaſes require deſperate Remedies; that the juſt Clamours of the People ſhould be ſatisfied with the immediate Execution of both ſecret and open Villains; that if the Laws are either dilatory or defective, the People, who are the great Judges of Rewards and Puniſhments, ſhould take the Power into their own Hands; and that we ſhall never be freed from our preſent Calamities, but conſtantly liable to the ſame for the future, unleſs we dry up the Spring from whence theſe Waters of Bitterneſs flow. Thus, the Charms of Converſation are made uſe of, to diſtill the Poyſon with more Eaſe and Sweetneſs, and the Phrenzy is nouriſhed in the warm Breaſts of our Youth, who are generally ſo fond of Liberty, that any

thing that has the Name of it deceives them, who unheedily take the Title for the Reality, and the Sound for the Subſtance.

But this is not all. The Preſs is brought in to help to ſpread the Infection, and ſeveral petulant Diſcourſes daily come out, which theſe great Impoſtors ſcatter amongſt us, like falſe Glaſſes, to multiply our Diſcontents, and heighten our Reſentments. Kingly Government is ſtruck at thro' the Sides of our deceaſed Monarchs. All thoſe ſpecious Treatiſes about the Liberty of the Subject, and the Privileges of the People, are highly ſeaſon'd with virulent Reflections upon ſome of the Actions of our lawful Sovereigns. The Paſſions of *Henry* VIII. and the Jealouſies of Queen *Elizabeth*, tho', 'tis own'd we are now happy in them, yet are mentioned by way of Reproach; ſince their perſonal human Frailties are expos'd to View with Calumny and Contempt, it ſurely muſt be out of Deſign to glance at their Authority, or elſe the Writer muſt own he had a virulent Pen without any Deſign at all; but I am afraid this will hardly paſs for Chance-Medley in the Commonwealth of Writers. The Memory of King *Charles* II. has been abuſed with all the Dirt and Obloquy the moſt impudent Malice could fling upon it; but as thoſe Reflections have been fully anſwered in a former Paper, I ſhall only ſay, that this plainly ſhews the Temper and Principles of thoſe Men who have calumniated that Reign, wherein the moſt happy *Reſtoration* put an End to Republican Tyranny and Antimonarchical Uſurpation.

I cannot but aſcribe our Diſcontents with the Conſtitution, to the Diſregard for Religion in general, and for that eſtabliſh'd by Law in particular, which is the Baſis and Foundation of our wiſe and politick Government. The Latitudinarian in the Principles of the one, will certainly be the ſame in thoſe of the other. *Un Dieu & un Roy*, is the leading Maxim of our great Lawyer *Littleton*.

As

As our Principles are ſuppos'd to influence our Actions, the Freedom of Reaſoning (or, as 'tis call'd, *Free-thinking*) will, undoubtedly introduce the ſame Freedom in our Actions and Practice; and he that will deny or diſpute the reveal'd Commands of the great Governor of the World, cannot be ſuppos'd to honour or obey his Vicegerent here upon Earth. I could wiſh therefore a Conformity both in the Notions and Worſhip of God, would produce the ſame in Submiſſion to the King; for we have found, by fatal Experience, that the Throne ſtood firm till Sects and Hereſies roſe in Religion; and the Monarchy never was reach'd at but from the Ruins of the Church.

But as I know the Force of Example is much more prevalent than any ſpeculative Argument whatſoever, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew my Countrymen the Folly of this kind of Government, from an unhappy Inſtance too freſh in their Memories. I wiſh I could draw a lively Scene of the Ariſtocratical Government of the late *South-Sea* Directors ſitting about their round Table, in Conſultation how to plunder the Nation, and divide the Spoil among themſelves; projecting the Deſtruction of their Country to ſatisfy their Avarice, and impoveriſhing it to build their own Greatneſs upon the Ruins of it. Lording it over their Superiors with ſo much Pride, that 'tis hard to ſay, whether their Inſolence or Villainy was the greater; inſulting the Peers of the Realm with ſo much Scorn and Diſreſpect, that if the King himſelf had not been their Governor, we might ſuſpect they would have attempted to have governed him. But as this Scene of Villainy can hardly come within the Reach of Imagination, much leſs of Expreſſion, I ſhall not pretend further to draw the Picture, than by ſaying, 'tis a juſt Repreſentation of the governing Part of a Commonwealth.

To apply this then to our preſent Circumſtances; if a modern applauded Writer calls for Juſtice upon the Plunderers of our Country, without any evil Deſigns upon our Conſtitution, and the fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, I join with him, Heart and Hand; but if otherwiſe, I abjure and deteſt him. I had rather the Directors, with all their Accomplices, Skreens, and Abettors, from the higheſt to the loweſt, ſhould enjoy their ill-gotten Wealth, with no other Puniſhment than the Stings of their own Conſciences, than by too paſſionately and blindly puniſhing them, let as great Villains ſlip into their Places, and, by bringing a Commonwealth upon us, enſlave our ſelves, and entail the Misfortune upon our Poſterity. Let us proceed with Moderation, and ſhew we are actuated by Judgment and Deliberation, not by private Malice, or particular Reſentment. Let not private Men enſnare us into greater Miſeries, by pretending to relieve us under theſe. Let us not overthrow all Government by too haſty a Revenge upon a few. If ſome have been faulty, let us not, by deſtroying them, deſtroy the Power by which they act. The Miniſters of State, (ſays a late Author) are the Embroidery of the Government. Now if this be ſo tarniſhed as to hide the Beauty of the Garment, it ought to be pick'd out leiſurely, Stitch by Stich, leſt by too violently tearing it, we endamage the Coat into which it is ſown.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

NUMA POMPILIUS.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

SIR,

I Am not able, upon the moſt deliberate Recollection, to fix the Period of Time when the Fire of Luſt raged with greater Violence than in the preſent Age. I ſhall not offer any Conjectures, though never ſo well grounded, why this filthy and abominable Vice is become ſo faſhionable with us, becauſe, upon the beſt Information, I am induced to believe it is as predominant in other Nations as our own. In *Strasburg* and other Parts of *Germany*, young Women are encouraged to proſtitute themſelves, by the Judgment their Courts of Juſtice paſs on their Pregnancy, the Deflourer, by their Decrees, being obliged to pay the Proſtitute Damages, as well as to maintain the Child. The ſame is practiſed throughout *Biſcay*, and in other Parts of *Spain*. In *Italy* and *Holland* licenſed Brothels are ſupported; and, I have been aſſured by Gentlemen (not of the moſt exact Virtue) who were obliged to ſpend ſome time at *Marſeilles*, before the Infection broke out there, that the Pollution of the Place was ſo abominable, that they were compelled to reſort to the Convents, and converſe with grave Monaſticks, to avoid beholding continually what was ſhocking to Nature.

Every one who has the leaſt Knowledge of the Town, cannot be ignorant of the mighty Prevalence of this Vice. In Coffee-Houſes Men talk of their Iniquities and Diſeaſes without Reſerve. It is a great Hazard when you fall into a mix'd Company, if the Diſcourſe do not turn upon Obſcenity; there ſeems to be no other immodeſt Words left in our Language than the Terms *Whore* and *Bawd*, when apply'd to Women that are not aſham'd to be Whores and Bawds; but, if they happen to be

Drabs of Diſtinction, ſuch Appellations, in ſpite of Truth, are Scurrilities, Indecencies, ſomething worſe than the Vices they imply.

Luſt has been always accounted an inſatiable Vice; Men are violent in the Purſuit of it as of Money, and as little ſatisfy'd with the Acquiſition of it. The Gallants of our Days cannot reliſh it without being highly ſeaſoned with Impiety. Inceſt, and thoſe horrid Luſts which drew down Fire from Heaven upon the Cities ſeated on the Lake *Aſphaltus*, are no ſtrange things in our great City.

I might eaſily fill a Sheet of Paper with Arguments againſt this beaſtly Vice, drawn from Religion, Reaſon, Profit, Health, and very ſtrong ones, even from Pleaſure it ſelf. But Luſt ſeems to have gain'd ſuch Force as not to be repelled by weaker Arguments than the Judgments of God, which, when I reflect upon our Immorality, Irreligion and Impenitency under our preſent ſevere Viſitation, I can eaſily foreſee, without the leaſt Pretenſions to the Spirit of Propheſy. I am much afraid, my Brother *Cato*, notwithſtanding what he has boldly affirm'd, may too ſoon join in Opinion with me, that Peſtilence and Famine are more dreadful Puniſhments than a *South-Sea* Scheme.

I ſhould not have troubled my Readers with any Thoughts upon this Subject, which I am perſwaded will be irkſome to great Numbers of them; a Subject which, if I might handle as my Inclination and Judgment would direct me, would be opprobriouſly called Cant, Preaching, *&c.* had I not been compelled to it by an Incident of this Week, *viz.* the Tryal of Mr. *Heathcote* for the debauching his Wife's Siſter; a Crime againſt the Laws of God, of Nature, of this Realm, of Friendſhip, of Hoſpitality; a Crime attended with the moſt fatal Conſequences, and always to be remember'd with the greateſt Infamy.

I muſt declare my ſelf in favour of the worthy, publick ſpirited Proſecutor of this Profligate, a-

gainſt

gainſt thoſe who think he ought, on prudential Conſiderations, to have been quiet. If ſuch heinous Offenders ſhould paſs unpuniſhed, Fathers would be obliged to deny to their Sons-in-Law the Civilities of their Houſes, if they had any remaining Daughters. By this Means, a powerful Inducement to the matrimonial Life, (a State few have Delicacy enough, to reliſh rightly) would be taken off: We ſhould be depriv'd of the moſt natural and eaſy Way of enlarging the Number of our Friends, and ſtrengthening our Intereſts by new Alliances.

For my part, as I act upon no other View but ſerving the Publick, I ſhall do my utmoſt to brand ſuch Peſts to Society with Infamy, not in the leaſt doubting but our civil Governors will take Care to make ſuch notorious Offenders, with all Blaſphemers, and Spreaders of impious Notions, terrible Examples, to thoſe who can only be reſtrained by *ſenſible* Arguments. It is to them alone we muſt look for a Stop to this Inundation, which rolls down violently upon us, bringing along with it the Judgments of Heaven. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ATTICUS.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

SIR,

I Am a Perſon who has ſpent his whole Life in Cities, and therefore incapable of reliſhing rural Diverſions in a preſent forced Retreat into the Country. I am obliged to Books for eaſing me of Time, that heavy Burthen. In the Place I have retired to, I could find nothing of this ſort but Sir *Richard Blackmore*'s Works, which my old Landlord had purchaſed purely on Account of being perſonally acquainted with the Author.

I had, in my youthful Days, in the Vigour of Health and Affluence of Fortune, made ſhift to peruſe his *Jobs*, *Arthurs*, *Eliza's*, with an Abundance of Patience. Notwithſtanding all which, ſuch is the Strength of Neceſſity, I had the Courage to venture on his *Eſſays* and *Creation*; I muſt acknowledge I was agreeably ſurprized every Page I turn'd over, and am cured of a falſe Judgment I had made, *viz.* that one who has writ two or three Pieces without Succeſs, ſhould be deny'd the Uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper. For my Part, I am now ſo much altered, that I can't help hoping that the *Free-Thinker*, if he lives to be an old Man, may glean up a little Wit; the *Terræ-filius*, if he gets paſt his grand Climacteric, may be able to write a Sentence without Nonſenſe, or even a falſe Concord; and Mr. *Bezaleel Morrice*, who has had the Modeſty to abuſe one of the greateſt Poets in *England*, and dedicate his ſcurrilous Doggrel to another of the ſame illuſtrious Rank, may, by the Addition of a few more Years learn, that he is fit only to write Bell-Mens Verſes, and Hymns for a fanatical Conventicle.

Thoſe who avoid Poetry becauſe of the Luſciouſneſs and Profaneneſs of moſt of our Compoſi-

tions,

tions, may, in Sir *Richard's Creation*, find beautiful Incentives to Piety, a good Syſtem of Philoſophy, and a very pleaſing Diverſion. One main Objection to his former Works, was the ſtrange Roughneſs of his Numbers, which he has, to my great Aſtoniſhment, ſurpriſingly amended. The following Lines, for Strength of Thought, Propriety of Expreſſion, and harmonious Cadences, may be compar'd with any in our Language, if Misfortune have not clouded the Judgment of

Your old Friend,

FABIUS.

Not Eaſtern Monarchs, on their nuptial Day,
In dazzling Gold and Purple ſhine ſo gay,
As the bright Natives of th' unlabour'd Field,
Unvers'd in Spinning, and in Looms unskill'd.
See how the rip'ning Fruits the Gardens crown,
Imbibe the Sun, and make his Light their own.
See the ſweet Brooks in ſilver Mazes creep,
Enrich the Meadows, and ſupply the Deep;
While from their weeping Urns the Fountains flow,
And vital Moiſture where they paſs beſtow.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

Sceptrorum vis tota perit, ſi pendere juſta
Incipit; evertitque arces reſpectus honeſti,
Libertas ſcelerum eſt quæ regna inviſa tuetur. Lucan.

IT has been the execrable Policy of all Adminiſtrations, founded in, or executed by Fraud; to make their preſent apparent Intereſt, without any the leaſt Regard to common Juſtice, their ſole Principle of Action: A kind of Policy as highly irrational, as it is deteſtably wicked. The Truth of this Propoſition is manifeſt from the Evidence of Experience, the plaineſt, moſt familiar, and at the ſame time, the moſt certain Method of Argumentation; and what is ſtill more, alſo the moſt convincing, daily Obſervation teaches us, that there are Thouſands who can impudently oppoſe the ſtrongeſt Reaſon, and withſtand the Force of the cleareſt Demonſtration, yet are not able to reſiſt Experience. I ſhall therefore, in my Attempt to illuſtrate the Propoſition I have laid down, tranſcribe a Paſſage from Sir *Walter Raleigh*'s excellent Preface to the *Hiſtory of the World*; (a Preface I muſt recommend to the ſerious Peruſal of all my Readers.)

Before I preſent you with my Quotation from Sir *Walter*, I ſhall enquire into the Grounds of this deteſtable Policy. As ſuch Powers have received their Eſtabliſhment in Defiance of Religion, it muſt not be expected, that their Conduct ſhould be regulated by the Dictates thereof. As no religious Perſon will intermeddle in the Affairs of a corrupt and ill-rooted Adminiſtration, abandon'd Profligates and looſe Creatures muſt be called in to ſupport it. Theſe, as they are the ready Executioners of the vicious Commands of their Superiors,

Superiors, must be tolerated in their own particular Depravations, to qualify them for the Service, for which they are retained. They must also be encouraged in their Wickedness, that by their Example the rest of the State may be debauched; whereby the Sparks of Virtue being extinguished in the Majority, they may be more easily seduc'd into Slavery; that excellent tender Virtue, the Love of Liberty! always expiring upon the Sickness of her Sister Graces. Besides, wicked Men are firm to the Cause they espouse, no longer than while it is their Advantage so to be; and are of so mutable a Nature, that they will change Sides for equal Profit. To fix such People, they must be so immersed in Villainy, that an Alteration in the State might endanger their Security. Thus in Troops of *Banditti*, and Nests of Pyrates, every new Adventurer is admitted a Member of those hellish Communities, by the Ceremony of imbruing his Hands in innocent Blood; nor is any Man thought fit to be depended upon entirely by them, till he has given such horrid Security.

If we peruse the History of those Monsters of Men *Suetonius* and *Tacitus* are principally taken up with, we shall find it their common Policy, to license the greatest Enormities. Nor must we hence conclude, that in those Times a Goaler had a poor Place, or the Hangman a bad Office: Nothing less! Blasphemers of the Gods, incestuous Persons, Plunderers of the Publick, Ravishers of Maids, Corrupters of Matrons, People given to unnatural Lusts, base Murderers, did not, 'tis true, come into their Hands: But the Dungeons were fill'd, Gibbets loaded, and Axes blunted, with the Sufferings of *Rome*'s best Citizens. Saucy Criminals! who dared to be bold Asserters of Liberty, perhaps so foolishly wicked, as to commend the Reign of *Augustus*, and speak irreverently of such excellent Persons as *Sejanus*, *Sporus*, or *Paris*, contemptible Slaves! raised to the Height of Power,

for

for their ſuperlative Wickedneſs and Inſignificancy.

When we behold the miſerable *Cataſtrophe* of theſe Men, and their Imitators ſince, with the Severity of the divine Vengeance which purſued their Poſterity till it was rooted up; our Indignation againſt them is converted into Aſtoniſhment, that any have been ſo ſtupid as to follow their Steps. But (to ſpeak in Sir *Walter*'s Words) "Of "this ſtrange Compoſition are all the devout Lovers "of the World, that they fear all that is ridicu- "lous: They fear the Plots and Practices of their "Oppoſites, and their very Whiſperings: They "fear the Opinions of Men which beat but upon "Shadows: They flatter and forſake the proſpe- "rous and unproſperous, be they Friends or "Kings: Yea they dive under Water like Ducks, "at every Pebble-ſtone, that's but thrown towards "them by a powerful Hand: And on the contrary, "they ſhew an obſtinate and Giant-like Valour a- "gainſt the terrible Judgments of the All-power- "ful GOD. Yea, they ſhew themſelves Gods a- "gainſt GOD, and Slaves towards Men; towards "Men whoſe Bodies and Conſciences are alike "rotten.

Let us attend now to what is principally intended in the Paper of this Day; to the Account Sir *Walter Raleigh* gives us of the Bleſſings waited upon the Uſurper *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter*, commonly called *Richard* III. and his impious Agents. "To *Edward* IV. ſucceeded *Richard* III. a greater "Maſter in Miſchief than all that went before "him: Who altho' for the Neceſſity of his Tra- "gedy, he had more Parts to play, and more to "perform in his own Perſon, than all the reſt; "yet he ſo well fitted every Affection that played "with him, as if each of them had but acted his "own Intereſt. For he wrought ſo cunningly up- "on the Affections of *Haſtings* and *Buckingham*, E- "nemies to the Queen and to all her Kindred;

"as

" as he eaſily allured them to condeſcend, that " *Rivers* and *Grey*, the King's maternal Uncle and " Half-Brother, ſhould (for the firſt) be ſevered " from him. Secondly, he wrought their Conſent " to have them impriſoned; and laſtly, (for the " avoiding of future Inconvenience) to have their " Heads ſevered from their Bodies. And having " now brought thoſe Miſchief Inſtruments, to " execute that common Precept, *Scelera ſceleribus " tuenda*, which the Devil hath written on every " Poſt, *To depreſs thoſe whom they had grieved, and to " deſtroy thoſe whom they had depreſs'd*; he urged that " Argument ſo far, and ſo forcibly, as nothing " but the Death of the young King himſelf, and " of his Brother, could faſhion the Concluſion. " For he cauſed it to be hammer'd into *Buckingham*'s Head, That whenſoever the King, or his " Brother, ſhould have able Years to exerciſe their " Power, they would take a moſt ſevere Revenge " of that cureleſs Wrong offered to their Uncle " and Brother *Rivers* and *Gray*.

" But this was not his Manner of Reaſoning " with *Haſtings*, whoſe Fidelity to his Maſter's Sons " was without Suſpect; and yet the Devil, who " never diſſwades by Impoſſibility, taught him to " try him, and ſo he did. But when he found by " *Catesby*, who ſounded him, that he was not fordable; he firſt reſolved to kill him ſitting in " Council; wherein having failed, he ſet the " Hangman upon him with a Weapon of more " Weight. And becauſe nothing elſe could move " his Appetite, he cauſed his Head to be ſtricken " off, before he eat his Dinner. A greater Judgment of God, than this upon *Haſtings*, I have " never obſerved in any Story. For the very ſame " Day that the Earl *Rivers*, *Grey*, and others, were " (without Tryal of Law, or Offence given) by " *Haſtings* Advice executed at *Pomfret*: I ſay, *Haſtings* himſelf, in the ſame Day, and (as I take " it) in the ſame Hour, in the ſame lawleſs Man-

" ner,

" ner, had his Head ſtruck off in the Tower of " *London*. But *Buckingham* lived a while longer; " and with an eloquent Oration, perſwaded the " *Londoners*, to elect *Richard* for their *King*. And " having received the Earldom of *Hereford* for Re- " ward, beſides the high Hope of marrying his " Daughter to the King's only Son; after many " grievous Vexations of Mind, and unfortunate " Attempts, being in the End betrayed and de- " livered up by his truſtieſt Servant, he had his " Head ſevered from his Body at *Salisbury* with- " out the Trouble of any of his *Peers*. And what " Succeſs had *Richard* himſelf after all theſe Miſ- " chiefs and Murthers, Policies, and Counterpoli- " cies to Chriſtian Religion; and after ſuch " time, as with a moſt mercileſs Hand he had " preſſed out the Breath of his Nephews and NA- " TURAL LORDS; other than the Proſperity of " ſo ſhort a Life, as it took End, e'er himſelf " could well look over and diſcern it? The great " Outcry of innocent Blood, obtaining at GOD's " Hands the Effuſion of his; who became a Spe- " ctacle of Shame and Diſhonour, both to his " Friends and Enemies:" Such was the Downfal of Uſurpation! To him and his Confederates, whom he butchered, may be applied theſe emphatical Words, *Theſe were the Lovers of other Mens Miſeries, and Miſery found them out.* " This cruel Man *Henry* " VII. cut off; and was therein (no doubt) the " immediate Inſtrument of God's Juſtice."

Sir *Walter's* Preface is full of remarkable Examples, of the Divine Vengeance pour'd forth on Princes of *France*, *Germany*, *Spain*, *Muſcovy* &c. as well as of our own Nation, who thought to eſtabliſh their Thrones in Iniquity. Though there are many famous Inſtances of Perſons, ſince Sir *Walter's* Time, who confirm the Truth of this Paſſage in *Caſaubon*, cited by him: *Dies, hora, momentum, evertendis dominationibus ſufficit, quæ adamantinis credebantur radicibus eſſe fundatæ*; A Day, an Hour, a Mo-

ment,

ment, is enough to overturn the Powers, that ſeemed to have been founded and rooted in Adamant. Yet I ſhall inſiſt only upon that, of that Arch-Rebel, and moſt Diabolical Traytor *Oliver Cromwell*, whoſe darling Daughter was cut off a ſhort time before the Devil carry'd him away in a Hurricane; and his Son whom he left poſſeſs'd of his Mock-Authority, lived to contemptible Old Age, deſpiſed of all, and beholden for his Daily Bread, to a mean obſcure Perſon, from whom a Man of the leaſt Spirit, would rather have choſen Death than Suſtenance. I beg leave, once more to intreat my Readers, to look carefully over this excellent Preface,

And am,

Their very humble Servant

ATTICUS.

LETTER LXXX.

——*In malos aſperrimus*
Parata tollo cornua. Hor.

I Have ſomewhere read in the *Roman* Hiſtorians, and if I miſtake not, one of thoſe of the loweſt Rank, called the Writers of the *Auguſtan* Age, the following judicious Obſervation. *No Perſons are ſo odious to Tyrants, as thoſe, who deliver unto Poſterity the Actions and Characters of their Predeceſſors in Iniquity, with a generous Freedom, and open Impartiality.* My Author confirms his Remark with a very flagrant Inſtance of the Emperor *Commodus*, that moſt unworthy Son of a moſt excellent Father! who threw a Gentleman to the wild Beaſts to be devoured,

voured, becauſe he had read the Life of *Caligula*, as deſcribed by *Suetonius*.

Tacitus will inform you what Uſage *Cremutius Cordus*, a Man of Conſular Dignity, met with from *Tiberius*, for having dar'd to commend *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, in a Work compleated before that Monſter's Advancement to the Empire; nay approv'd of, in the milder Reign of *Auguſtus*. *Tyrants* always eſteem the Elogiums of the brave Aſſerters of Liberty, as an oblique Cenſure on themſelves; and the Deſcriptions of the extinguiſhed Foes of Mankind, as their own proper Pictures, with other Perſons Names annexed to them. Conſcious of their own horrid Deformity, they convert the moſt particular Hiſtory of other Miſcreants, into the ſevereſt Libels upon themſelves.

Of all thoſe heathen Writings which have eſcaped the Fury of barbarous Ignorance and pious Rage, none have been ſo much *deteſted* by *Tyrants*, and their infamous Dependants, as thoſe of the forementioned *Suetonius*; of whom, St. JEROME, that judicious Critick, as well as learned Divine and bleſſed Saint, ſays, he wrote the Lives of the *Cæſars* with the ſame Freedom that they liv'd them. A moſt extraordinary Character! inſomuch, that it aſtoniſhes me to conſider, for what Reaſons Men of Learning ſhould make it a Queſtion, whether this Judgment of St. *Jerome* was an Encomium or a Cenſure.

Sincerity was the diſtinguiſhing Mark of *Suetonius* Pen; I ſhall therefore make it Matter of Conſcience, to deal faithfully with him, in this Extract of the moſt material Paſſages in the Life of *Tiberius*. What induces me to draw it out for the Service of this Day, is, becauſe this Paper travels all over *Europe*, and may poſſibly meet with corrupt Adminiſtrators of Juſtice in its Journey, who may learn from hence, that no Length of Time, nor Diſtance of Place, can prevent the perpetuating, reviving, and Diſperſion of the Infamy

of

of thoſe Wretches, who by Injuſtice, Violence, and Oppreſſion, have diſgraced human Nature, and offended Heaven. I ſay, this may excuſe me to Foreigners, for all the World knows we never had leſs Occaſion for ſuch a Paper at home.

To my dear Countrymen, the honeſt bold *Britons*, it will be ſufficient to alledge in Excuſe of this Attempt, that I was urg'd to it to clear my Reputation, from the baſe Imputations of being in the Intereſts of Slavery and Tyranny, which irreligious Republicans have endeavoured to fix upon me.

Tiberius ſucceeded to *Auguſtus*, in Prejudice of thoſe who had a much better Claim, through the ſubtle Artifices of that deſigning Woman *Livia*. In his Youth he liv'd ſomewhat obſcurely: What made him firſt known to the World, was his Behaviour in the *German* Wars, and thoſe of *Pannonia*, now *Hungary*; which, though it were tolerably brave, was too much extolled by his Partizans. At firſt he cohabited with *Agrippina*, a Lady whom he loved entirely, but removed her from his Bed, to make Room for *Julia*, meanly making Affection ſubmit to Intereſt. Whether it were his unhandſome Deportment to this Lady, or her own vicious Inclinations, and more than Female Inconſtancy, occaſion'd it, my Author does not tell. It is certain they did not live long together decently, tho' the Lady had no violent Diſlike to him at the time of his Marriage. After his Divorce from her, he uſed her in the moſt ungenerous Manner, heaping Reproaches on her, confining her very cloſe, and almoſt ſtarving her.

In all the other Relations of Life he behav'd as ill as in that of Husband. His Mother (to whom the ungrateful Wretch ow'd the Empire) he uſed diſreſpectfully; his Son he hated. So much did he abhor his own Iſſue, that he pronounc'd *Priam* happy for having ſurviv'd all his Off-ſpring. The brave *Germanicus* and his Sons he murther'd, and treated

treated that moſt excellent Lady his Wife, with moſt inhuman Barbarity. He left no Manner of Cruelty unpractiſed, and never wanted Matter for it: How hated he became by ſuch Actions, how timorous, and how liable to the Tongues of all, there are ſufficient Examples. He deny'd ſeveral Priſoners, not only the Liberty of Study, whereby they might a little divert their Misfortunes, but prohibited alſo all Conference and Diſcourſe with others.

Nor was his Luſt inferior to his Cruelty. He was accuſtom'd unnaturally to abuſe Women, and thoſe too oftentimes of Quality. In his Retirement in *Capreæ*, he invented convenient *Alcoves*, which he furniſhed with Whores and Pathicks, and lewd Diſcoverers of unnatural and beſtial Poſtures and Motions; theſe he called *Spinctriæ*, the Incendiaries of his Luſt. He entertained himſelf in ſeeing them in three ſeveral Rows abuſing each other, thereby to excite his decay'd Appetite. He provided ſeveral Chambers alſo, hung about with filthy Pictures and infamous Statues, and furniſhed them with the abominable Books of *Elephantis*, that if any one had a Mind to be prodigiouſly wicked, he might not want a Pattern to Sin by. He invented likewiſe Walks and Grotto's in the Woods, proper for the Buſineſs of Debauchery, where young People of both Sexes proſtituted themſelves, in the Maſquerade of Nymphs and Satyrs. So that in Alluſion to the Iſland, he was publickly derided by the Name of *Caprineus*. *Torrentius*, in his Comment upon this Place, tells us, it had many roguiſh Significations, and, among the reſt, that of [Horned.]

One Abomination more he was guilty of, ſcarce fit to be reported or heard, and indeed greater than can be believ'd; but, that the Impotency of his Age, and Beſtiality of his Nature, might probably excite in him Inclinations to ſuch unmanly and deteſtable Follies. When a Piece of *Parrhoſius* Work, repreſenting *Meleager* and *Atalanta* in a horrid

tid Poſture, was left him for a Legacy, with Condition, if he liked not the Deſign, he ſhould receive a Million of *Seſterces* in lieu thereof; tho' he was ſordidly covetous, to a Degree almoſt as great as he was cruel and luſtful, he not only choſe the Picture, but placed it in his Bed-chamber.

He built no magnificent Structures throughout all his Reign; he made no Shews to the People: He ſhew'd nothing of publick Munificence, except twice; the firſt time lending a Sum of Money three Years without Intereſt; the ſecond, when he made good ſome Houſes burnt in Mount *Cælius*: One was extorted from him by the general Complaint of Scarcity of Money, and the Importunity of the People for Redreſs of that Grievance: The other he did, to ſet a Face on the grievous Oppreſſions of the Times.

This profound Diſſembler daily increaſed in Wickedneſs, till at length he gave himſelf wholly over to all manner of Injuſtice and Rapine. To mention other of his Villainies were ſuperfluous, when we have that Inſtance of conſummate Baſeneſs, in his perfidious Breach of publick Faith to *Veno*, King of the *Parthians*. What added to the Torment of his daily Cruelties, was, that they were often done with the Shew of Reformation of Manners, tho' really to gratify his own implacable Diſpoſition.

He hated the chief City of his Empire, and retired to *Capreæ*, on which take the following Remark of Biſhop *Burnet*. "The Iſle of *Capreæ*, now "called *Crapa*, which is a little Way into the Sea "off from *Naples*, gave me a ſtrange Idea of *Ti*"berius*'s Reign; ſince it is hard to tell, whether "it was more extraordinary to ſee a Prince aban"don the beſt Seats and Palaces in *Italy*, and ſhut "himſelf up in a little Iſland, in which, I was told, "there was a Tradition of ſeven little Palaces that "he built in it; or to ſee ſo vaſt a Body as the "*Roman* Empire ſo governed by ſuch a tyrannical "Prince,

" Prince, at ſuch a Diſtance from the chief Scene;
" ſo that all might have been reverſed long before
" the News of it could have been brought to him.
" And as there is nothing more wonderful in Sto-
" ry, than to ſee ſo vaſt a State, that had ſo great
" a Senſe of Liberty, ſubdued by ſo brutal and
" voluptuous a Man as *Anthony*, and ſo raw a Youth
" as *Auguſtus*: So the Wonder is much improv'd,
" when we ſee a Prince at a hundred and fifty
" Miles Diſtance, ſhut up in an Iſland, carry the
" Reins of ſo great a Body in his Hand, and turn
" it which Way he pleaſed.

At laſt he grew weary of Government, odious to all Mankind, and even hateful to himſelf; hereupon he put the Reins of Power into the Hands of *Ælius Sejanus*, an impious Creature, as bad as *any Catiline*. He was obliged in ſome time to diſplace this infamous Plunderer and Parricide, and abandon him to that ignominious Death he richly merited. After this, foreign Slaves, Buffoons, and the Scum of the People, were his chief Counſellors.

As to natural Parts, he had a great deal of Cunning, was but a pitiful Speaker, ſlow of Speech, reſerved; whether he underſtood any other Language well, beſides his native *Latin*, is controverted; ſome ſay he wrote Lyrick Poems in *Greek*, and that it could not be otherwiſe, but that he muſt underſtand *Greek* well, after ſeven Years Reſidence at *Rhodes*; but this is with me an Argument of no Force, becauſe I know it to be far from an Impoſſibility, that a Man ſhould reſide ſeven Years in an Iſland, among People he deſpiſed, without learning a Sentence of their Language; and that *Tiberius* deſpiſed the *Greeks* is very manifeſt.

He was a great Contemner of the Gods, and, like all other Atheiſts, exceeding fearful. Having collected ſo much to his Diſadvantage out of *Suetonius*, I ſhall conclude all with the following Paragraph from that Author, which does the Emperor a great deal of Honour.

He

He ſhew'd always very little Concern for the ſcandalous Reflections and evil Reports of others, and endur'd the Lampoons of the Town very evenly, having this Saying often in his Mouth, *In a Free City Mens Thoughts and Tongues ought to be free.* But one time above the reſt, when the Senate would have taken Cognizance of Crimes of this Nature, and ſuch as were guilty of them, We have not Time enough to ſpare (ſays he) to meddle with theſe inconſiderable Matters: If once you give Countenance to ſuch Debates, no other Buſineſs will be diſpatched, while, under this Pretence, every private Pique ſhall be brought before you to be decided.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

ATTICUS.

LETTER LXXXI.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta! Virg.

To all my honeſt Countrymen.

THE Day approaching, wherein the Delight of our Eyes! the Glory of her Sex! the beſt of Princes! Queen *ANNE* of ever-bleſſed, pious and glorious Memory! was ſnatch'd away haſtily from a People unworthy of her: It may be expected, that on this Occaſion I ſhould commemorate her Royal Virtues, and recollect the Glories of her Reign: That I ſhould inſiſt on that parental Tenderneſs ſhe bore to all her Subjects in general; her great OEconomy in the Diſpoſal of the national Treaſures, and extraordinary Frugality in her private Expences: That

I ſhould dwell upon her ſteady Juſtice, which enclin'd her to aſcertain to every Man his Right, tho' to her ſeeming Detriment: That I ſhould dilate upon the Orthodoxy of her Faith; a Faith grounded on the infallible Rules of Holy Writ, a Faith conformable to the pure, primitive and apoſtolical Church, to the Church of *England* as by Law Eſtabliſhed: A Faith conſpicuous in her, thro' a conſtant Series of ſhining lovely Acts of Piety and Devotion. That I ſhould mention her Readineſs to reward good Men, when ſuch were ſuffer'd to appear before her, and her Clemency in pardoning bad Ones, where either former Services, or the leaſt Hopes of Amendment, left room for her Mercy to enter.

You may perhaps expect further, that from theſe and innumerable other publick Virtues that made the Nation eaſy under the heavy Burthen of a protracted, bloody, and expenſive War, carry'd on with great Glory to Her Majeſty, with what Advantage I can't ſay; I ſhould paſs on to the Celebration of Her private Virtues, and ſhew, that the Loving Wife, the Tender Mother, the Affectionate Siſter, the Affable Companion, the Firm Friend, the Generous Miſtreſs, were Characters which She ſupported with as good a Grace as thoſe more eminent ones of a Gracious Queen, and Faithful Ally. In Her, the greateſt Majeſty, and ſofteſt Sweetneſs were duly temper'd; in Her, the moſt exalted Grandeur was attended by the loweſt Humility. All Virtues met in Her, all Graces adorn'd Her. She was altogether Glorious! She was only not Divine.

Tho' I am acquainted, in ſome Degree, with the Characters and Writings of the moſt eminent Men now living; I declare ſincerely, I know no Pen able to do Juſtice to her meritorious Character. God knows my Heart, I am far from the Vanity of imagining my ſelf in any the leaſt Proportion equal to it. For me, therefore, to preſume

ſume to point out her Excellencies to you who have beheld them, would appear, on mature Conſideration, as impertinent, as if I ſhould take a Candle in my Hand at Noon-day, to ſhew you the Sun. But were I ſufficient for this glorious Task, as ſome I could name, I would deſiſt from it at this Time; becauſe, the ſame Hour which fills us with melancholy Reflections on the ineſtimable Loſs of this adorable Princeſs, commands us to rejoice for the peaceable Acceſſion of King *George* to the Throne; whereby the otherwiſe irreparable Loſs of the moſt excellent Queen is amply made up to us!

You ſee then, that this Seaſon does not ſo properly call for the *Elogium* of our deceaſed amiable Sovereign, as for that of his preſent Majeſty. But, as you are *Engliſhmen*, and love Plain-dealing, I will treat you always very fairly; and therefore I now frankly confeſs, I can ſay nothing of my particular Knowledge upon this Subject, becauſe I have not been at Court twice this Reign. But then I aſſure you, I have taken Care to furniſh my ſelf in the beſt Manner upon this Occaſion. I have raked together all the Sermons have been preach'd at Court, before the two Houſes of Parliament, the General Aſſembly in *Scotland*, the Lords Juſtices in *Ireland*, my Lord Mayor, and the Independent Synod at *Salters-hall*, on the Firſt of *Auguſt*.

By the Aſſiſtance of theſe reverend and eloquent Gentlemen, I had compil'd the prettieſt Half-ſheet was ever ſeen in this Paper; but then I conſider'd, that Touches of Oratory, and Flowers of Rhetorick, had no Buſineſs in a News-Paper. Beſides, I have obſerved, that all the Gentlemen who have preach'd hitherto upon this Occaſion, have all ſaid the ſame thing; and it is poſſible, that thoſe who fill the Pulpit upon it next Week, may do as their Predeceſſors have done before them. Now, Sirs, ſeveral Inconveniences would reſult from my proſecuting of my firſt Deſign. Malicious People might ſay, the Parſon ſtole his Sermon from me; where-

as the young Doctor found his Diſcourſe, and I my Letter in the ſame Place. Then again, nothing is ſo dull as an Occaſional Sermon, except it be writ with Spirit, and well repleniſh'd with new Touches. Now, for Congregations to aſſemble in the *Dog-Days*, juſt after reading our Journal, and hear nothing from the Pulpit, but what they ſaw in our Paper, would be to put them in Fear of falling aſleep, when in all Probability they would perſpire violently; which Perſpiration might be attended by dangerous Colds, which might bring ſeveral of his Majeſty's beſt Subjects to their Graves. And who can tell, but a ſagacious, penetrating, underſtanding Grand-Jury might find out a malicious, traiterous Intention in the Writing, Printing, and Publiſhing of the Letter? So poor *Atticus* and his Friends in *Carter-Lane*, who never ſaw him, might ſtand in great Peril of being preſented together. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, there are Men of very long Heads and deep Reaches within this Realm of *England*.

However I may be carried off from my firſt Deſign, by the wiſeſt Conſiderations; you may depend upon it, Gentlemen, I will find you an Entertainment proper for the Day. There is no temporal Concern ſits ſo cloſe to me, as the Intereſt of his ſacred Majeſty; I ſhall therefore preſent you with a Picture of King *George*, drawn for him in 1702, when only Elector of *Brunſwick*: This I take to be the moſt effectual Way that lies within the Compaſs of my poor Power, to ſerve him. This will ſilence the little low Slander upon the *Hanoverian* Domains, which contributes not a little to keep up the unaccountable Diſaffection of the Multitude to the preſent Eſtabliſhment.

'Tis true, the Author, from whom I copy this Picture, is no better than *Toland* the *Nazarene*; who, among the Herd of Writers, is of no greater Importance, than a common Sign-Poſt Dauber is in the Company of Painters; yet I know not any Au-

thor,

thor, that could, at this preſent be ſo uſeful to me: He is very particular in his Account, and if we may believe him, had very good Opportunities to inform himſelf truly and fully. I am ſure, he has been more than ordinarily careful in this Draught; for I have not diſcover'd more than one Blunder, and that is but a chronological one, (and may be as he terms it, only a *Lapſus Calami*) and about a dozen of falſe Spellings in two little Pages. But ſuch as he is, I ſhall freely toſs him among you, without any Alteration or Amendment.

" The Elector *George Lewis* was born the 28th of " *May* N. S. He's a proper middle-ſiz'd, well-pro- " portion'd Man, of a gentile Addreſs, and good " Appearance. He's not addicted much to any " Diverſions beſides Hunting; is reſerv'd, and " therefore ſpeaks little, but judiciouſly. He's not " to be exceeded in his Zeal againſt the intended " univerſal Monarchy of *France*, and ſo is moſt " hearty for the Common Cauſe of *Europe*, where- " in his own is ſo neceſſarily involv'd. He under- " ſtands our Conſtitution the beſt of any Forener " I ever knew; and tho' he be well vers'd in " the Art of War, and of invincible Courage, ha- " ving often expos'd his Perſon to great Dangers " in *Hungary*, in the *Morea*, on the *Rhine*, and in " *Flanders* (of which you cannot be ignorant) yet " he's naturally of peaceable Inclinations, which " Mixture of Qualities is agreed by the Experi- " ence of all Ages to make the beſt and moſt glo- " rious Princes. He's a perfect Man of Buſineſs, " exactly regular in the OEconomy of his Reve- " nues, reads all Diſpatches himſelf at firſt Hand, " writes moſt of his own Letters, and ſpends a " very conſiderable Part of his Time about ſuch " Occupations in his Cloſet, and with his Mini- " ſters. I hope therfore that none of our Coun- " trymen will be ſo injudicious as to think his Re- " ſerv'dneſs the Effect of Sullenneſs or Pride, nor

" miſtake that for State which really proceeds
" from Modeſty, Caution and Deliberation: For
" he's very affable to ſuch as accoſt him, and ex-
" pects that others ſhould ſpeak to him firſt, which
" is the beſt Information I could have from all
" about him, and I partly know to be true by
" Experience. And as to what I ſaid of his Fru-
" gality in laying out the Public Mony, I need not
" give a more particular Proof, than that all the
" Expences of his Court (as to Eating, Drinking,
" Fire, Candles, and the like) are duly paid every
" *Saturday* Night; the Officers of the Army re-
" ceive their Pay every Month, as likewiſe his
" Envoys in every Part of *Europe*; and all the Offi-
" cers of his Houſhold, with the reſt that are on
" the Civil Liſt, are clear'd every half Year. His
" Adminiſtration is moſt equitable, mild, and pru-
" dent. He's the moſt belov'd by his Subjects of
" any Prince in the World. There is no Divi-
" ſion or Faction among them, by Reaſon of his
" impartial Favour; and inſtead of railing and
" grumbling againſt his Perſon, they would never
" make an End (if you would have Patience to
" liſten) of telling Stories denoting his Juſtice
" and Moderation, particularly in Diſputes about
" the Titles of Land, or any other Cauſe depen-
" ding between him and his Subjects. He under-
" ſtands *Engliſh*, and, in a little time will ſpeake
" it readily. He ſpends much of his Time at *He-
" renhauſen*, which is a Country Houſe about an *En-
" gliſh* Mile and a half from *Hanover*. The Garden
" is delicate indeed, the Water-works great and
" noble, the Baſins and Fountains extremely large,
" the Wilderneſs curiouſly contriv'd and deck'd
" with a perpetual Verdure; the Walks are made
" firm enough with a ſort of Gravel they get out
" of the River; the Orangery is counted one of
" the largeſt in all *Europe*; there are beautiful
" Caſcades, and there is a perfect Theatre excel-
" lently cut out into green Seats, and the Dreſ-

" ſing.

" ſing-Rooms for the Actors being ſo many Bowers
" and Summer-Houſes on each Side; the whole
" ſet off with many fine Statues, moſt of 'em gilt,
" and an excellent Water-Work juſt behind."
So ends Mr. *Toland*.

I have nothing more to ſay to my good honeſt Countrymen, at this time, but to receive this little candidly, and profeſs my ſelf ever to be

Their faithful humble Servant,
ATTICUS.

LETTER LXXXII.

Parcius iſta viris tamen objicienda memento. Virg.

SIR,

WHAT is the Meaning that you and *Cato*, and his Company, are frequently aſſaulting one another? Are you determin'd to ſatisfy the World of the Truth of that Aphoriſm of old *Heſiod, viz. Two of a Trade never agree?* If you libel the Government, That *Newgate*, which they generouſly put you in mind of, ſtands ready to receive and reclaim you. If they advance Principles deſtructive of all Religion; if they impiouſly glance upon the orthodox Doctrine of the ſacred Trinity, by oblique Reflection; if they contumelioufly revile the Prieſts of the moſt high God: The Convocation will call them to an Account for all their Crimes and Miſdemeanors at once. Do you think the Nation will bear with your private Quarrels, while there remains ſo much publick Villainy to be cenſured, and ſo general a Corruption of Manners to be corrected? While the Way is ſo broad, what need is there you ſhould ſo perverſely croſs one another? There is Matter enough before you to fill up half a Sheet with Sa-

tire, every Day of your Lives, tho' you were to continue on Earth as long an Antediluvian Patriarch.

It has been my Misfortune to peruſe all the Controverſy has been written from *Bentley* or *Phalaris*, down to laſt *Saturday*'s *London Journal*; yet have I never ſeen ſo ſupercilious, ſo magiſterial, ſo trifling, ſo unfair, ſo ignorant a Piece of Criticiſm, as that on your *Tiberius*. *Bayle*, *Le Clerc*, *Amelot*, *La Houſſaye*, and Biſhop *Burnet*, Names the Remarkers reverence! join with you in the Character of *Tiberius*. How they could have the Front to ſay you did not underſtand *Suetonius*, is unaccountable, when it is palpable they did not, or rather would not underſtand you; for your Paper is ſo perſpicuous, that they muſt be devoid of common Senſe who miſapprehend you.

But their diſhoneſt Baſeneſs, and uncommon Ignorance, will appear manifeſt to the moſt blind and unprejudiced, by ſetting their Quotations from, and Remarks upon you, in Oppoſition to what you have wrote. Firſt, our Remarkers obſerve you ſay, "*Tiberius ſucceeded to* Auguſtus, *in Prejudice of* "*thoſe who had a much better Claim*. The Man (ſay "they) either has not Senſe to know, or wants "Honeſty to own, that all Men have an equal "Right to be Uſurpers; *Auguſtus* was one, as was "his Great Uncle *Julius Cæſar* before him; and no "Man can give another a Right which he has "not himſelf: *Tiberius* therefore had as good a Ti"tle to be a Tyrant as had the Deſcendants of "*Auguſtus?*" Surely theſe wiſe Remarkers muſt be utter Strangers to *Roman* Hiſtory, or, in Complaiſance to their own Principles, they muſt acknowledge *Auguſtus* to be a legal Prince, after his Confirmation in the Imperial Dignity by the Senate and People; if ſo, the Iſſue of *Auguſtus* had certainly a better Title to the Succeſſion than his Wife's Son.

Obſerve

Obſerve the flagrant Diſhoneſty of the next Remark, " He ſays, *he removed* Agrippina *from his Bed,* " *to make Room for* Julia ; *that he uſed her in the moſt* " *ungenerous Manner*, &c. Now it is certain from the " Account of *Suetonius*, whom he ſays he has read, " but ſeems not to underſtand, that *Tiberius* loved " *Agrippina*, and uſed her well, till he was forced by *Auguſtus* to marry his Daughter *Julia*; and " that he afterwards grievouſly lamented the Loſs " of his firſt Wife." Now you ſay, at firſt he cohabited with *Agrippina*, a Lady whom he loved entirely, but removed her from his Bed to make Room for *Julia*, meanly making Affection ſubmit to Intereſt. How conſonant is what you ſay to the Judgment of *Suetonius* ? How widely different from their ſcandalouſly falſe Citation ? How nobly have they defended *Tiberius* ? the Uſurper ! the Tyrant *Tiberius* ! Miſcreant enough to be worthy of ſuch Advocates ! he was forced by *Auguſtus* to marry his Daughter *Julia* ! What Force could conſtrain a Man to part with an agreeable, beautiful, affectionate Wife ? a Wife that he lov'd paſſionately ! What generous Man would part with ſuch a Wife for the Empire of the World ? Who would not rather loſe his Life than be ſeparated from the chaſte Embraces of *Aggripina* ! from the fond Careſſes of ſo divine a Creature ? *Tiberius* could do this : Could *Tiberius* then be abuſed ? let the Ladies determine.

" I know not (ſay our wiſe Remarkers) what " Reaſon this Man has to call that Emperor a *Con-* " *temner of the Gods*, for his Enmity to the *Egyptian* " and other pernicious Superſtitions, eſpecially " when he had it once in his Heart to adopt *Jeſus* " *Chriſt* into the Number of the *Roman* Deities." His Contempt of the Gods you affirm on the Teſtimony of *Suetonius* ; let them, if they can, produce an Author of any Conſequence who aſſerts his Deſign to pay divine Honours to the eternal Son of God. As to *Veno*, King of the *Parthians*, if

they were not as ſhamefully ignorant of modern Hiſtory as they are of ancient, they might find as black Inſtances of Treachery, without going ſo far back as a thouſand Years. I can't ſee for what Reaſon they crouded *Veno* into their Remarks, unleſs it were to give the Lye to their poſitive Aſſertion, that you had ſcarcely ſaid one thing that was true.

I have obſerved very ſtrange things among Polemical Writers, but never ſaw any thing equal to the Impudence of our Remarkers, in the ſubſequent Paſſage. " As to what this Man ſays of *Se-*
" *janus*, firſt Miniſter to *Tiberius*, that *That Emperor*
" *was obliged in ſome time to diſplace and abandon him*,
" never any thing was ſo diſhoneſtly worded; for
" *Sejanus* was put to Death for a Conſpiracy a-
" gainſt his Maſter." Would not any one imagine, you inſinuated that his Imperial Majeſty had skreened this deteſted Miniſter from the juſt Reſentments of his People? Surely this follows from their Quotation; whereas you ſay, he *put the Reins of Power into the Hands of* Ælius Sejanus, *an impious Creature, as bad as* any Catiline. He was *obliged in ſome time to diſplace this infamous Plunderer and Parricide, and abandon him to that ignominious Death he juſtly merited.* Can theſe Remarkers read? Which do they want moſt, common Senſe, or common Honeſty?

Indeed, *Atticus*, I do not think ſuch egregious Triflers worthy your leaſt Concern. To diſappoint their Envy, Malice, and ill Nature, take no Notice of them. They mold your Words anew, ſay you mean differently from what you really did; and then prove that the Meaning which they find out for you is good for nothing. A Defect of Reaſon makes them ſubſtitute dogmatical Aſſertion in the room of Argument. It muſt be granted, this Manner of proving by Affirmation, is of an extraordinary Nature; but however it has its Ends with a Set of Readers for whom it is adapted,

one

one Part of the World knows not with what Aſſurance another Part can expreſs it ſelf. They imagine, a reaſonable Creature can't have the Face to ſay any thing which has not ſome Shadow of Reaſon to ſupport it, and run implicitly into the Snare which is laid for good Nature, by theſe daring Authors of definitive Sentences, upon bare Aſſertion.

In one of their former Pieces, *Velleius Paterculus* is blamed for ſpeaking well of *Tiberius*, now you are blam'd for ſpeaking ill of him. You are highly criminal for writing a Libel, and you don't underſtand *Suetonius*, becauſe you have not writ one. Strange Inconſiſtency! Your *Tiberius* met with an extraordinary Reception; therefore it muſt be cenſured. They can find nothing to object to it; therefore you are threaten'd with *Newgate*; which we muſt allow to be *Argumentum ad Hominem*. Every thing you write muſt be ſtyl'd a Libel: Even your innocent Eſſay on Pride was deem'd one. If you ſhould tranſcribe St. *Paul*'s heavenly Deſcription of Charity, I would for ever abjure the Uſe of Pen, Ink and Paper, if ſome *Wiſeacre* did not call that a Libel alſo.

I fancy, our Remarkers have a Deſign to monopolize the Uſe of ill Names; but I aſſure them, it is a Privilege freeborn *Engliſhmen* won't part with eaſily. If they would not engroſs them to themſelves, why all this continued Clamour againſt you? I have read all your Letters, and never obſerved you to uſe a hard Word, where a ſoft one might have ſerved as well. But there are things in the World who ſet up for Criticks, and call that low, which others of better Judgment call natural.

Our Remarkers ſeem to have no diſtinct Notion of Scurrility, tho' they abound with it. I wiſh you would explain it to them, 'twould be of general Service, for few know what it really is. I never meet with their Charges of Scurrility, but they

they put me in Mind of an old brandy-fac'd Tar, who came up with a free-ſpoken Youth, whilſt he was holding a familiar Dialogue with an old female Coſter-Monger, and ſaluted him with a Box on the Ear, and *You young foul-mouth'd Son of a B---h, are not you aſham'd to call Names?*

You have, Friend *Atticus*, done your Country conſiderable Service, in ridding it of thoſe Coffee-houſe Peſts, the *Freethinker* and *Terræ-Filius*, and have almoſt compleated your third *Herculean* Labour, in reducing the Great *Cato*, who thought of nothing leſs than being deify'd. The enormous Giant has dwindled into a common Man, even among his chief Admirers, the Common People.

By what little Arts did our *Cato's* ſteal a Reputation? One of their Papers happen'd to ſell for a Shilling, and it was not to be concealed from the World. They wrote commendatory Poems to themſelves in hobbling Doggrel, and hir'd *Dutch* Newsmongers to found their Praiſes. They ſwore, they ſtorm'd, they look'd big, they ſtroll'd from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, and praiſed themſelves. They wrote Prefaces to diſplay the Grandneſs, Regularity, and Thouſand other Excellencies of their Works, which if they did not tell, no one would ever imagine. For others they wrote Remarks, which tend to contract their Excellencies within the narrow Compaſs of their partial Apprehenſions.

Having freely told them their Faults, I ſhall make no Scruple to give them a little ſeaſonable Advice. Let them, before they pretend to ſhew the Uſe of the Paſſions, learn what they are. I will not ſend them ſo far back for Information, as to *Ariſtotle*, who has, in all his Didactick Treatiſes, particularly his Rhetorick, touch'd them with a maſterly Hand; becauſe I have been inform'd (how truly I can't ſay) they teach no *Greek* at

at *St. Omer's*; however, *Channeville* the Jeſuit, *Deſcartes*, and Mr. *Ray*, in his *Wiſdom of God*, &c. are ſufficient on this Occaſion.

And now, dear *Atticus*, let me exhort you to be diligent and circumſpect in the Proſecution of thoſe noble Deſigns which you have form'd for the Good of your Country; of that dear Country! whoſe Intereſts you thus in early Youth nobly prefer to Honours, Promotions and Riches: Whoſe Intereſts the Frowns of Friends, and moſt imminent Dangers ſhall never prevail upon you to deſert. Such generous Principles will make you eſteem'd by the Good and Few, particularly by him who endeavours to be of that Number, and thinks it no Diſgrace to ſubſcribe himſelf

Your Friend and Servant,
AGRIPPA.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, *the three Judges of Hell*: *Sir* Bartholomew Shower, Hugh Peters, Daniel Burgeſs, *the* Freethinker, *and* Terræ-Filius.

IP. Room here, — make Way,—clear the Way, — make Room for the Judges; — ſtand by, Fellow.— *D. B.* Don't be in ſuch a Heat, Friend. Heark you me, how comes my Almanack to miſtake? — It ſays, *Æacus* alone ſits to Day. — *H. P.* Friend! marry come up, you ſaucy Companion you; — learn to reſpect Men in Office. *D. B.* Impute it to my Ignorance of your Quality, that I have not behav'd towards you as I ought to have done; but *Dan. Burgeſs* was always a familiar Rogue, and never treated the greateſt of all Beings with the leaſt Ceremony. Be pleaſed, Sir, to acquaint me with

with your Station, that, for the future, I may comport my ſelf ſuitable to your Dignity. *H. P.* Though thou art the moſt impertinent Shade I ever encounter'd with, yet, to ſhew that I am not puff'd up like ſilly Fellows on their Elevation to a high Poſt; be it known to your conſummate Aſſurance, that I am Vice-Turnkey of *Erebus*, Deputy-Crier of this Court, and one of our Sovereign Ladies, the Furies, moſt terrible Privy-Council; all which important Charges I fill with equal Integrity and Ability. *D. B.* Cry you Mercy, Sir, I did not ſuſpect you had been ſo illuſtrious a Perſon; yet confiding in your boaſted Courteſy, I preſume to preſs my former Requeſt, that you would be graciouſly pleaſed to inform me, why, in Contradiction to the Almanack, all the Judges ſit to Day? *H. P.* Extraordinary Affairs, Fellow. *D. B.* If I may be ſo bold, I preſume to gueſs ſome of the late *South-Sea* Directors, or their Directors, are come to take their Trial; if ſo, poor Rogues, all their Millions won't buy them one Vote from theſe inexorable old Fellows, to acquit them. *H. P.* Thou knoweſt nothing of the Practice of our Court, Fellow; when ſuch arrive, the Rule is made, that his infernal Majeſty ſit upon them in Perſon. Where waſt thou, Blockhead, when the old Gentleman rid Poſt from *Lombard-Street* to theſe lower Regions? *D. B.* Truly, Sir, I am an Officer of State, as well as your Worſhip, and was, at that Time, ſerving Prince *Cerberus* in his Houſhold, in Quality of Under-Scullion; and believe, I might be blowing the Fire under a Meſs of Hemlock Soupe for his Highneſs's Breakfaſt, when the old Gentleman you mention went to take his Trial.—Since I have been ſo unlucky at gueſſing, I hope your Goodneſs will have the Charity to inform me, what ſpecial Matter calls all the Bench to Day. *H. P.* All the Inhabitants of *Grub-Street*, who deceaſed ſince laſt Seſſion, are to be tried to Day. *Jauncy* h.s preferr'd a Petition againſt the Poets, and *Crutenden*

tenden one againſt the Diſſenting Teachers, for breaking them with their Songs and Sermons, and Pamphlets, and Lord knows what: There will be hot Work to Day. *D. B.* Ha, ha, ha, all the Judges ſit upon the *Grub-Streetians!* Why, Sir, I fancy your Worſhip or I, who have not ſo much Wiſdom as thoſe reverend old Dons, might paſs Sentence on the whole Herd, in a moſt judicious Manner. *H. P.* The farther thou goeſt on, the more thou betrayeſt thy Ignorance. Why, Fool! *Hugh Peters* who judged a great King, would not preſume upon the Strength of my ſince-acquir'd Experience, to Sentence the meaneſt Quill-driver in *Grub-Street*. There is ſuch a Noiſe and Clamour of the Importunity of Friends, Indignation at paltry Writers infeſting the Preſs; Pretences that they wrote only becauſe abler Pens neglected important Subjects, and what they did was purely to provoke them to engage in a good Cauſe; with a thouſand things beſides, as noiſy as nonſenſical, and as little to the Purpoſe as any thing I or my ableſt Succeſſors have deliver'd from the Tub; do you judge then if we are equal to ſo great a Task. *D. B.* Truly I think not: But are you the excellent *Hugh Peters*, my venerable Predeceſſor? Yes, you are he; the holy Regicide, the religious Droll; ſtand all confeſs'd before my Eyes. Oh! happy Chance that has thrown you in my way! long have I ſought you in vain, all o'er the diſmal dreary Plain. Let me fall down before you; let me acknowledge my Maſter; 'tis he, 'tis he; let *Phlegethon* reſound; let ſooty *Styx* hear the enchanting Sound; bear it, ye Winds, to *Acheron*'s concave Shores, and where forgetful *Lethe* ever ſnores. Oh! I am all Ecſtaſy, all Rapture! when I ſurvey the Querity of thy Aſpect, the Cockles of my Heart are rejoyc'd, and I reverence the Shadow of thy Shoe-ſtrings. *H. P.* And art thou my worthy Succeſſor *Dan. Burgeſs?* Strange it is, that I ſhould not know one ſo like my ſelf! but, prithee, whom

whom haſt thou left behind thee ſufficient to act the noble Parts we ſuſtain. *D. B.* Oh! there are *Mun C——my*, *Will. T——g*, *Jo. B——le*, *Tom B——ry*, *James P——ce*, and ſeveral others, hearty Lads! They have all the modeſt Aſſurance we were bleſt with; but if they are not ſo famous in their Generation as we were, they a'n't to be blam'd: They have the Will without the Power; if it ben't in them, it can't come out of them. You know the old Proverb, Friend *Hugh*, no more of—— *H. P.* Peace, Man; *Minos* begins to open: Let's, for once have ſome Regard to our Betters. *Minos.* I think it convenient to begin the Seſſions with Mr. *Free-thinker*'s Trial; what ſay you, Brother *Æacus*? *Æ.* I am of the ſame Opinion. *M.* And you, Brother *Rhadamanthus*? *R.* I am of the ſame Opinion alſo. *M.* Mr. *Free-thinker*, the Charge delivered in to us againſt you, is, that for the Space of three Years, in which you lived, you, not having the Fear of us before your Eyes, and throwing Modeſty and good Senſe behind your Back; did, knowingly and wittingly, appear twice a Week in Publick, to the barbarous Effuſion of a great deal of innocent Ink, and the ſtaining vaſt Quantities of ſpotleſs Paper; to the great Damage of the Coffee-Men, and waſting of the precious Time of Beaux, Ladies and Cits. You have Liberty to ſay what you will in Defence of your ſelf, before Sentence is paſt upon you, ſuitable to the Offences you have committed. —— Why don't you ſpeak? What makes you in Tears? *F. T.* To think I ſhould die before I had built up my Porch of Knowledge. *Æ.* That Conſideration ſhould be your only Comfort; it would have been a ridiculous Edifice had you finiſhed it. Now, the ignorant Many will be apt to imagine it would have been ſomething had you lived longer; but what was the Cauſe of your ſudden Death? *F. T.* I died of the Plague. *R.* Brother *Æacus*, I am of Opinion it had been a more pertinent Queſtion to

to ask him, how he ſupported ſuch a thin, meagre, ſapleſs Carcaſe ſo long? *Æ.* You ſay true. Come, Sir, anſwer my Brother *Rhadamanthus*'s Queſtion. *F. T.* I ſubſiſted on a ſtrong Cordial called a Penſion. *R.* You told the Court you died of the Plague. Pray, Sir, might not thoſe deſperate Wounds you bear about you, have contributed to your Downfal? From whom did you receive them? *F. T.* I got them from that cruel Rogue the *Weekly Journal*, when I was in a languiſhing Condition; but for them I might have ſtalked about three Months longer. *Æ.* A barbarous Man! to ſet his Strength againſt a poor Creature that could not help it ſelf. *R.* We will puniſh him for't, if ever he comes before us. *M.* We have a Precedent to handle him by: You may remember the Caſe of Beau *Strut*, I condemned laſt Seſſions, for tripping up a Cripple to ſhew his Activity. Sir, if you have nothing more material to offer, the Court muſt proceed to Sentence you. *F. T.* My Lords, your Lordſhips know very well, I never could ſay any thing for my ſelf, therefore hope you will appoint me Council. *Æ.* Sir, you ſhould have provided Council before your Trial came on; your Neglect is a freſh Crime. *F. T.* My Lords, I ſpoke to all the chief Council, and they would not be concerned for me. Sir *B. S.* My Lords, he never applied himſelf to me. *F. T.* I offered a Fee to *Littleton*, *Coke*, *Hobart*, *Hales* and *Holt*, and they would not accept it. Sir *B. S.* Had he offered it to me, I had brought him off. *M.* Take it now, and do your beſt; the Court will be ſo far indulgent. Sir *B. S.* Moſt righteous *Minos*, moſt penetrating *Æacus*, and moſt judicious *Rhadamanthus*, my very good Lords, ſince it is my Misfortune to be unprepar'd, it is my only Satisfaction. *M.* Sir Knight, ſpare your Complements, cut off your Preambles, and lower your Voice. Sir *B. S.* I ſtand corrected, therefore, without any more Circumlocution; and, with humble

humble Submiſſion to your Lordſhips much better Judgment, I moſt humbly beg Leave to be of Opinion, that not one Article in all this heavy Charge againſt my unhappy, mangled, poor Client, has the leaſt Shadow of Truth in't; for, firſt, my Lords.— *M.* Pray, Sir, be brief. Sir *B. S.* My Lords, if your Lordſhips will ſpare me a Word, your Lordſhips will be convinced my Client is innocent: For, firſt, my Lords, he is charged, *That for the Space of three Years, in which he lived*, &c. Now, my Lords, I abſolutely deny that ever he lived; true, he frequented Coffee-Houſes, and ſometimes viſited the Tea-Tables of the Inſipid; that ſome People thought him a living Perſon, I can't deny; but, have not ſome thought the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*'s Manufactures really animated? Would your Lordſhips, upon the Teſtimony of ſuch ſilly Folks, adjudge a waxen Baby to be a Man? Or would you not rather credit an Artiſt that ſhould depoſe they were arrant Puppets. This, my Lords, is exactly our Caſe; every Judge of Writing, as ſoon as he caſt his Eyes on the *Freethinker*, immediately pronounc'd, *This Fellow has neither Life nor Spirit.* If your Lordſhips will credit the Learned before the Ignorant, it is manifeſt my Client never liv'd. It is further alledged, *That he did knowingly and wittingly appear twice a Week in Publick*; than which nothing can be more falſe. My Lords, thoſe Adverbs imply a Deſign; now if any one can perceive the leaſt Deſign, or any thing aim'd at, in any one *Freethinker*, I own he is clearer-ſighted than I am, and I freely give up this Point to him. But he is further charged with ſhedding of Ink, and corrupting of Paper. My Lords, the Conſumption of Manufactures is a publick Service; all Trades muſt live, and why not the Stationers? He has (it is objected) damaged the Coffee-men. How? He has put thoſe who entertain'd him to a Groat a Week Expence. 'Twas their voluntary Act, and had they not found their Account in it, they

they had not received him. But the laſt and heavieſt Part of the Indictment is, the waſting of the precious Time of Beaux, Ladies and Cits. Conſidering the preſent Corruption of Manners, your Lordſhips will allow Time not ſpent in Vice and Villainy, Time not waſted. To waſte Time, is to divert any Part of it from our neceſſary Employment, and ſpend it upon Wickedneſs. The Buſineſs of the Beau is to dreſs himſelf in all the offenſive Armour of Milliners, Barbers, Taylors, *&c.* to purſue the Conqueſt of the fair Sex. Let us, my Lord, for once ſuppoſe a Beau ſo intent upon the *Freethinker*, as to neglect the Peruſal of himſelf in the Glaſs, and ſally forth without adjuſting his Habiliments, and ſo loſe the Reputation of Dreſſing well; or outſtay an Aſſignation the beſt Part of a Minute, and be no more eſteemed punctual. What has the Spark loſt by this? A Sin, and perhaps an Opportunity of converſing pretty much with the Surgeons. As for Ladies and Cits, they have nothing to do in theſe Days, except playing at Cards, ſhuffling on a few Cloaths, taking Snuff, and talking Scandal. What have the Ladies to do? Fine Works and good Books are long ſince out of Faſhion with the pretty Creatures. My Lords, let us now turn our Eyes upon the Cits, and ſee what they are doing; ſmoking their Pipes, adviſing Parliaments, ſetting General Councils right, and ſetling the Time when Trade was laſt in *England*. Time, my Lords, is very precious, but not to ſuch as theſe; theſe profeſs doing nothing; he who reads the *Freethinker* does nothing; therefore Cits and Ladies, when they read the *Freethinker*, are in their Profeſſion. My Lords, one Falſhood in an Indictment quaſhes the whole; we have prov'd every Particular of this before your Lordſhips, to be utterly falſe: We therefore juſtly hope your Lordſhips will acquit us. [*Here the Reader muſt ſuppoſe the Judges to whiſper together for a Quarter of an Hour.*] *M.* Priſoner, the Court finding

ding

ding nothing but Quirk and Quibble in your Defence made by Council, proceeds to ſentence you in manner following. You ſhall be confin'd to the Region of Inſipids, on the Weſtern Shore of the River *Lethe*, there ever to remain with the *Lover*, *Reader*, *Theatre*, and all the other genuine Offspring of the *Knight of the ſhort Phyz*. Sir *B. S.* I hope your Lordſhips will conſider our excellent Tranſlations of the *Andromache* of *Racine*, *Strada*'s *Nightingale*, and *Sappho*'s Odes: Theſe entitle us to ſit down with *Creech*, *Segrais*, *Sandys*, &c. and our Paſtorals call us to the Manſions where *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, *Spenſer*, for ever ſinging paſs the tedious Hours away. [*Another Whiſper.*] *M.* The Court being mercifully diſpoſed, allows you to ſue a Releaſe from your Confinement, when the Paſtry-cooks and Tobacconiſts have conſumed all the *Freethinkers*. Sir *B. S.* My Lords, ſome who have more Money than Wit, have given two Guineas apiece, to rake his ſcatter'd Limbs together, ſo that he may endure yet a long Time. *M.* Fear not; take my Royal Word for't, they'll be upon the Stalls in a very ſhort Time. *M.* What is that little Lump of Blood and Dirt, that lies there, Goaler? *H. P.* The *Terræ-filius*, my Lord. *Æ.* Is it a mad thing? *H. P.* No, my Lord, 'tis but a Fool, it never had Wit enough to be mad. *R.* You, *Terræ-filius*, what ails you? ſpeak up. *T. F.* Oh! I am murthered! baſely murthered! *Æ.* By whom? *T. F.* By the *Weekly-Journal*. *M.* What was your Cauſe of Quarrel? *T. F.* The Univerſities had affronted me. I was correcting them for the Abuſe, when that Rogue the *Weekly-Journal* knock'd me on the Head. *Æ.* How did the Univerſities affront ſuch a little mean Fellow as you? *T. F.* They affronted me. *Æ.* But how? can't you ſpeak? *H. P.* Not properly, my Lords; an't pleaſe your Lordſhips, he was expell'd for being irregular; and he wrote, to ſatisfy the World, that if his Morals did not entitle him to Expulſion, his

his Stupidity did. *R.* What ſhall we do with this ſilly Wretch? *M.* Put him by, and think of ſome proper Place to ſend him to, by next Seſſions. *T. F.* Send me to *Lucilius*, *Archilochus*, *Juvenal* and *Perſius*. *M.* The Vanity of this Fool would almoſt make a Judge laugh. *D. B.* My Lords, Prince *Cerberus* his Groom of the Stool wants a Swobber, and this Youth delighting in Naſtineſs, may be very proper for that Poſt. *M.* Take him along with you. *T. F.* Earth! Hell! and Furies! Is there no Juſtice, no Regard to Merit either above or below? O ye infernal Judges, ye are as great Rogues as the Doctor of *St. John*'s, or the *Weekly-Journal*! *H. P.* Sirrah, revere the Court, *Dan.* Farewel, take your dirty Charge along with you. But heark you, *Dan.* I think you were a Sort of a Scribbler on t'other Side of the *Styx*, how comes it then you are ſo ignorant of the Forms of a *Grubſtreet* Tryal? *D. B.* Why truly that Son of a W——— *Mercury* enter'd me down for Trial among Tumblers, Rope-dancers, and Jack-puddings, ſaying People were always brought into Court under their principal Character. So poor I, who imagined I ſhould have been plac'd among the Schiſmatical and Seditious, found my ſelf rank'd with the Buffoons. *H. P.* Day, day, *Danny*, when I am at Leiſure I'll ſend for you to drink a Diſh of Sulphur with me, and talk over old Times. *D. B.* Bye, Bye, *Hughie*.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. *Miſt*, *Cambridge*, *Aug.* 2, 1721.

MEETING the other Day with the excellent Ballad of *Moor* of *Moore-Hall*, and the Dragon of *Wantley*, and reading it over attentively, I wonder'd the *Spectator* had never oblig'd the World with a Criticiſm of it, as well as of *Chevy-Chaſe*; for, in my Opinion, it may boaſt of as peculiar Flights as that ancient Song, nor is the Heroe of it at all inferior to *Percy* or *Douglaſs*. But ſince it has been ſo ſhamefully neglected, I beg this Criticiſm of it may, in ſome Meaſure, by being admitted into your Paper, ſhew the World ſome of its Beauties, and acquaint a great Part of Mankind with a Piece of Poetry which hitherto

——*Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
Nec potuit ferrum nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

As 'tis one of the great Excellencies of Writing to raiſe the Reader's Expectation, ſo our Author, at the very Entrance of his Poem, gives us noble Ideas of his Heroe, and in a very convincing Stanza makes him ſuperior to *Hercules*; for tho' he ſlew the Dragon of *Lerna*, yet 'twas with Arms:

But he had a Club,
This Dragon to drub,
Or he'd ne'er don't, I warrant ye:
But Moor *of* Moore-Hall,
With nothing at all,
He ſlew the Dragon of Wantley.

And

And as our Poet makes his Champion *Hercules*'s Better, ſo the Deſcription of his Dragon is more terrible than any of *Ovid*'s, as you may ſee,

——*Criſta linguiſq; tribus præſignis & uncis*
Dentibus Horrendus. ——

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder,
With a Sting in his Tail
As long as a Flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.

Which laſt is a bolder Line than any of the Claſſicks; and then the mentioning the Flail is an enlivening Simily, and worthy the Author. But to paſs by his Claws and Iron Teeth, as too admirable not to be taken Notice of by every Reader, the Childrens Death affects us extreamly, as this following Stanza,

And at one ſup,
He eat them up,
As one wou'd eat an Apple.

is in the true Spirit of *Virgil*, who was never enough to be admired for his low Similies; but here, by the Fault of the Library, is a Diſpute about

And at one ſup
He eat them up:

For B. Manuſc. has it

And

And at one Bite
He eat them quite,
As one wou'd eat an Apple.

But as they are both good, the Reader may pleaſe himſelf. We are led with a great Deal of Solemnity into the Scene of Action.

In Yorkſhire, *near fair* Rotheram.

So *Virgil*. *Urbs antiqua fuit Tyrii tenuere Coloni.*

But the following Lines are ſuperior to the next Verſes of the *Latin* Poet's.

The Place I know it well,
Some two or three Miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell.

Which is a mighty honeſt Line, and ſhews 'tis poſſible for a Poet to tell Truth.

But there is a Hedge
Juſt on the Hill edge,
And Mathew's *Houſe hard by it.*

And Mathew's *Houſe hard by it!* Nothing can be more ſimple and natural; nor is any thing wanting but to ſee *Mathew*'s Houſe to give us a more exact Idea of it. The Conjecture if this Dragon was a Witch or no, is a Thought intirely new, but the burning Snivel he caſt into the Well,

Which made it look
Juſt like a Brook
Running with burning Brandy.

is a Compariſon very juſt and dreadful, and the Ancients never bringing it in their Deſcriptions of this Nature, makes *Lambinus* and other Criticks believe they were ignorant of Snap-Dragon.

But after the Deſcription of the Beaſt, we have the Conqueror's, among whoſe excellent Qualities, we find that peculiar to our North-Country Champions, of calling People Sons of Whores, which is truly great, and what none of the ancient Heroes but *Ajax* was endued with. His ſwinging a Horſe to Death, and eating him, made the Country, who had with Chriſtian Patience ſuffer'd their Churches to be eaten up, have great Hopes of his Stomach, and thinking no Perſon ſo proper, addreſs'd him; whoſe Addreſs is ſo perfect a Piece of Oratory, that I can't but ſet it down.

Theſe Children, as I told, being eat,
Men, Women, Girls and Boys,
Sighing and ſobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noiſe.

Mind the Harmony of the Numbers.

O ſave us all,
Moor *of* Moore-Hall,
Thou peerleſs Knight of theſe Woods,
Do but ſlay this Dragon,
He won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

What can be more pathetical than *he won't leave us a Rag on?* or more proper to touch the Heroe? Which, as it was impoſſible it ſhou'd not, we find in the next Stanza does: But their Goods he generouſly refuſes, and asks nothing but a Laſs that ſmiles about the Mouth, which, if they wou'd give him, he wou'd engage to hew down the Dragon,

which Expreſſion *Longinus* diſlikes; for, he ſays, he could not be ſuppoſed to hew him down without ſome Arms; whereas he had the Honour to kill him with nothing. But *Torrentius*, tha teternal Admirer of this Author ſays, it was ſpoke metaphorically, and ſignifies no more than that fatal Kick on the Arſe he gave him.

But Moor *of* Moore-Hall,
Like a valiant Son of Mars,
As he came like a Lout,
So he turn'd him about,
And hit him a Kick on the Arſe.

The Terror and Pomp he goes into the Field with, and the ſpiked Armour he was caſed in, which was beſet

With Spikes about,
Not within, but without;

are wonderfully poetical, and ſtrike the Reader with an agreeable Surprize, beyond any thing imaginable; and the Quart of *Aqua-Vitæ*, is a Thought ever to be admired, as being ſingular. But as a Poet is to be valued no leſs for his inſtructive, as well as deſcriptive Part of his Piece, ſo ours claims our Admiration in this Stanza.

It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit does Strength excell,
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well.

A Place, I'm ſure, no Body but our Heroe cou'd have thought on, but yet an excellent Place, conſidering

ſidering the Dragon was ſo great a Drinker. I am wonderfully pleas'd with the Spirit of Poetry in theſe Lines:

And as he ſtoop'd low,
He roſe up, and cry'd, Boo,
And hit him in the Mouth:

Which, as our Proverb has it, the firſt Stroke is half the Battle, was of vaſt Service to him; but, to paſs by the Sir-reverence, and the good Douſing the Dragon met with, as the *Præludium Martis*; the Fight affords us every thing that's Great. The Dragon's Speech need not be wonder'd at, for as *Homer* makes his Heroes talk to their Horſes, I don't know why our Author, by poetick Licence, may not make his Dragon talk to his Heroe, eſpecially upon Preſumption he was thought a Witch. But, to obſerve further, never was any Language more ſuited to the Purpoſe; the Verſe labours as well as the Combitants, and, as Mr. *Pope* ſays, is an Echo to the Senſe: As,

At length the hard Earth began to quake,
The Dragon gave him ſuch a Knock,
Which made him to reel, and ſtraight he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock.

The Dragon's laſt dying Speech is as extraordinary as the Manner of his Death is natural.

Then his Head he ſhak'd,
Trembled and quak'd,

And down he ſat, and cry'd;
Firſt on one Knee,
Then on Back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, ſhit, and dy'd.

I am, Sir,

K. H. Camb. Your moſt humble Servant,
Hypercriticus.

LETTER LXXXV.

——*Inſignem Pietate Virum!* Virg.

SIR,

I Don't think any thing can be ſo agreeable to your gentle Readers, as a brief Account of the Life of the ſo celebrated *Robert Knight*, late Caſhier of the *South-Sea* Company, now reſiding at *Antwerp*; a Perſon famous for having been the principal Agent in executing the moſt pernicious Scheme that ever was invented for the Deſtruction of any Nation! Famous alſo! for giving his Imperial Majeſty an Occaſion of teſtifying to the World, how tender he is of the Privileges of his Subjects; and that he is no leſs a juſt than a ſucceſsful Prince. Famous! for the many Addreſſes our honourable and moſt excellent Houſe of Commons has preſented to his Majeſty, to endeavour to have him ſurrendered up to the Juſtice and Examination of an injured and deſolated People. Famous! for the many preſſing Inſtances his moſt gracious Majeſty has hitherto ineffectually made, not only by his ſtated Reſident, but alſo by extraordinary Miniſters, to gratify the earneſt Longings of his ruined Subjects. Famous! for giving an Opportunity to the moſt illuſtrious

States

States of *Brabant*, of ſhewing their Bravery, in tenaciouſly maintaining their minuteſt Rights, and letting all Men ſee, that they are a free, and conſequently a happy People. Famous! for ſhewing that Gold is the moſt powerful of all ſublunary things; when the haughty Noble, the mitred Prelate, the conquering Hero, and more triumphant Beauty, could ſtoop, bow down, cringe to, and court a little ſordid Mechanick for its ſake. Famous! for having amaſs'd and carried off many Millions, for himſelf and his Confederates; the Spoil of the hardy Veteran, the batter'd Sailor, the deſolate Widow, and the lonely Orphan! Famous! for being ſo much the Deſire of the *Britiſh* Nation, that I know not any two other Men, whoſe Arrival here would create ſo univerſal a Joy. Famous! for a Thouſand other extraordinary things, which the narrow Compaſs of your Paper, and the Hurry of Buſineſs in which I am involved, won't ſuffer me to recollect; which therefore I ſhall put off to a more convenient Opportunity.

Since then the little Hero of our Story is ſo remarkable a Perſon, how comes it, that neither the humourous, profane, fantaſtical *Tommy Gordon*, and his Echo, the no leſs notorious Monſieur *Boyer*, nor any other Freeholder of *Grubſtreet*, has yet preſented the World with his Life? But, to deſiſt from ſuch fruitleſs Enquiries, and the Continuation of this Preface, I muſt acquaint the Reader, that this Undertaking does not in any wiſe interfere with ſuch a noble Deſign, when any of theſe ingenious Perſons ſhall pleaſe to form it. I pretend not to Hiſtory; what I give you is a brief Account of *Robert Knight*'s Life, after the manner of the Ordinary of *Newgate*'s Monthly Performances: And I wiſh it fell methodically into that Reverend Gentleman's way, to treat upon the Subject I am now going upon; it would ſave one (who happens to be a very indolent Fellow) ſome Trouble; beſides

ſides which, his conſtant Exerciſe in recording the Lives of ſuch illuſtrious Perſons; his Opportunity of receiving full Information, the Dignity of his Office, and other accidental Advantages, would make ſuch a Work more acceptable and authoritative, than any thing I can pretend to.

Robert Knight was born in *Bread-Street*, in the City of *London*, in what Year I can't tell; for, not being baptized, but ſprinkled by a Conventicler, the Pariſh Regiſter could give me no Aſſiſtance in this Point; his Father was a Grocer, a Man of a very ſingular Make, and groteſque Figure; his Countenance was a Picture of that heavy Deſolation which his Son has been ſo inſtrumental in bringing upon theſe Nations: A Deſolation! which like an incurable Wound, every Minute ſmarts more grievouſly. His Mother was the Daughter of one *Randal*, who, in the Days of Uſurpation, when the Scum of the People were advanced to Offices, Men of Parts and Education diſdained to accept, ſerved the Parliament in Quality of a Major of Foot. This Fellow was remarkable for being the longeſt-winded Prayer, and the moſt powerful Preacher of any Officer in *Oliver*'s Army. Our *Robin* was the deareſt to this old Rebel, of all his precious Poſterity; he obſerved early in him a ſtrong Inclination to Fraud, a ſettled and hereditary Averſion to our Conſtitution in Church and State, and a remarkable Contempt for conſecrated Edifices, which he uſed to expreſs (if we may credit his Neighbours) by taking all Opportunities to defile them. In Conſideration of theſe Virtues, which, among the Saints, are called Signs of Grace, and Marks of Election, his Grandfather, at his Demiſe, left to him an Eſtate of 70 Pounds *per Annum*, which was the Groſs of his Fortune.

Robert Knight's Education went no farther than *Wingate* and *Gocker*. This will be eaſily credited by thoſe who have read his Letters. Nor let it ſeem ſtrange, that he ſhould be able to perpetrate ſuch horrid

horrid and deep-laid Crimes, on the Strength of a Serpentine Subtlety, conſequent to a low, baſe, fanatical Education. This was rather a Qualification; for a generous, learned Education (for the moſt Part) diſqualifies a Man for being a Villain.

Knight was bred up under his crooked Father, to his own Buſineſs, and ſoon gain'd the Reputation of a Man that underſtood making a Bargain. His Father left him, upon his Deceaſe, in Poſſeſſion of his Affairs, and no very contemptible Fortune, which he improv'd ſo well, that upon his Promotion to the Office of Caſhier, he was by Reputation a 20,000 l. Man. In this Office he behaved moſt villainouſly, and that is all we can ſay. He who could diſcover the Particulars of his Management, would deſerve better of this Nation, than the Diſcoverer of the Longitude.

He muſt however be allowed to be a Man of ſome extraordinary Virtues, particularly, Reſolution, and a firm Attachment to his Friends, whom he determined to defend by Perjury; but when that ſeem'd not a ſtrong Bulwark enough for them, he went into a voluntary Baniſhment. To ſuch a mighty Man do theſe once flouriſhing Nations (as far as can be diſcovered) owe their Ruine; nor is it the firſt Time they have been almoſt deſtroyed by Fanaticks.

I am, Sir,
Your Humble Servant,
R. B.

LETTER LXXXVI.

——ſæva nullum caput
Proſerpina fugit. Hor.

I Know not any Qualification for which a Man deſerves good Encouragement, more than for an honeſt Induſtry. If ſo, no Tribe of Men has a better Title to Favour, than the meagre Inhabitants of *Grubſtreet*. How grievouſly do they labour for a ſmall Gratuity? and what *heavy* Compoſitions do they raiſe out of nothing? How readily can they invert the Order of Nature? make the Pick-pocket a Patriot, the Strumpet an Heroine, and the Poltron a Heroe! I, who never let Merit paſs unregarded, ſhall take Care to do Juſtice to the Deſert of theſe Workers of Wonders; and do therefore, for the ſole Uſe of theſe worthy Citizens, publiſh and proclaim the approaching Death of the Great *Cato*. Some may diſregard what I ſay, becauſe I formerly gave my Opinion, that he would not ſurvive the 24th of *Auguſt*. True it is, he has outliv'd the Period I aſſign'd him, not by any Force of Nature, or Strength of Conſtitution; but by Means of a powerful Reſtorative, called, *The Report of the Committee of Secrecy*, adminiſter'd to him by an *Iriſh* Quack: When this Medicine ceaſes to operate upon him, there remains no one earthly thing that can preſerve his Life a ſingle Moment.

Some unskilled in the myſterious Paths of *Grubſtreet*, may ignorantly ask, how the Foreknowledge of *Cato*'s Diſſolution can be any way beneficial to the Scribbling Fraternity? Since I make Profeſſion to inſtruct the Ignorant, I ſhall not be incenſed at ſo provokingly impertinent a Queſtion; but kindly inform them, that as *Cato* had, during his Continuance here upon Earth, ſeveral ſtrange Admirers,

mirers, heſe will be ſtrangely inquiſitive after the moſt material Paſſages of his Life. Nothing (ſay the Bookſellers) helps a Pamphlet thro' the World, like being well tim'd; 'tis an Advantage (ſometimes) for a Pamphler to be well writ, but who can expreſs the Benefit of its being well tim'd! Now, ſhould any able *Grubſtreetian* have the Life of the Great *Cato* in Readineſs to be hawk'd, like the Ordinary of *Newgate*'s Account of an executed Malefactor, immediately after his Burial, he might, like an *Exchange-Alley* Broker, make his Fortune in one Day, and never contaminate his Fingers with Ink for the future. As theſe ingenious Authors require no more Knowledge of a Man than his Title, to make his Panegyrick; ſo are they ſatisfy'd barely with his laſt Will and Teſtament, in compiling the Hiſtory of his Life. Having therefore gotten a Copy of the Great *Cato*'s Laſt Will, *&c.* with Joy I communicate it to the Herd of Writers; Joy indeed unſpeakable, when I reflect, that by this generous Preſent I make ſome inconſiderable Mortal happy! Whether the grave Abbreviator of *Richard Baxter*'s Life, and the Lives of two Thouſand Saints beſides: Or righteous *Tong*, the Collector of the pious Sayings of a Child of ſix Years old, and *Matt. Henry*'s Hiſtorian; or *Boyer*, the laſt and meaneſt of Story-tellers, take hold of this my Benevolence, I matter not: No Man ſhall ever call me partial in conferring of Favours. What I have now to beſtow, I throw at random among the Community of Scribblers, and only ſay, Happy the Man whoſe Lot it is to catch it.

I The *Great*, *the Immortal* CATO of the *London-Journal*, finding upon me Symptoms of approaching Death; under great Weakneſs of Body, and greater Weakneſs of Underſtanding, do bequeath and deviſe all my worldly Goods in Manner and Form as following. *Imprimis*, I bequeath my Body to the Company of Stationers, to be by them interr'd

at their own proper Charges among the Worms and Cobwebs of *Duck-lane*: And it is my Will, that my Corps be convey'd thither by Torch-light; and that every Hawker, Man, Woman or Child, attending on my Funeral, have a Link and a Dram of *Geneva*. *Item*, I bequeath to my loving Friend *J—th—n Sm——dl—y*, A. M. to the Value of Five Pounds in right *Berbadoes* Citron Waters, in Conſideration that he ſhall preach my Funeral Sermon. *Item*, I appoint the Sum of Five Pounds *Sterl.* to defray the Expences of the Publication of the Funeral Sermon aforeſaid, and that the whole Impreſſion be delivered unto *Bernard Lintott* of the City of *London*, Bookſeller, *gratis*, to make up to him in ſome Meaſure the Loſs he has ſuſtained by printing my loving Friend Mr. *S——ly*'s Sermons, Pamphlets and Poems. My Funeral Rites being performed, my Will is, that my truſty and well-beloved Friends and ingenious Correſpondents, the Worſhipful *Jack Ketch*, Eſq; *Dick Manley*, *William Tindal*, LL. D. and *Bezaleel Morrice*, whom I appoint Truſtees and Executors of this my Laſt Will and Teſtament, do without any Loſs of Time diſpoſe of the following Legacies as I ſhall direct. To any Miniſter of State, who ſtands in need of ſuch Trifles, I leave my Honeſty and Publick Spirit, if they can be any where found. My Wit, of which (the Lord knows) I had but a very ſmall Stock, I leave to Mr. *Daniel Button* of *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, Coffee-man, to be by him held in Truſt for, and to the Uſe of all the Gentlemen who are his conſtant Cuſtomers. My Religion, of which I had as ſcanty a Portion, as of Wit, I leave to the Company at the *Grecian* Coffee-houſe. Moreover, I do bequeath my Eloquence to the General Aſſembly of *Scotland*, and my Truth to the firſt Schiſmatical Synod ſhall be held in *England*, or to the Brokers in *Exchange-Alley*, which ever of them my Executors ſhall deem to ſtand moſt in need thereof. My Good-Nature I leave to Mr. *John Dennis*,

nis, and my Learning to Mr. *Charles Gildon*. All my other Virtues not in this Will diſpoſed of, I leave to her Grace——— and to the Earl of —— knowing they ſtand in great need thereof, to be equally divided between them, and the Whole to devolve upon the longeſt Liver of them. To *B. H. B. B.* I leave the *Independent Whig*, being perſwaded his L———p will be pleaſed with a Book which ſtrikes at the Foundation of Chriſtianity. To the Reverend, Learned, and Humble *William Whiſton*, A. M. I bequeath my *Greek* Grammar and *Lexicon*, which are not a whit the worſe for the wearing, being perſwaded, had he been throughly acquainted with thoſe Books, he had never fallen into Hereſy; and with the ſaid Books I leave him my Advice, to learn *Greek*, and ſo recover his Orthodoxy. To *John Toland* I bequeath a Spelling-Book, with this Sentence, *It is never too late to learn*, tho' I fear he may prove an Exception to this moſt general Rule. To *Nicholas Amhurſt*, Eſq; I deviſe an *Engliſh* Grammar, humbly intreating him, as he tenders his ſickly Reputation, he would underſtand the three Concords (if he poſſibly can arrive at ſuch abſtracted Knowledge) before he attempts to ſet out again in Quality of an Author. To *Bezaleel Morrice*, I leave a Dictionary of Rhimes, the Art of Crambo, and the Art of Punning, heartily recommending to him the Guardianſhip of my Character; for the Eſtabliſhment of which it is my Deſire he would write the Praiſes of my Adverſaries, and a Satire on my Works. I do further bequeath unto my Friend Mr. *John Dennis*, the Life, Remains, and Picture of his Predeceſſor *Zoilus*, beſeeching him to write ſcurrilous Remarks (according to Cuſtom) upon my Letters; which is the only Method I can think of to prevent my ſinking into Oblivion. I have ſeen Mr. *Gildon*'s Lives of *Blount* the Atheiſt, and *Betterton* the Player: Therefore, upon Condition he does not write mine, I do hereby direct my Executors to pay him an Annuity of Four

Four Pounds *per Annum* by quarterly Payments. To Mr. *Tr*———*rd* and Dr. *T*———*l*, my Patrons and Fellow-Labourers in Iniquity, I leave each a mourning Ring, a *Fiela*'s Bible, and an *Edinburgh* Common-Prayer Book, beſeeching them to conſider, ſince they are advanced in Years, 'twere beſt, to confeſs that they believe in God, to go to Church, ſay their Prayers; and repent their hooking in a raw Lad, to father the profane *Parſon Alberoni*, the crazy *Humouriſt*, the blaſphemous *Independent Whigg*, and the *London Journal*; and take a proper Care, that neither *Charles Johnſon*, *Colley Cibber*, *Edw. Young*, LL. D. *Joſeph Mitchell*, nor any other equally eminent Tragedian, bring me, after my Demiſe, upon the Stage in Buſkins. Having now made the beſt Will the Infirmities of my Underſtanding would permit; and conſidering that I have purely regarded the Neceſſity of my Friends in every particular Legacy, in full Satisfaction with what I now have done, I declare all former Wills by me made, to be void, and without reſtraining my ſelf from annexing any Codicil or Codicils, declare this to be my Laſt Will and Teſtament.

London, *Auguſt* 20. 1721. CATO.

Signed, publiſhed and declared in the Preſence of

T. Sable,
T. Coupler,
R. Subtle.

The Diſtemper my Friend *Cato* labours under is a Dryneſs, a Decay, a Conſumption in the Brain; he will be taken violently ill by the latter End of *October*, and, if he's carefully looked after, may not expire before *Chriſtmas*.

I deſire the Lawyers may not be too ſevere upon the Form of his Will, for the poor Creature knows as little of Law as he does of Religion, Philoſophy or Government.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

SIR,

I Have lately been at *Lambeth*, where I heard of a new religious Sect, called the *Univerſal Redemptioniſts*: The Founder of it is an old fat *Gardener*, his Doctrine is an Improvement on the *B——an* Syſtem; he began to broach his Errors juſt after the Publication of B——p *H———ly*'s pernicious Sermon. The Latitude, or (as ſome are pleaſed to call it) the Charity of the Biſhop's Principles, which recommend them ſo powerfully to the Libertines of the Age, is much improved by this new *Apoſtle*. The Biſhop has only ſet *Jews*, *Turks*, Infidels, and Hereticks on a Level with orthodox Chriſtians; a commendable Generoſity! but alas! how far has he been exceeded? how is his Glory eclipſed, by the more extenſive Spirit of our *Goodman Delver*? who proclaims Salvation to all created Beings, without excluding the very *Devils* out of the Pale of his *Church*. His Creed conſiſts only of one Article, *viz.* it is impious for a Man to attempt any thing in order to work out his Salvation; a rare comfortable Doctrine! The Practice of him and his Followers, who are about twenty in Number, is, on *Sundays*, (becauſe the Law will not permit them then to exerciſe their Callings) to walk out and contemplate; at which Time they have it in Charge to viſit the Ale-houſes, and make their Report where the beſt Drink is to be found. Juſt before Dinner they are determined, by the moſt approved Palates among them, whether they ſhall aſſemble in the Afternoon at the *Three Conies*, the *King*'s-*Head*, the *Ram*, or other Tippling-houſes, where the moſt cheriſhing Tap is running. Their Meeting is not to perform any religious Exerciſe, but to divert one another, and encourage themſelves

ſelves in embracing this Doctrine of Conſolation. I can't find, that they have received any Interruption, excepting from a poor wretched Basket-maker, who uſed to follow them for the ſake of the Liquor; and, being a more notable Text-driver than any of the holy Brotherhood, ſometimes made their ſoft Principles ſit very uneaſy upon them: Since the Deceaſe of this poor Creature, which happened about ſix Weeks ago, they have lived in an undiſturbed Tranquillity.

About two Years ſince I heard talk of a Sect in *Wapping*, who aſſembled on *Saturday* Nights, and dealt about the Euchariſt in Legs of Mutton. I am a Stranger to that Part of the Town, and would gladly learn, whether thoſe Miſcreants are in a State of Exiſtence.

The Numbers of ſtrange Notions now advanced in *London*, are almoſt as incredible to be believed, as they are eaſy to be accounted for; yet cannot I enter into the Opinion of an ingenious Gentleman, who aſſerts, there is now as great a Variety of Sects as was in the Days of the Great Rebellion.

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

E. S.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mr. *Miſt*, *Lambeth, September* 9, 1721.

UPON reading your *Journal* of this Day, I let drop my Spade, to take up my Pen and write to you; I think you highly deſerve Chaſtiſement: You have been ſo familiar with Kings and Princes, that you cannot abſtain from making free with *Gardeners*, Gentlemen of the moſt ancient and honourable Profeſſion in the World. Had you taken due Care, you would have learnt, that the Head of that mad Herd of Ranters, that infeſts our Town, is one *Hall*, a *crazy Weaver*, and not *an old fat Gardener*. My Son, who is a brave ſmart Lad, (and I breed him a Scholar, becauſe between you and I, I deſign to take the *Great Houſe near the Church* for him) tells me, that a *Gardener* was made *King of Sidon*, and then I am ſure he was a great Man; and that other Gardeners were *Roman Dictators, Conſuls, Cenſors and Tribunes*; and all theſe my Boy ſays were great Men. But who told you, that a *Gardener* ever turn'd *Preacher*, even when Preaching was better, and more creditable Buſineſs than it is now. If you print this, I will impute your Reflections upon our noble Order to Error, and not to Malice, and you ſhall be welcome when you walk this Way, to a Pocket-full of choice Fruit, and a Flask of rare racy Wine made out of my own Garden. You will be mainly pleaſed to make Acquaintance with my Son; he will talk you all Day out of *Pantheon* and *Roman* Hiſtory, and ſpeaks *Greek* like a Cherubim. I am obliged to break off writing, becauſe the Wheel-barrow ſtands ſtill: Therefore no more at preſent from

Your aſſured Friend till Death,

Adam Gardener.

P. S.

P. S. Pray excuſe the Badneſs of my Pen, I want Weeders and Ditch-ſcowrers; you might help me to half a Score Criticks, or if need be, as many ſmall Poets and Pamphleteers: Mayhap theſe Gentlemen might live as profitably and comfortably to themſelves, and more for the Good of the Publick, under my Directions, than they do now.



BRITISH
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MUSEUM

THE

LETTER LXXXIX.

——Quid profuit altum
Erexiſſe caput? —— Claudian.

SIR,

THE kind Reception my Account of *Knight* the Caſhier met with from the Town, encourages me to proceed in collecting Memoirs of the other *South-Sea* Heroes: But before I go any further, I muſt pay my Acknowledgments to the induſtrious Captain *Smith*, from whoſe ingenious Volumes of the Lives of Highwaymen, Thieves, Pickpockets, Cuckold-makers, and W—— I frankly own I took the Deſign of this Work; him I confeſs to be my Maſter in *Biography*, and entreat the Criticks not to ſet us together by the Ears: If I excel him, let them conſider that he was the Inventer of this Manner of Writing, I only the Improver; he wrote only the Lives of little Rogues, I of great Ones: He had only the Records of the *Old Baily* and *Newgate*, I had thoſe of both Houſes to collect Materials for my Hiſtory from: He has however this Advantage over me, that his Heroes are generally Men of better Spirit, gentiler Education, greater Courage, nobler Endowments, and, very often, much better deſcended than mine.

From *Robert Knight*, the Report of the Committe of Secrecy leads me to the elder *Craggs*, who was born in the Biſhoprick of *Durham*, of People of the meaneſt Rank; but, being a hopeful Youth, his Relations were reſolved to do ſomething extraordinary for him, and therefore bound him to a Barber in a Country Town. When his Apprenticeſhip was expired, he took a ſhort Walk of about 200 Miles up to *London*, and got into the

Service of the Cofferer of the Houſhold to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, ſince King *James* II; from hence he removed to be a menial Servant to the Earl of *Peterborough*, a Popiſh Lord, who tranſacted the Marriage between his Royal Highneſs the Duke and the Princeſs of *Modena*. When the Duke of *Norfolk* married the Lady *Mary Mordaunt*, he took *Craggs* to be his Servant, out of her Father's Family; having pick'd up ſome Pence in theſe Services, he married a Maid-Servant out of Lord *Marlborough*'s Family, and ſet up a Shop near his Houſe: When he had Gentlemen under his Operation, he often heard them complain of want of Money; and if he found they could give good Security, always adverti ſed Lady *M*——— of it; who, finding him expert in Affairs of this Nature, obliged him to quit his Trade, and entruſted him with the Management of all her private Concerns. Mr. *Craggs* (for ſo we muſt now begin to call him) had got, we may perceive, into a pretty Track of finding Money, to enlarge which he procures the Office of Sollicitor to the old *Eaſt-India* Company, and was elected a Member of Parliament, and was one of the 118 Yea's againſt 117 No's for ſettling the happy Succeſſion in the preſent Royal Houſe. Soon after he was a Contractor for clothing the Army, and was, for his frugal Management, by the Parliament, committed to the *Tower*. When the Duke of *Marlborough* was made Maſter of the Ordinance, he made his truſty Servant, Mr. *Craggs*, Clerk of the *Dalwerys*; he was about four Years of the laſt of Queen *Anne*'s Reign out of Employment; but upon the happy Acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty, was with the Lord *Cornwallis* conſtituted joint Poſt-Maſter General.

Several Children were the Product of his Nuptials, four of which arrived to Maturity; three of theſe were Daughters, who married Mr. *N*———*l*, Mr. *N*———*m*, and Mr. *Ell*———*t*, all Members of the Honourable Houſe of Commons; the latter of

of which left his Seat in Parliament for a conſiderable Employment.

He had a Son, to whom he gave a modiſh *French* Education in a Seminary at *Chelſea*, governed by one Monſieur *le Fevre*; this Place he left early to go to *Hanover* for further Improvement: After ſome Years Continuance here, he went to the Court of *Turin*, and was under the Guidance of that able Miniſter Mr. *Hill* From hence he remov'd to *Barcelona*, where he ſerved as an Under-Miniſter to the Emperor, in the Abſence of the late Lord *Stanhope*.

Upon the Death of the Queen, he was, by the Lords of the Regency, ſent to *Hanover* with that Piece of News; for which, and with the Aſſiſtance of his Grace of *Marlborough*, he was made Cofferer to the Prince, then Secretary of War, and, upon the Diſmiſſion of Mr. *Addiſon*, Principal Secretary of State; in Conſequence of which, he was twice one of the Lords Juſtices of *Great Britain* on his Majeſty's Abſence in *Hanover*.

He was, perhaps, the youngeſt Secretary we ever had, and conſidering his Education, his large Commerce with the Ladies, and his making one in all Parties of Pleaſure, 'tis to be wondered he managed Buſineſs ſo well as he did. He was a good-natur'd Man, and by his courteous Demeanor and eaſy Affability, kept himſelf clear of perſonal Enemies. He was, with his Father, deeply involved in the pernicious *South-Sea* Scheme; according to the Committee of Secrecy's Report, no leſs than 36000 l. fictitious Stock was held for them. If we had the Happineſs of diſcourſing Mr. *Knight*, we might, perhaps, be able to tell ſeveral pretty Stories of them, for want of which bleſſed Opportunity, we muſt, to our great Regret, leave this Hiſtory very imperfect.

When the Parliament was entring upon an Enquiry into the *South-Sea* Miſmanagements, Mr. Secretary fell ſick of the Small-Pox, which, ſpite of all the Endeavours of the *Engliſh* and *German* Phyſicians,

ſicians, cut him off in the Flower of his Youth: Thus fell the younger *Craggs*, much lamented by the Ladies; it is reported (but Reports, to my Knowledge, are not always true) that his Father ſhould expreſs himſelf in a moſt blaſphemous Manner, upon hearing the News of his Death: However, he followed his Son to the Grave in a few Days, not without a violent Suſpicion of having taken care to compoſe his Cares with ſopori-ferous Draughts, chuſing rather to part with Life than his deareſt Pelf. He died poſſeſſed ('tis ſaid) of 14000 l. *per Ann.* beſides incredible Sums in Money, and the ſeveral Stocks, Part of which is, by Act of Parliament, ſubjected to make good Deficiencies in *South-Sea* Stock.

If any Perſons have authentick Memoirs of the other *South-Sea* Gentry, they are deſired to communicate them to me, by Letter to Mr. *Miſt*, and the Favour will be acknowged in what Manner they pleaſe, by their

Humble Servant,

R. B.

The End of the Second Volume.